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THE BOOK OF THE BERESFORD HOPES

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HENRY HOPE OF ROTTERDAM AND HIS FAMILY.

(From a painting by Van Musscher.)

THE BOOK OF THE BERESFORD HOPES

BY

HENRY WILLIAM LAW AND IRENE LAW

WITH A PREFACE BY
VISCOUNTESS ULLSWATER

HEATH CRANTON LIMITED
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AUTHORS' NOTE

The authors desire first and foremost to express their gratitude to Mrs. Marwood Tucker for the gift of the letters of her father, Mr. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, to the Rev. B. Webb, without which this book could not have been written; and they are indebted to her also for some of Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's letters, as well as for information on various points and helpful criticism. They owe to the late Lady Stratheden and Campbell the loan of Mr. Beresford Hope's "Hymns of the Church," and their thanks are due to Mrs. Astley Smith for permission to reproduce the miniature of Thomas Hope, and for the loan of Adrian John Hope's Diary, and to Lady Murray for the loan of Mrs. Gregor's Diary.

PREFACE

In the pages which follow my niece, Mrs. Law, has drawn a portrait of my father, Mr. Beresford Hope, from materials which have come into her hands, chiefly his own letters; but as she was too young to remember him I have been requested by her to add some details, founded upon the more intimate recollections of my early years and of our family life. I think that the most striking characteristic which I can recall was my father's absolute devotion to my mother and complete surrender of his will to hers, never opposing or thwarting any of her wishes, but always thinking of and anticipating her views and desires. Her death was a terrible blow to him and left him a shattered, lonely and broken man. It was no exaggerated expression which he used when, speaking of her death, he said that half of himself had gone.

He left his children, of whom I was the youngest daughter, to do very much as we pleased, subject only to our mother's control. He was particular about our attendance at Church and daily prayers, but in all other respects exercised no control or direction. This attitude was not due to callousness or indifference, for he was affectionate and soft-hearted, but to a sense of the value of independence and of its early inculcation. His patience towards our shortcomings and leniency towards our misdeeds was boundless. His own unpunctuality at meals made

him tender towards our deficiencies in that particular, and however late we might appear at them he uttered no word of reproach, the various courses being duly served to late comers, just as though we had been in time. If ever any adjuration or undesirable expletive escaped the lips of his sons or daughters, as was sometimes the habit of a generation younger than his own, he would not reprove the delinquent except by recalling the fact that Marshal Lord Beresford, in accordance with the custom of his day, used strong language; but that with advancing years he decided to cure himself of this bad habit, and confined himself to exclaiming, when particularly provoked, "Great Marcus Aurelius!"

My father's sedentary mode of life and love of study and reading gave him an aversion to all outdoor sports and indoor games. He rode a steady, well-trained cob in the interests of his health and figure, but did not shoot or join in any of his children's pastimes, and he was not a great walker. Indeed the only outdoor pursuit which ever appealed to him was arboriculture, and he planted an interesting pinetum at Bedgebury, the park of which has recently been purchased by the State for scientific study. He was particularly soft-hearted to animals, and for his dog "Dart," a white Pomeranian, the good things of this life were reserved; and I well remember our jealousy at the "bonnes-bouches" denied to us and kept for him.

My father had an even temper, and never showed irritation or indulged in sarcastic or cutting observations, however much annoyed or vexed he might be.

His character seemed more that of a monastic recluse than that of a man of affairs; he was in the world, but not of it. Religion was his absorbing interest, the be-all and end-all of his life: and he was spared a blow which would have been to him almost fatal in its results—namely the passing into law of the Bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister, so strong was his antagonism to this proposal.

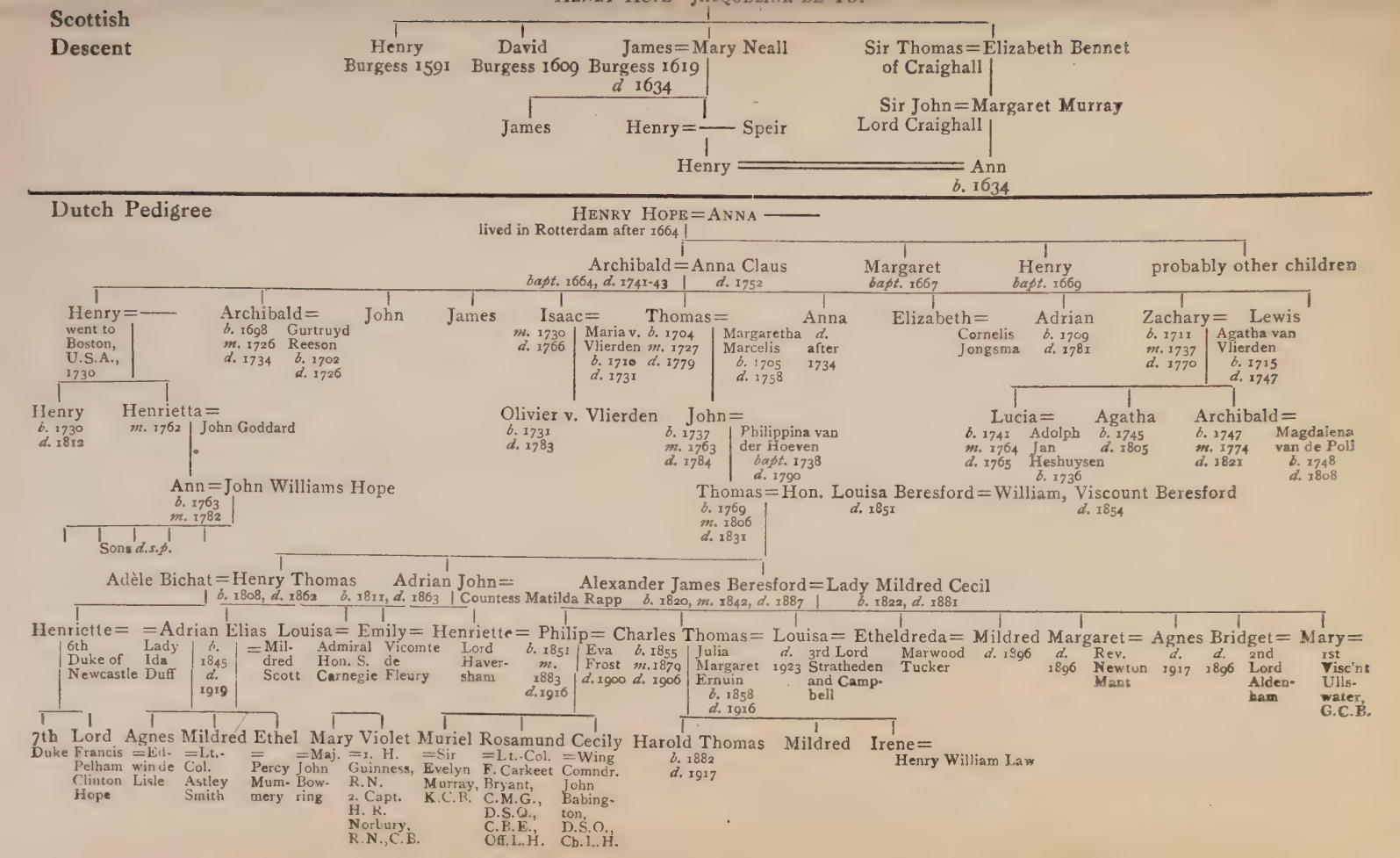
I am grateful to Mrs. Law for the care and ability which she shows in her memoir of my father. Nobody was better qualified than she to undertake the task, not only as his granddaughter, but as the wife of Mr. Law, a descendant of the former owner of Bedgebury Park before it became the property of Marshal Lord Beresford, from whom it passed to my father. I am grateful also to her for her references to her brother and my nephew, Harold Beresford Hope, whose brilliant promise of a successful Diplomatic career was brought to a premature and tragic close by his sudden death at Athens, the result of severe overwork and anxiety in the post which he had just previously quitted as Secretary of Legation at Rio de Janeiro during the strenuous and trying years of the Great War. With his death the line of the Beresford Hopes came to an end.

Of both my father and my nephew it may be said that they had high public ideals and lofty purposes, and that they both gave, in their respective capacities and spheres, their quota of character and achievement towards the world's welfare, with no thought of self-aggrandisement or popular favour.

MARY F. ULLSWATER.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HENRY HOPE OF ROTTERDAM AND HIS FAMILY	*Frontispiece*	
THOMAS HOPE OF THE DEEPDENE . .	*Facing page*	31
THE HON. MRS. THOMAS HOPE . .	,,	55
HENRY PHILIP HOPE . . .	,,	114
MARSHAL VISCOUNT BERESFORD . .	,,	152
RT. HON. ALEXANDER J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P.	,,	208
HAROLD BERESFORD HOPE . .	,,	244
THE HEERENGRACHT, AMSTERDAM .	,,	269


Scottish Descent
Henry Burgess 1591
David Burgess 1609
James Burgess 1619 d 1634
Mary Neall
Sir Thomas of Craighall
Elizabeth Bennet
James
Henry
Speir
Sir John Lord Craighall
Margaret Murray
Henry
Ann b. 1634
Dutch Pedigree
HENRY HOPE lived in Rotterdam after 1664
ANNA
Archibald bapt. 1664, d. 1741-43
Anna Claus d. 1752
Margaret bapt. 1667
Henry bapt. 1669
probably other children
Henry went to Boston, U.S.A., 1730
Archibald b. 1698 m. 1726 d. 1734
Gurtruyd Reeson b. 1702 d. 1726
John
James
Isaac m. 1730 d. 1766
Maria v. Vlierden b. 1710 d. 1731
Thomas b. 1704 m. 1727 d. 1779
Margaretha Marcelis b. 1705 d. 1758
Anna d. after 1734
Elizabeth Cornelis Jongsma
Adrian b. 1709 d. 1781
Zachary b. 1711 m. 1737 d. 1770
Lewis
Agatha van Vlierden b. 1715 d. 1747
Henry b. 1730 d. 1812
Henrietta m. 1762
John Goddard
Olivier v. Vlierden b. 1731 d. 1783
John b. 1737 m. 1763 d. 1784
Philippina van der Hoeven bapt. 1738 d. 1790
Lucia b. 1741 m. 1764 d. 1765
Adolph Jan Heshuysen b. 1736
Agatha b. 1745 d. 1805
Archibald b. 1747 m. 1774 d. 1821
Magdalena van de Poll b. 1748 d. 1808
Ann b. 1763 m. 1782
John Williams Hope
Sons d.s.p.
Thomas b. 1769 m. 1806 d. 1831
Hon. Louisa Beresford d. 1851
William, Viscount Beresford d. 1854
Adèle Bichat
Henry Thomas b. 1808, d. 1862
Adrian b. 1811, d. 1863
John Countess Matilda Rapp
Alexander James Beresford b. 1820, m. 1842, d. 1887
Lady Mildred Cecil b. 1822, d. 1881
Henriette 6th Duke of Newcastle
Adrian 7th Duke of Newcastle
Lady Ida Duff
b. 1845 d. 1919
Elias Louisa Mildred Scott
Admiral Hon. S. Carnegie
Emily Vicomte de Fleury
Henriette Lord Haversham
b. 1851 m. 1883 d. 1916
Philip Eva Frost d. 1900
Charles b. 1855 m. 1879 d. 1906
Thomas Julia Margaret Ernuin b. 1858 d. 1916
Louisa d. 1923
Etheldreda 3rd Lord Stratheden and Campbell
Marwood Tucker
Mildred d. 1896
Margaret d. 1896
Agnes Rev. Newton Mant
Bridget d. 1917
Mary d. 1896
2nd Lord Aldenham
1st Visc'nt Ullswater, G.C.B.
7th Duke Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope
Agnes =Edwin de Lisle
Mildred =Lt.-Col. Astley Smith
Ethel =Percy Mumery
Mary =Maj. John Bowring
Violet =1. H. Guinness, R.N. 2. Capt. H. R. Norbury, R.N., C.B.
Muriel =Sir Evelyn Murray, K.C.B.
Rosamund =Lt.-Col. F. Carkeet Bryant, C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B.E., Off. L. H.
Cecily =Wing Comndr. John Babington, D.S.O., Ch. L. H.
Harold Thomas b. 1882 d. 1917
Mildred
Irene =Henry William Law

THE BOOK OF THE BERESFORD HOPES

CHAPTER I

"I WHO, though of merchant blood, am not a merchant, who though dabbling in authorship rank not among the inspired; who have only been able to bestow on a few humble artists the feeble patronage of an humble individual, have done all I could; and should I succeed in kindling for the arts a more intense and universal love, when comes the hour of death I shall think I have not lived in vain."[1] Thus wrote Thomas Hope, "a disagreeable man, fastidious and conceited";[2] yet Byron would have given his two best poems to have been the author of Thomas's one novel, and Thorwaldsen carved him an *alto relievo* representing Genius pouring oil on a lamp with the inscription "A Genio Lumen," in gratitude for the patronage which started him on his career.

Thomas was born at Amsterdam in 1769, and was the eldest son of John Hope,[3] a Dutch merchant of Scottish extraction who died in 1784, and of his wife, Philippina van der Hoeven. John was a partner in the Hope family bank at Amsterdam, and in that city, at the Hague, and in his parent's country house

[1] See Preface to his "History of Architecture," p. xii.
[2] Malone's description, see Farington's Diary, May, 1806.
[3] For an account of his Dutch ancestry see Appendix.

at Bosbeck, Thomas's childhood was spent. Four generations of merchant ancestors in Holland, princes of commerce, collectors and patrons of the arts, gave the bias to his peculiar character; but whereas to them the fortunes of Hope & Co. were the business of life and the arts a recreation, to him the bank was merely a source of income and the arts were the object of his existence. Of these his favourite was architecture, and as soon as he came of age he began an architectural tour which in the travelling conditions of the eighteenth century was certainly enterprising and remarkable. In his own words, "No sooner did I become master of my own actions, which unfortunately happened at the early age of eighteen, than disdaining any longer to ride my favourite hobby only in the confinement of the closet I hastened in quest of food for it to almost all the different countries where any could be expected. Egyptian architecture I went to investigate on the banks of the Nile, Grecian on the shores of Ionia, Sicily, and the Peleponnesus. Four different times I visited Italy to render familiar to me all the shades of the infinitely varied styles of building peculiar to that interesting country, from the most rude attempts of the Etruscan to the last degraded ones of the Lombards. Moorish edifices I examined on the coast of Africa, and among the ruins of Granada, Seville and Cordova. The principle of the Tartar and Persian construction I studied in Turkey and in Syria. Finally, of the youngest branch of the art, that erroneously called Gothic, I investigated the most approved specimens throughout England and most of the provinces of France, Germany, Spain and Portugal. During eight years that this research lasted I willingly encountered, to perfect myself in an art which I studied from mere inclination, and from which I expected nothing beyond the pleasure

of understanding it, fatigues, hardships, and even dangers which would have disheartened most of those who follow it as a lucrative profession and who build on it their hopes of subsistence and fortune."[1]

At the end of eight years he returned not to Holland but to England, whither he had been preceded by others of his family who fled from their Dutch homes in fear of the French invasion in 1794. He settled in London, and in a house originally built by Adam in Duchess Street, Portland Place, he put his architectural theories into practice. Adam's building was approached through a gateway leading to a square courtyard at the southern end of which was a dwelling-house, and this Thomas enlarged by the addition of galleries on the east and west sides to contain his collections. "My means were limited," he says, "my space confined, yet I am willing to flatter myself that the world has given me credit, in the mode of new decorating an old house, for an elegance and unity of design and a classic taste which I confess that I have myself sought in vain in the habitations of my neighbours."[2]

From the descriptions of the house contained in Britton & Pugin's "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London," and C. M. Westmacott's "British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture," it is perhaps not surprising that the neighbours allowed it to remain unique. In his book on "Household Furniture," published in 1807 and illustrated with reproductions of his own furniture, Thomas pleads for "that breadth and repose of surface . . . that harmony and significance of accessories, and that apt accord between the peculiar meaning of each

[1] "Observations on the plans and elevations for Downing College, Cambridge," pp. 7-9.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

imitative or significant detail and the peculiar destination of the main object to which these accessories belonged, which are calculated to afford to the eye and mind the most lively, most permanent, and most unfading enjoyment."[1]

His mode of new decoration showed how this unfading enjoyment was procured. He filled four rooms with nearly two hundred ancient Greek vases, decorated chiefly with Bacchanalian subjects, and illustrated "the harmony of accessories" by adorning the walls with heads of the Indian bearded Bacchus, and the furniture with the scenic mask of the Thyrsus twined round with ivy, a panther's muzzle and claws, and bronze chimeras from models of animals found among the ruins of Pompeii. The Greek vases he had bought in 1801 for 4,500 guineas from Sir William Hamilton, who had originally found them in the excavations he made when British Minister at Naples. They were sold by Thomas's great-grandson in 1917, and realized over £16,000, of which £1,134 was given for one red figure Krater, and £1,050 for a black figure Amphora. Still greater "elegance and unity of design" were to be found in the Star Room, described thus by its originator: "The central object in this room is a fine marble group executed by Mr. Flaxman, and representing Aurora visiting Cephalus on Mount Ida. The whole surrounding decoration has been rendered in some degree analogous to these personages: and to the face of nature at the moment when the first of the two, Goddess of the Morn, is supposed to announce approaching day. Round the bottom of the room still reign the emblems of night. In the rail of a black marble table are introduced medallions of the God of Sleep and of the Goddess of Night. The bird consecrated to the latter deity perches on the

[1] "Household Furniture," p. 2.

pillars of a black marble chimney-piece, whose broad frieze is studded with golden stars. The sides of the room display, in satin curtains draped in ample folds over panels of looking-glass and edged with black velvet, the fiery hue which fringes the clouds just before sunrise, and in a ceiling of cooler sky blue are sown amidst a few still unextinguished luminaries of the night, the roses which the harbinger of day in her course spreads on every side round her. . . . The broad band which girds the top of the room contains medallions of the ruddy goddess and the Phrygian youth intermixed with the instruments of the chase, his favourite amusement. Figures of the youthful Hours, adorned with wreaths of foliage, adorn part of the furniture, which is chiefly gilt, in order to give more relief to the azure, the black and the orange compartments of the hangings."[1]

"Breadth and repose of surface" were illustrated in the Egyptian or Black Room, the walls of which, as described by Westmacott, were decorated with designs from papyri, and the ceiling with designs from mummy cases. The prevailing tone of the furniture and ornaments was pale yellow and bluish-green, relieved by occasional masses of black and gold, and here probably stood a set of clumsy square sofas and chairs of black wood, upholstered in yellow satin, and adorned with gilt sphinxes. The room contained a number of Egyptian vases and statues, also a picture of the "Repose in Egpyt" by Gauffier, and a miniature enamel by Bone of Thomas's brother, Henry Philip, in oriental, presumably Egyptian, costume. Thomas's affection for his brother was further expressed by placing his bust in the centre of the mantelpiece flanked by horses' heads, to signify lover-of-horses, the meaning in Greek of the name Philip. Another freak was a closet or boudoir,

[1] "Household Furniture," pp. 25-6.

fitted up for the reception of a few Egyptian, Hindu, and Chinese idols and curiosities. The sides of this closet appear to have consisted of pillars amid which a cotton drapery, like a tent, was suspended from lathes of bamboo. The mantelpiece was an imitation of an Egyptian portico with idols on the steps, bas-reliefs in the niches, and a bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on the top. The room also contained "a singularly curious antique bronze chimera used as a drinking vessel, and a splendid carving in ivory of a crucifix, the figure admirably wrought, and of an extraordinary size, being nearly two feet in height."[1]

The classical taste that Thomas had sought in vain among his neighbours was displayed in his Italian Gallery, which had a ceiling supported by columns imitated from those in the Temple of the Winds at Athens. An organ stood at one end of the gallery, and of this he himself says, "The car of the God of Music, of Apollo, glides over the centre of the pediment: the Tripods sacred to this deity surmount the angles: laurel wreaths and other emblems belonging to the son of Latona appear embroidered on the drapery which in the form of an ancient peplum, or veil, descends over the pipes of the instrument and gives it the appearance of a sanctuary."[2]

Sydney Smith, when criticizing Thomas's "Household Furniture" in the *Edinburgh Review*,[3] commented unkindly on these fantasies. "Is there," he asks, "any other grown Englishman who would choose to speak of his furniture in this jargon? . . . Everything is to be adorned, according to Mr. Hope, with emblems and symbols connected with the uses to

[1] Westmacott's "British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture," p. 219.
[2] "Household Furniture," p. 22.
[3] Vol. x, p. 478 *sqq.*

which it is applied, and all these emblems are to be derived from classical mythology. He has made a perfect hieroglyphic or enigma of most of his apartments by this means, and produced something so childishly complicated and fantastic as to be impenetrable without a paraphrase and ridiculous when it is interpreted."

The galleries built especially for his fine collections of Dutch and Flemish pictures and of sculpture were, however, more practical and commonplace. The pictures, which really belonged to his brother, Henry Philip, were hung in an oblong room, 42 feet in length by 19 in breadth, lit from above, which was furnished with carved Grecian chairs and marble-topped tables. The doors were of mahogany inlaid with classical designs in brass. In his "Treasures of Art in Great Britain"[1] Dr. Waagen describes a visit which he paid to this gallery in 1835, when it belonged to Thomas's eldest son. "The celebrated collection of Dutch and Flemish cabinet pictures were crowded together in a small room moderately lighted from above. As the greater part of the pictures were originally painted for, or purchased by the family in Holland, and as it is very rare to find such pictures still, as it were, first-hand, and therefore, as might be assumed, in the most perfect state of preservation, I was extremely desirous to see them, and was not a little disappointed to find many of them more or less injured and deprived of the fine harmony which is one of the greatest charms of such productions." He then describes the pictures in detail: they included three Rembrandts, one Van der Helst, three Terborchs, four Metzus, two Gerard Dows, three Jan Steens, one De Hooge (which Waagen says was so spoilt by cleaning that his heart bled at the sight), two Teniers, three Van

[1] Vol. ii, p. 112.

Ostades, three Paul Potters, two Adrian van de Veldes, two William van de Veldes, two Wouvermans, one Cuyp, one Ruysdael, one Hobbema, one Jan Both, two Karel du Jardins, one Berghem, three Backhuyzens, three Weenixs, a Hondekooter, and numerous pictures of Dutch architecture, including four Berkheydens, and three Van der Heydens. The Italian pictures gave Waagen less satisfaction than the Dutch ones: he refers (op. cit.) to two allegorical pictures by Paul Veronese, a Guido Reni, a Salvator Rosa, and a Salutation by Manzueli, which latter picture was given by Thomas's eldest son to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. With the Italian pictures were hung a "Shipwreck of Æneas" by Rubens, and a "Virgin and Child" by Vandyck, "a good but not important picture of the master. The 'Assumption of the Virgin,' which, however, I did not see, is said to be a very excellent work by the master." Westmacott calls this latter "a fine, rich sketch for an altar-piece." He also describes a portrait of Marc Antonio the engraver, by Raffaelle, as "an astonishing fine head, choice in expression, and rich in colour." This portrait was sold in 1917 for 4,300 guineas.

The statue gallery ran along the west side of the courtyard; its floor was raised on groined arches, and every precaution taken to protect the contents from fire. "The antique sculptures," says Waagen, "are for the most part much disfigured by indifferent restorations, and also there is much that was originally of little value. The most remarkable are an Athene, 7 feet high, and a Hygieia, both found in 1797 at the mouth of the Tiber: an Antinous, and an Apollo with Hyacinthus, yet the Minerva appears to me not entirely to deserve its high reputation." Waagen's unfavourable opinion of the sculptures was not adopted by a great German authority of a later

date, Furtwängler, who in his "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture" (1895) calls them "a priceless collection," and laments that at that date students and the public could no longer see them. Referring to the Athene, he says that "Pheidias himself must be the author of the Hope type, the head is another example, not only of marvellous and peculiar beauty, but of a style purely Pheidian." The Athene and the Hygieia were in fact found at Ostia among the ruins of a magnificent building. The other two statues particularly mentioned by Waagen, the Antinous and the Apollo with Hyacinthus, were both found in the course of excavations at the Emperor Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. This collection of statuary was removed about the middle of the nineteenth century from London to The Deepdene, Thomas's home in Surrey, where he had already placed a portion of his collection of works of art. At The Deepdene the collection remained until 1917, when it was sold by auction at Christies by Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, and his great-grandfather's taste and knowledge were vindicated. The sculpture formed eighty lots, and the total realized for it, including certain Indian and ancient Egyptian objects, was over £50,000. The Athene was sold for £7,140, the Hygieia for £4,200, the Antinous for £5,880, the Apollo with Hyacinthus for £1,050, an Asklepios for £1,785, and a Dionysos and Idol for £3,150. Two archaic portrait statues of Greek women fetched £3,750 and £1,470 respectively, while an Aphrodite, found at Baiæ, was bought for £1,267 10s. by Monsieur Gennadius, the Greek Minister in London, for the Museum at Athens, to which it had been presented by a Greek gentleman.

The greater part of these ancient statues were probably acquired by Thomas in Italy during the last

ten years of the eighteenth century. Doubtless, however, he continued to collect specimens after his return to England, and Manning and Braye's "Surrey,"[1] mentions the purchase by him for £99 15s. of a votive foot in porphyry at Lord Bessborough's sale in 1801.

Such a dwelling as we have described was bound to excite comment. Farington in his Diary mentions on March 31st, 1804, a visit in company with George Dance and others. Dance, while thinking it better than he expected, considered that Thomas was not "qualified to make a design for any work of consequence," and that "however much amusement there might be in seeing the house it certainly excited no feelings of comfort as a dwelling." The family themselves can hardly have found it convenient, for Thomas's youngest son, Alexander, while recording his own "early, but vivid, recollections of the taste, the fancy, the eye for colour and the form which characterized the whole conception,"[2] admits that "the style was not suited for practical use and so the experiment broke down; but it was the experiment of a man of genius and not to be confounded with the contemporary and parallel, but far more insipid, Empire epoch of French Art."

In 1801 Thomas impressed his architectural views on a wider public by attacking a Gothic design for the buildings of Downing College, Cambridge. He urged that the Temple of Theseus at Athens, "in sight of which I have lived for three months," should be taken as the model of the buildings. This idea was not realized, but his pamphlet carried sufficient weight to cause the abandonment of the Gothic plans, and the substitution of a more or less

[1] Vol. iii, p. 29.
[2] "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," p. 63, note.

classic design. His classical predilections were ascribed by his youngest son to his being a leader "in the reaction against the nauseous bad taste of Louis XV which in the first instance assumed the shape of a devoted admiration of pure Grecian, without a sufficient consideration of the circumstances of modern European and Christian civilization. . . . He died just before the great Gothic revival, but not until he had done enough to show that he never would have been among its fierce antagonists."[1] Towards the close of his life Thomas summarized his studies in a general "History of Architecture" with illustrations of the best specimens of all periods. Had his life been prolonged the book would probably have undergone considerable revision, but it was in fact edited and published after his death by his eldest son.

In 1806 Thomas married an Irish girl, who quickly became one of the most noted beauties of her time. She was Louisa, youngest of the nine children of William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam and first Baron Decies. Thomas and she had four sons, one of whom, Charles, died in childhood; of the three others, Henry, Adrian, and Alexander, more will be said hereafter. Farington's Diary[2] states, on Malone's authority, that Louisa did not accept Thomas when he first proposed to her "but was afterwards persuaded by her friends not to refuse so splendid a prospect," and adds that "the beautiful Miss Dashwood had already rejected him. On the day after the marriage the Archbishop called on Mr. Hope and handed him his wife's fortune of £3,000, which he immediately presented to her." If family tradition be reliable Louisa's reluctance was

[1] "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," p. 63, note.

[2] May, 1806.

partly due to her fondness for her cousin, William Beresford, then a soldier of fortune, but afterwards one of Wellington's best known lieutenants and as Lord Beresford her second husband.

Of the entertainments given by Thomas and his wife an account survives in Farington's Diary, and in the letters of Miss Maria Edgeworth. In June, 1806, a few weeks after their marriage, the Diary says, "A grand rout given by the Hopes was so crowded that many guests never reached the door." Nor did their popularity wane with years. In May, 1813, Miss Edgeworth writes, "We have been to a grand night at Mrs. Hope's. The rooms really deserve the French epithet 'superbes.' All of beauty, rank and fashion that London can assemble, I may say in the newspaper style, were there. The Prince Regent stood one third of the night holding converse with Lady Elizabeth Monk, she leaning gracefully on a bronze ornament in the centre of the room in the midst of the sacred but very small circle etiquette could keep around them. About nine hundred people were at this assembly. The crowd of carriages was so great that after sitting waiting in ours for an hour the coachman told us there was no chance of our reaching the door unless we got out and walked. Another good-natured coachman backed his horses, and we bravely crossed the line, and got into the house and up the staircase, but no power of ours could have got us on but for the gloriously large body and the good-natured politeness of the Archbishop of Tuam, who fortunately met us at the door, recognized us just as he would have at Mrs. Bourke's in the county of Longford, and made way for us through the crowd, and in the wake of his greatness we sailed on prosperously, and never stopped till he presented us to his beautiful daughter, who received us with a winning smile. I asked

Mr. Hope who someone was—'I really don't know half the people here, nor do they know me and Mrs. Hope even by sight. Just now I was behind a lady who was making her "speech" as she thought to Mrs. Hope, but she was addressing a stranger.'"[1]

Byron, in his Diary for 1821, also refers to "one night of a rout at Mrs. Hope's. . . . I was in love, and just nicked a minute when neither mothers nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips, were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time."

Although their London entertainments were chiefly for fashionable society, Thomas and his wife delighted to receive artistic and literary celebrities at their country house, The Deepdene, close to Dorking. This estate, which had belonged successively to the Howards and the Burrells, was bought in 1806 by Thomas, who here again added a sculpture gallery as well as a conservatory and a theatre to the existing eighteenth century house, while across the approach he built a castellated machicolated arch, bearing the shields of Hope and Beresford. The statues which filled the gallery were principally modern copies from the antique, but included some original works of Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, and Canova. The only eccentric room in the house was decorated in a heavy Egyptian style, with a quantity of dull red paint, but in the grounds Thomas erected a small classic temple with the inscription "Fratri Optimo" as a token of gratitude for some unrecorded benefit conferred on him by Henry Philip.

So satisfied was Thomas with the examples of classical taste displayed in his houses, that he tried by the publication of several books to arouse a love of the antique in the general public. The style of

[1] Hare's "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," Vol. i, p. 208.

his first work, "Household Furniture and Decoration," can be judged from the passages already quoted, but it contained illustrations of permanent value—reproductions of the Greek vases that he possessed as well as pieces of his furniture. In 1809 he published "The Costume of the Ancients," in the preface to which, after comparing unfavourably the provision made in London for the study of the classical and human form with its attire and armour, to that made in Paris, he states the object of the book to be "to afford artists a convenient and cheap collection of those leading features of ancient costume of which the knowledge can least be dispensed with. Small and restricted, however, must remain even to the artist the use of my little book, while we continue to give to landscape and low-life subjects so decided a preference over the sublimer scenes of history and mythology." The book has many illustrations of ancient costumes from many lands, some of them reproduced from the author's own collection of Greek vases. In order to promote its circulation he incurred a loss of £1,000 on the cost of publication.

The aid he offered to artists went far beyond illustrated advice; he gave commissions for classical and historical subjects, among them West P.R.A.'s "Thetis bearing the armour to Achilles," Westall R.A.'s "The Expiation of Orestes" and "The Sword of Damocles," and John Martin's "The fall of Babylon." West's picture was engraved by William Bond, who dedicated the plate to Thomas "as a small compliment for his distinguished patronage of the Fine Arts and Literature of England." Bond also engraved "The Expiation of Orestes," dedicating the plate to Henry Philip, presumably as an encouragement to one "who has evinced a laudable disposition to patronize the Fine Arts in England."

THOMAS HOPE OF THE DEEPDENE.
(From a Miniature by Bone.)

Facing p. 31.

According to Farington's Diary,[1] Thomas wished that the figure of Apollo in this picture "should be covered in part by a thin drapery as otherwise in the (Academy) Exhibition it may be objected to: and Westall proposed to paint the drapery in water colour and to wash it off when returned from the Exhibition." Thomas told Westall[2] that "his fortune was not so large as supposed, but that he was able to do a good deal in art as he had not the expenses of dogs and horses."

In like manner Thomas employed the chief portrait painters of the day. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Hope was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1825, and was sold in 1917 to a New York dealer for 3,400 guineas; and his portrait of her boy, Charles, as a Youthful Bacchante was bought in by her great-grandson, the Duke of Newcastle, at the same sale for 4,600 guineas. Martin Shee and George Dawe also painted Mrs. Hope, who in both pictures was portrayed descending a flight of steps to give the impression of height, as she was sensitive about her short stature. Thomas, himself a short and rather ugly man, was represented in Turkish costume by Sir William Beechey, who thus succeeded in hiding his physical defects, and giving him a more or less romantic appearance. Dawe's portrait and a miniature of Thomas by Bone are here reproduced. Once only were husband and wife painted together, and then in a satirical picture, entitled "Beauty and the Beast," by a French painter Dubost. Thomas was depicted as a beast, holding his wife by the hand, she being represented as terrified and distressed. The picture was exhibited in Pall Mall,[1] and is said to have attracted such crowds

[1] March 5th, 1805.
[2] May 4th, 1804.
[3] Farington's Diary, June, 1810.

that from £20 to £30 a day was taken at the door; but finally Mrs. Hope's brother, Captain Beresford, cut it to pieces with his sword. Dubost sued him for damages, but was awarded only £5, the value of the canvas and colours. Byron refers to this incident in his "Hints from Horace":

> Or low Dubost, as once the world has seen,
> Degrade God's creature in his graphic spleen.

Farington's Diary[1] explains Dubost's anger. Thomas had given him a commission to paint his wife and their eldest son for 400 guineas, and kept overlooking his work and interrupting him with criticisms until Dubost declined to proceed with the picture unless uninterrupted. On his side, Thomas may well have been annoyed by a suggestion which Farington ascribes to Dubost that he should sell his collection of old pictures, "which after all could not be compared with those of Lord Stafford and others, and fill his gallery with pictures to be painted by the best modern artists, by which he would set a great example and probably be followed by others who would adopt his plan."

We have already said that Thomas's patronage started Thorwaldsen on his career. Disheartened at his failure to obtain recognition the sculptor was on the point of leaving Rome when Thomas visited his studio, saw the design for his "Jason with the Golden Fleece," and ordered its reproduction in marble, afterwards acquiring his "Shepherd Boy," which was sold in 1917 for £829. Flaxman also owed some of his early success to Thomas, from whom he received a commission for the "Cephalus and Aurora" already mentioned, and for a life-size bust of Dante, as well as for illustrations for an edition of that poet. Chantrey, moreover, was

[1] February, 1808.

originally a journeyman in the service of the wood-carver employed by Thomas on his furniture.

Yet it is not for this discerning patronage that Thomas is now remembered, but for the authorship of a work which was to him probably only a recreation. This was a romance entitled "Anastasius or Memoirs of a Greek," which appeared anonymously in 1819, and was by many attributed to Byron, whose admiration of it is shown by an observation recorded in his "Conversations with Lady Blessington";[1] "Byron spoke to-day in terms of high commendation of Hope's Anastasius. He said that he wept bitterly over many pages of it, and for two reasons; the first that he had not written it, and the second that Hope had written it, for that it was necessary to like a man excessively to pardon his writing such a book, a book, as he said, excelling all recent productions as well in wit and talent as in true pathos. He added that he would have given his two most approved poems to have been the author of Anastasius."[2] The second edition, published in 1820, named Thomas as the author, and in the preface he describes the work as composed of materials collected long before, and published with "the desire of adding my mite to the information so eagerly sought at this moment respecting the ever interesting regions once adorned by the Greeks and now defaced by the Turks. The historical and statistical parts are, as far as my knowledge extends, strictly correct, and the fictitious superstructure founded on personal observation is as conformable as I can make it to the manners of the nations whom it was my aim to describe."

The last work from his pen was his "Essay on the Origin and the Prospects of Man," which was

[1] Edition 1893, p. 64.

[2] Twelve years earlier Byron had referred to him as "House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight."

passing through the press at his death, and was published posthumously. His object in this work he states to have been "to conduct man in general from his origin, birth, development and death here below, as I hope, to his revival hereafter in a happier world." In doing this he propounds a theory of the origin of species which, briefly, seems to be that the vegetable and animal creation was formed from the elements in the atmosphere and on the surface of the earth, but at different times and in different places.

After the disappearance of many animals "are found the earliest relics of human beings whom consequently we must suppose only to have risen on the ruins of certain of the former entities and only to have spread through means of the decomposition and remixture of the elements of a greater number of these former ones." Thomas's own ideas as to the prospects of man seem to have been as follows. He was a firm believer in the existence of God and in immortality: he was not an orthodox Christian, though he evidently attached a high value to the moral teaching of the Bible and showed traces in his phraseology of the Presbyterianism in which he had been brought up. His idea of happiness hereafter appears to have been that of passive contemplation unlimited in time and space, and his conviction of the object of this life to have been the production of as much beauty, sensible and intellectual, as possible.

While writing the book he was evidently aware of his own approaching end, and says that the study involved in the work had greatly impaired his health and shortened his life. He prepared, however, to publish the book, imperfect though he felt it to be, and "conscious as I am that others may complete what I have left unfinished and reap my reward. So be it. My object is the further dissemination of

knowledge and of happiness, and whether I myself or others gain the applause merited by pointing out a speedier or surer way to its attainment seems, so the end be attained, a matter of indifference. I must equally be the gainer by the result." Elsewhere he says that "the object of my labours has been to diffuse more generally the cardinal virtues of faith, hope and charity as rationally understood, as distinct from credulity, from presumption, and from weakness." The book seems worthy of mention, inasmuch as in the passages quoted there is certainly a suggestion of the idea of evolution, but as far as can be judged, its appearance made no impression at the time, and none reaped the reward or gained the applause that the author anticipated.

CHAPTER II

Thomas was a man of strong family affections, devoted to his wife and children. Little of his correspondence survives, but one quaint letter to his wife, written about 1811, contains the following passage: "You say that were you gifted with talents and agreeable resources you would always endeavour to use them for my pleasure and comfort. Pray do not forget that you possess that which in the estimation of all wise people, and in mine, far surpasses in value talents of any description, and is capable of producing much more lasting pleasure and comfort: a warm heart, a good understanding, an excellent sense, and a kind, affectionate disposition, which can hardly ever allow you to say, and never to do, anything that can give the least pain to those that love you."

Nine years later in the preface to the second edition of "Anastasius" (the first, as before stated, having been published anonymously) he referred to her as "the sole partner of all my joys and sorrows whose fair form but enshrines a mind the fairer." He adds that at some future period he may publish "with the sanction of your beloved name that which, suggested by the contemplation of your excellence, and written under the guidance of your unerring taste, is in truth your own work." This work was never written, but from the concluding chapter of Thomas's "Essay on Man," he seems to have intended

it to be an essay on beauty, which he proposed to dedicate "to her to whom I owe the most exquisite enjoyment of my existence, and in whom I had found the most perfect model of all the qualities of person and intellect of which I meant to investigate the principles."

From the profits of his novel he bought her two rows of pearls, thenceforward known in the family as the Anastasius pearls.

On her side there exists only a draft of a letter in her hand, without date or signature, and commencing, "My dearest Hope." In it she regrets that he should so mistake her feelings and forget how often she has expatiated "upon the many worldly advantages with which I am surrounded: that I am courted, and recherché in society: that I am adorned and set off to every advantage: that I am an object of envy for these distinctions. That I have no claim to them I have long felt and acknowledged: that the only feeling that one can make these advantages a source of enjoyment to a noble mind is the consideration that they are given in return for having conferred happiness on the man that heaps them upon you (*sic*). . . . I had rather follow him I love or belong to, to a convict's ship, or share the meanest garret with him. When I do feel, I am convinced it is for things that I ought to feel. As you are so kind to say that you sacrifice your inclination to your reason in leaving me behind you, in this instance had you followed the impulse of your feeling, to such a constructed mind as mine is, the enjoyments of natural endearments with a beloved friend, surrounded by nature adorned in all its charms, would have had more power in soothing and comforting me and enabling me to encounter both the fatigues and other trials of the world than going a solitary being to two or three uninteresting assemblies, from which, how-

ever, I tried in my letter yesterday to give you as much information and amusement as I could, and to be the vehicle through which you were informed of one of the endless tributes of just praise to your abilities, information, and genius."

Thomas's letters give occasional indications of his political views. He tells his wife that he is "most happy to see in the papers the issue of Sir Francis Burdett's business, for though a little of an Opposition man I am neither a Burdettite nor a Jacobin," and recommends her to "go and condole with your friend, Lady Oxford, on the occasion." His sympathies were clearly with the Whig party, and in consequence the poet Samuel Rogers, a frequent guest at The Deepdene, wrote asking him to contribute to a fund for paying the debts of one of the Spencer family, which, though unwelcome to Thomas, may be regarded as a recognition of him as a member of the Whig family coterie. Rogers, he writes, soon followed his letter, riding to The Deepdene in a storm of wind and rain, and gave him more details of the business. "Lord Spencer, whom it seems Spencer has disobliged by some inconsiderate freak, contributes nothing, no more does the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Robert Spencer gives £500, the Duke of Devonshire the same. Lord Cowper, who before had lent his five, adds to Rogers himself (*sic*) contributions, three. For my part I consider it is one of those cases in which real beneficence is not concerned, in which what you do leaves none of those grateful feelings the attendance of real charity, where with regret one does something for the sake of the world, and therefore said I would contribute my £200."

An alien born, Thomas was debarred in the state of the law from standing for Parliament, which might otherwise have been his ambition, and for which he

carefully trained his eldest son. He evidently wished to substitute the character of an English country gentleman and patron of the Arts for that of a Dutch banker and merchant, and he lost no opportunity of extending his acquaintance among people of position. Writing from The Deepdene he says that the Duke of Norfolk is to be down there on Sunday and intends calling upon him "whether out of civility in his quality as lord of the manor, or on business I do not know." In the next letter, however, he says, "The alarm is over. The ringing of the bells announced the approach of the lord of the manor, but he passed through without stopping, so my cold fowl and bottle of Port and Madeira were set out to no purpose." Again, he writes that Lord Rothes has visited him, and has much admired the new arrangements of the house, including "the writing-table, the suspended globe, the maps lifting down and going up with a spring, and, of all things, my porter's chair in which he seated himself, and to which if it was his own he would only have added one more improvement, a place underneath for his dog. The whole delighted him beyond measure. He was as much amused as a child with his toys, and thanked me over and over (*sic*) for showing him my room. There is something so original and at the same time so natural in Lord Rothes one cannot help liking him extremely."

He urges his wife, who was in London, to take "the first opportunity of leaving or sending your card to the Mansion House for the Lady Mayoress: it is but a proper attention."

Another time, when he was in London and she at The Deepdene he sends her a letter by her father, the Archbishop of Tuam, in which he says, "I went to the Princess of Wales who was extremely gracious and expressed her concern for your ill state of health:

and said whenever you felt well enough she would be most happy to perform her promise. The ball consisted chiefly of young people, hardly any chaperons. She danced with Mr. Percival and certainly no scandal can attach to that."

A curious commentary on the manners of the period has been preserved in the letters of Maria Edgeworth. The Beresfords and Edgeworths being neighbours in Ireland, Maria had long known Louisa, and often visited her in London and the country, following these visits with voluminous letters couched in the most flattering language.[1]

Thus, writing in August, 1819, Maria declares "I firmly believe that if you were not Mrs. Hope of Duchess Street, and of The Deepdene, I should love and esteem you for your own sake: yet at the same time I confess myself grateful, and feel I have reason to be grateful, for the unquestionable proof which your fortune and station in society put it in your power to give me, and which you have so fully given me, that you really esteem and love me, and prefer my company while I have nothing in return to offer but myself and my own sincere affection."

Two years later, when staying with Lord Bathurst, she writes: "My dear Mrs. Hope. How few fashionable people one would venture to address in this manner! Your invitation is too tempting to be resisted, so disentangling ourselves from all other engagements we will be with you on the fourteenth or fifteenth. We will not come to dinner on whichever day we come, but to tea, which prevents all waiting and all the sickness of hope long deferred. No pun intended, but if any be understood and pardoned so much the better. . . . I will not give up the earnest wish I feel to enjoy your society and to spend a few

[1] These letters hitherto unpublished are in the possession of the authors.

more happy, quiet days in your and Mr. Hope's intimate domestic company. You see, my dear Mrs. Hope, how completely I trust to your sincerity of character, for I go on telling you all our plans and hopes and wishes, which you know would be quite absurd and ridiculous to almost any other lady at the head of the fashionable world. I know Mr. Hope has written something new, and I long to see it, and only wish that I may like it half as well as I like 'Anastasius.' Mr. Hope, I know, likes us, for we truly value him. Yours, my dear Mrs. Hope, with sincere affection—N.B., a rare thing to meet with in this world—Maria Edgeworth."

The visit is thus described by Maria to one of her family.[1] "We arrived here on Saturday. For the first day there were Lady Mary Bennet, Miss Burrowes, and Prince Cariati, a banished Neapolitan, good-humoured and plays all sorts of *petits jeux*. Mrs. Hope has recovered her beauty, and she and Mr. Hope are as kind as ever. Lord Burford and his sisters, Lady Maria and Lady Caroline Beauclerk, arrived on Monday, and Lady Westmeath and Mr. Smith (Rejected Addresses), and Mr. Lock, son of Norbury Park Lock, all came to go to a ball at Dorking of which Mr. Hope is one of the stewards. Mr. Smith is excessively entertaining; he sings numerous songs of his own composition inimitably. The evening after the ball they played at the Ring —a ring held on a string in a circle, and the fool in the middle seeks and challenges any suspected hand. This morning the moment breakfast was over they went into the hall of the marble table and played at *petits paquets*, a great deal of running and laughing among pretty men and pretty maids. As I stood at the window with Mr. Hope we agreed we had never seen more beauty, male and female, collected in a

[1] Hare's "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," Vol. ii, p. 47.

circle of fourteen persons. Prince Cimitelli is to come here to-day."

Maria was fond of addressing letters to Thomas and Louisa jointly. "Will my dear Mrs. Hope," she asked, "accept of 'Friendship's Offering' in the shape of a little memorandum book in which there are a few pages of her friend Maria Edgeworth's writing? Let it have a place on the elegant little table beside your sofa in the crimson drawing-room. It seems to me a very long time since I have heard from or of you and Mr. Hope, and I long to hear something more of you than the newspapers tell me of your splendid jewels and grand entertainments. Those who do not know you may be content with hearing of these, and having an Arabian tale notion of you, but I cannot, I know better. Tell me something of your son, our dear Henry. I hope he has not forgotten us and that he continues to fulfil all your hopes and to retain that simplicity of character and unaffected cordial openness of manner which distinguished him as a boy, and will, I trust, distinguish him as a man. Give my sincerely affectionate remembrance to him and be sure to tell me whatever has pleased you and his father most in him, or concerning him, within the last six months. . . . Where are the Miss Berrys? Are they making as much noise as ever wherever they are? . . . Tell me, my dear Mr. Hope, whether you are writing anything? I feel as if I were a privileged person who may ask this question, as you have let me into some of your plans."

She herself let posterity into the origin of the gift of "Friendship's Offering" by telling her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, that six copies of this periodical had been sent her by the editor with the payment for her article, and that "I have done all I could for him by giving the 'Friendship's Offering' to all the fine

people I could think of."[1] As time went on Maria's flattery of Louisa became more and more unblushing. In January, 1825, she wrote, "I have not been bowing myself down and flattering a mere idol of fashion, beauty, or wealth, but I have distinguished your real character and loved and esteemed and admired you for your warm, sincere heart and sound understanding. As I trust this note is never to be seen by any eyes but your own and mine, I may give free course to the overflowings of my heart, warm as they come to my pen at this moment, and may indulge in praising you and myself as much as I please. I should have despised myself if for the sake of getting myself or my sisters into the high places and bright sanctum sanctorum of fashion I had courted you or Mr. Hope as merely the Honourable and fashionable and rich Mr. and Mrs. Hope of Duchess Street, Deepdene, etc. No! I was not guilty of any such meanness. I early in my very first acquaintance with him discovered in Mr. Hope the very superior abilities which all the world did not then see, though many pretended they always had when he shone forth the author of the unrivalled 'Anastasius.' I early saw in you a person of a very uncommon sincerity and strength of character that had not been spoiled and would not be spoiled by the world and all its flattery, and though liking the gay world and all its pleasures a person who could quit them all and at once, without hesitation or pang, whenever duty or affection demanded. I saw in you a person who decked in diamonds and rubies, and worshipped from morning till night so that any other head would have turned, or any other heart hardened, did not become in the least selfish or capricious or even in that slight degree false which half the world think essentially necessary to all who live in it. I saw the

[1] Hare's "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," Vol. ii, p. 130.

steadiness and truth of your character in all your conduct to the Miss Berrys and C. Fanshawe. I recollect your remembering the dresses for the curate's daughters, remembering them for a whole year through all the whirl of London dissipation, and having them made by your own woman when duchess's daughters and I know not who of fine people were in your house and would have wholly filled most ladies' heads. This is a slight thing but a certain mark of character. Your kindness to myself and to two young girls, my sisters, Irish girls, and the steadiness of that kindness far beyond what we expected, I will not here do more than recollect. I dare not dwell upon it lest it should seem to myself even to influence me too much judging of you. I do not believe we mix judgment and gratitude together, as some who did not know you fancied that I did. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Hope, for the liberty I take in thus pouring out my thoughts and feelings to you. I understand what the convenances and politeness and ceremony require and between you and I, or more properly between I and you, shall never forget them when others are by, or when it is necessary either for my credit or yours. But unspoiled as you are by the world you will, I think, permit the warm heart to break through these forms in a moment of joyful exultation in my friend such as I now feel. Give my love to Mr. Hope. What a happy man he is in such a jewel of a wife, as an Irish nurse might justly say above all jewels."

Louisa replied, "I really sit down to address you overwhelmed with gratitude at the kind and flattering manner in which you speak of me. I only wish I felt to deserve half what you say. A warm heart I believe I have, and can have no merit in being ready to make sacrifices for my friends if I was called upon to do so, as in so doing I should only follow my own

inclinations and promote my own happiness. The world and worldly pleasures never touched my heart. The fatigue and trouble that attend them are much greater than the gratification they can afford, and I believe if the true feelings of many who are supposed to be the votaries of fashion could be known, they would be nearly what I confess mine to be."

Before long Maria returned to the charge, "I cannot, I will not bear it any longer. I must hear from you, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Hope. I have not the least chance of seeing you, and hear from you I must. I cannot bear to live on in perfect ignorance of what you are doing, thinking, feeling, and moreover in mortifying doubt whether you ever think of me. I have so true a love and value for both of you, setting aside gratitude if I could, that I cannot believe you have forgotten me, so take up your pen, bad or good, whichever has a pen within reach, and five minutes, just five minutes, only five at command, and scribble five lines to me with 'yours sincerely and affectionately, L. H., T. H.' at the bottom. The immediate impulse which made me take up my pen this day was the sight of the advertisement of the fourth edition of 'Anastasius.' I consider every compliment to 'Anastasius' as a compliment to myself —a triumph in which, I know not why or how, but I always fancy that I have a right to partake. At all events I do partake in the pleasure, and heartily."

On June 24th she compares her feelings for Mrs. Hope with those she has for another friend, the Countess de Salis. "I feel," she writes, "a superior degree of admiration for your character, for that uncommon degree of truth and sincerity which I have seen in you, uncommon in any situation in life as far as I have observed, but most uncommon in high life and among the polished and varnished tribes who

hold it better to seem, than to be, quite a miraculous exception to the general rules of art. I am very glad that Henry is in a good set at Cambridge: that is of much more consequence to a young man of his fortune and station in society than any temporary distinction he might gain. His father regrets, he says, that he is not more desirous of distinction: so do I. Yet he may be a very happy and a very useful and respectable man without ambition. There should be one son in a family of such a sort, and best to be the eldest, as he will form a centre and rallying point for the others. Adrian must, and will be, and is, ambitious, I doubt not. He had excellent capacity, I remember: his father says his masters think so now but that it is mixed with a little fractiousness. Well, so it is. You cannot have light without shade, nor fire without heat, nor heat without danger, nor truth without truisms. Mr. Hope says you intend him for the army. Mention Lady Catherine Bennett, pray, when next you write. I liked her much, and Lady Gwydir, and Lady Jersey. Probably I shall never see any of them again, but I preserve a very agreeable recollection of them. Lady Jersey appeared to me to have a head and heart far above the 'bazaar' nonsense. Lady Gwydir's manners and conversation I thought delightful. Can you tell me anything of poor Lady de Ros? Has she recovered from the loss of her son? I like her too sincerely to be able or willing to write to her till she is able to return to common-life feelings: of all mistaken cruel kindness letters of condolence are the worst."

These letters of Maria Edgeworth suggest a type satirized by Jane Austen, yet even more reminiscent of Mr. Collins are those written to Louisa by the Rev. J. Hitchens, at one time tutor to her children, and afterwards Vicar of Sunninghill. In 1816 Thomas and Louisa took their two elder boys

to Switzerland, and Mr. Hitchens consoled his disappointment at being left behind by a visit to The Deepdene in company with the Rev. W. Harness, Vicar of Dorking. "The distance from this place to Deepdene," he writes, "is so small that it allows no preparation of mind. On such occasions the change from present occupation to past scenes and recollections overwhelms one before one has time to reason on the uselessness of such self-inflicted misery, or on the little relation such gratuitous suffering has to the common business of life. The Deepdene was all beauty and fragrance and solitude. We walked about the gardens and park, and we found traces of yourself, Mr. Hope, and your dear children, and talked of days that are gone. In the evening we stayed till night closed the landscape, and as we went home could not help exclaiming 'was never scene so sad and fair.' . . . I have been writing on, little I fear to your amusement, but with the sincere desire of expressing in some measure my grateful thanks for your kindness in condescending to write to me. I know the honour of such a correspondence and as a pleasure it is the greatest that ever visits me. May we expect ever to get a print of Charles? I would give all I have, except a certain watch and seals and a pearl brooch, for any resemblance of that picture.[1] I had a request which I often mentioned to Mr. Harness, and which I have never presumed to state to you—a request for permission to get a miniature copy executed in your absence. I fear I am asking what is quite improper, but turn your eyes on Charles's face. Think how I learned to love it, in vain alas! Think how often those beautiful and benignant features have looked on me. How many a foolish dream of future happiness I have indulged in and am now awakened from."

[1] The portrait by Sir T. Lawrence, see p. 31 *ante*.

As Charles of the benignant features was but seven, and Henry eight, presumably Mr. Hitchens had regarded his tutorship as a permanency, and could not get over its termination. Apparently, however, the pathetic sentiments expressed in this letter did not evoke a reply from Mrs. Hope, for a few weeks later Mr. Hitchens writes to Henry that he had vainly waited for a letter from his mother in order that he might send two replies at the same time. He continues: "I had the double pleasure of reflecting that I was not forgotten by you, and that you were using very sensibly and profitably the advantages within your reach. With such minds and such scenes around you, your pleasures and your improvement will grow together, and as much as you neglect of the latter you will lose of the former." Henry's writing, however, he says, deserves no compliment. He then refers to the interest of spots "made memorable for ever by having once been trod by some poet or sage or statesman of antiquity. Such recollections are the sources of the purest pleasure and form the great distinction between a refined and a vulgar taste, between that taste planted by such minds as those of your papa and mamma, and cultivated by such an education as yours, and those which chance sows, ignorance deforms, or neglect leaves to its fate. To an ill-formed and vulgar mind a stone is but a stone, though Regulus might have rested on it when he refused to enter the city gates on his return from Carthage, or Æmilius might have died on it after the battle of Cannæ. I doubt not that Hannibal has lately occupied your thoughts for many an hour, and I hope our old acquaintance the Helvetii have not been forgotten."

In a letter of the same date to Mrs. Hope, Mr. Hitchens, after describing, with the aid of the Psalms and Virgil, the unsatisfactory nature

of the weather in England, says: "I have often endeavoured to figure to myself your party, and have travelled many an imaginary mile with you. I can imagine Henry's vehemence and ardent admiration bursting into the wildest expression. The enthusiasm of his character is like nothing that I know except the picture of Edwin in the Minstrel. . . .

> His infant Muse though artless was not mute,
> Of elegance as yet he took no care
> For this of time and culture is the fruit,
> And Edwin gained at last this fruit so fair.

I could utter of Henry a much higher prophecy than that contained in the last line, though it would be no great merit to prophesy an obvious probability. The scenes of Switzerland make no convert of you. You were a lover of nature before you saw them. The world indeed had endeavoured by varying its attractions in a thousand ways to gain you wholly to itself, but you were content to know the world, your admiration, your heart, you kept for the better and more beautiful parts of nature and existence. I would proceed but my gratification might cost me your displeasure." Such fears were unfounded, for next month he acknowledges a letter of hers and feels "in the consciousness of a high and well-grounded respect and admiration towards you, a certainty that I shall never forfeit the little claim I now possess to a place in your recollection. This may seem like threatening you with an assiduity too intrusive and a friendship somewhat too bold, yet believe me, no one knows better than I the immense distance between yourself and me, and that all kindness from you to me must be condescension as well as kindness."

Mrs. Hope appears in her letter to have said something about the garb of Truth, for he replies,

"If I were to array her I could not refrain from adding a wreath of flowers for her head, an agate for her arm, and a lapis lazuli chain for her neck, from a certain association which I always mingle with the idea of what is good and beautiful." He then suggests that she should write a poem after the manner of Dante, descriptive of Roman history, and that Thomas should compose an episode. In the spring he promises himself another pilgrimage to The Deepdene, "a solitary one, but I shall meet with objects enough of my acquaintance. On my last visit Lion condescended to notice me in my adversity. In using this word I hope I am guilty of no ingratitude for the comforts which my present situation[1] affords me, yet when the Jews saw the Second Temple they reflected on the First and wept. . . . Will you never employ me in anything for you? I can transcribe, I can compile, I can make out."

In justice to Mr. Hitchens it must be added that the letters contain references of some interest to general affairs. The public, he says, seems indifferent about all events. "Private distress and individual pressure keep men's solicitudes and fears busy about themselves. A plague of public mistrust is upon us, and each person regards his own interest. Private economy is busy in its expedients, but it mars public revenue, and so the evil in some measure returns." He then gives a gloomy picture of the state of England, "the harvest being deficient and corn far too high in price, riots were breaking out and there was still a popular outcry against machinery."

This passage suggests that the fruits of victory in the Napoleonic war were remarkably like those with which the present generation is familiar.

The Hopes' tour had a sad ending, for the

[1] Tutor at Gatcombe Park in Gloucestershire.

younger son, Charles, died of fever at Rome. His body was brought back to England, and was buried at The Deepdene in a mausoleum consecrated on this occasion by Mrs. Hope's cousin, Lord John Beresford, Bishop of Raphoe, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh.

Two years later Thomas accepted Mr. Hitchens' offers of literary help by asking him to read the manuscript of "Anastasius" with a view to suggesting alterations in it. Hitchens writes of it with enthusiasm: "Whenever it makes its appearance, of the splendour with which it will shine, and the wonder and admiration and speculation which it will excite there can be no doubt. A new star will have appeared, and the learned will seize on it as a theme for their criticism, and the curious as an object of their speculation, and all as a matter of wonder and amazement. There is no prophesying in these matters, but I do not see the possibility of the book being considered as less than a work of sterling wit, beautiful description, and genuine humour." He was then at Sunninghill, near Ascot, and used to send revised portions of the manuscript to The Deepdene, and receive fresh chapters by riding to meet Thomas's groom, who came an equal distance. His friendship with the family continued to his death, a few years before that of Mrs. Hope, and he was nominated a trustee of the settlement made on her second marriage.

Other visitors to The Deepdene who could not rise to such heights of eloquence as Maria and Mr. Hitchens expressed their feelings in a volume called "The Deepdene Album." It was the fashion of the time for ladies to keep a book in which their friends wrote elegant extracts, original or otherwise, and Louisa valued her album so highly that she made it an heirloom.

The earliest entry, a Christmas ode of 1812, is by Sir Henry Englefield (1752-1822), a well-known antiquary, and, like his host, a member of the Royal Society. It begins:

> Now round the blazing Christmas fire
> Nigher draw the chairs and nigher,
> And there in social circle sit
> Mirthful as may the time befit
> Whose very name in every ear
> Wakes reflections high and dear
> How angels chanted at His birth
> Goodwill to man and peace on earth.

Mrs. Hope, in a letter of which a draft is preserved, tells Sir Henry that these lines "certainly raised religious and enthusiastic feelings as I seldom have felt on that or any other occasion. Mr. Hope is as much rapt with your poem as you can be with Milton's."

On the contribution of Miss Catherine M. Fanshawe (1765-1834), Alexander, Thomas's youngest son, makes this interesting note: "This is the famous enigma on the letter H. commonly but falsely attributed to Lord Byron. This is the original composed by Miss Catherine M. Fanshawe at The Deepdene in 1816. It will be observed that the first line runs thus ''Twas in Heaven pronounced and 'twas muttered in Hell.' The printed copies give it ''Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell.' As given here there are twenty-two lines: in Galignani's edition of Byron, 1826,[1] where it appears among 'never publicly acknowledged' poems of Lord Byron, there are only eighteen lines."

> 'Twas in Heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in Hell,
> And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
> On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
> And the depths of the Ocean its presence confest.

[1] This edition was published two years after Byron's death.

'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to Man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death:
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with Monarchs is crowned;
In the heaps of the Miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from Home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned:
'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!

C.M.F.

Sismondi (1773-1842) the historian, is represented by a poem in French, dated Rome, February 6th, 1817, written no doubt while the Hopes were in that city, and bound into the album afterwards. It is no less flattering to Louisa than the English compositions of less distinguished writers. It begins:

Vous qui savez l'art de bien voir
Et qu'on est heureux d'avoir vue,
Vous qui joignez une grace ingénue
Au charme de l'esprit, a l'attrait du savoir,
Un goût délicat vous revèle
Ce qui fait des beaux arts la douce volupté
Et vous seriez le juge autant que le modèle
De ceux qui peignent la beauté.

He then descants on Roman history for two pages and a half.

Maria Edgeworth's father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817), accompanied her to The Deepdene in the last year of his life, and wrote there, "Lines from a father in his seventy-third year."

With boys and girls a baker's dozen,
With many a niece and many a cousin,
The happy father sees them all
Obedient to his slightest call,
Their talents, tastes and wishes still
Subservient to the patriarch's will.
How does he rule them? By what arts?
He knows the way to touch their hearts.

Dean Milman (1791-1868) contributed in later years hymns decidedly out of harmony with the rest of the volume, but his earliest effort was of the usual kind.

Think not my spirit lothe to crown for thee
The most delicious cup of poesy:
Oh Lady, think not that, for well it knows
How much of soft inspiring thought it owes
To the fair mistress of that silent glen
By hermit old named haply his deep den.

Works by three genuine poets, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and George Crabbe, appear among these rhymes.

About 1821 Scott copied his translation from the Gaelic entitled "Nora's Vow," and Moore, his poem beginning "If after all, thou still wilt doubt and fear me;" as the lines are dated Bowood, August 25th, 1824, one imagines that Mrs. Hope took the album with her on her visits. Crabbe alone among the poets possibly offered his hostess the compliment of unpublished verses. His "Lines on revisiting a Place after long absence and the Death of——" were contributed about 1825, and were first published in the collection of his poems edited by his son soon after his death in 1832, under the title "Parham Revisited."

Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), old friend though he was, only copied some verses which he had composed at Woburn Abbey three years earlier. The lines,

THE HONBLE. MRS. THOMAS HOPE
(After a painting by G. Dawe.)

Facing p. 55.

beginning "Approach with reverence, There are those within," may be found in the printed editions of his poems.

William Robert Spencer (1769-1834), a well-known writer of society verse, whose debts Thomas had reluctantly helped to pay "for the sake of the world," must have spent a considerable portion of his visits writing in the album. In 1814 he composed the following lines, typical of the flattery which was poured on his hostess:

I do confess thou'rt all the heart
  Of love or friendship can adore,
That never woman's angel part
  So graced the stage of life before,
But when a thousand voices join
To praise thee, canst thou list to mine?

I do confess thy soul enshrines
  Sense, courage, feeling, fancy, truth,
That wisdom's fountain there refines
  (Rare chance!) the nectared cup of youth.
But at this bright Pantheon how
Can less than genius dare to bow?

And so on.

William Sotheby (1757-1853), best known as a translator of Virgil's Georgics, was another prolific versifier. His "Ode to Mrs. Hope" plays upon the usual pun.

What Power shall pleading Passion move?
  To Hope prefer thy Prayer:
No, Hope's chaste lip whose smile is Love
  'Tis Hope bids Love despair.

Go, favoured lover! Boast thy sure success,
  That Love to thee shall all its joys resign:
Go, boast thy bliss! Let me but Hope possess,
  Yield me but Hope, what bliss on earth like mine.

Lord Glenbervie (1743-1823), a politician both in

England and Ireland, more modestly exercised his skill in translating into English, Italian, and French, extracts from various authors, including Pope and Voltaire, and the inevitable verses to his hostess appear in these three languages. One original impromptu may be quoted, addressed to two young ladies who had asked him what had passed at an audience which he had had with the King.

Vous voulez donc savoir ce que le roi m'a dit,
(Vous savez comme il brille et de goût et d'esprit)
Èh bien, le roi m'a dit que vous, ses bon sujets,
Ne sont qu'un grand troupeau de fous et de benêts.

James Smith (1775-1839), author with his brother Horace of "Rejected Addresses," covered page after page with his broad jokes and finally, about 1825, entered a Literary Bill for six months from March to September, stating the payments he had received from his writings during that period, amounting altogether to £54 9s. 6d. Many years later, Thackeray, after seeing the album, wrote the following comment: "Old James Smith kept careful copies of his good old jokes and an accurate account of their sale. He would have had better pay if he had lived in the present enlightened age." Smith's compliments to Mrs. Hope took the form of an acrostic, dated October 1st, 1821.

Let Moore be alternately amorous and witty,
  On Venice let Lord Byron write,
Up Pindus let Southey keep chanting his ditty,
In village heroics let Crabbe waken pity,
  Such themes proffer me no delight.

A fair one I sing in a deep den not quite hid,
  Her figure, her mind and her face,
(Oh, who can behold them and not feel delighted?)
Produce an ensemble not often united
  Ease, intellect, beauty and grace.

Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829), the great chemist, relaxed into charades and into a lyric in praise of the glow-worm, in which accuracy of statement fights with poetic sentiment:

> Thy haunts are in the deepest shade
> By bracken and by cup-moss made.
> . . . . . .
> No flames to kindle and destroy,
> Constant, innocuous, still it beams.

His "Ode on the Death of the Princess Charlotte" is conventionally patriotic. The next entry is an Ode to Lady Jersey, by the Comte de Lieven, Russian Ambassador in London.

> Vous en qui tant d'esprit abonde,
> Tant de grâces, tant de douceur,
> Si ma place est dans ton cœur
> Elle est la première du monde.

Can he have forgotten in whose album he was writing, since Lady Jersey was his hostess's great rival in London society? Although she had given Mrs. Hope a pocket-book inset with her miniature by Dun, a Flemish painter, and a lock of her own hair, one may conjecture that deep affection did not exist between them, and Lord Jersey in a letter to Sir Arthur Paget from Goodwood,[1] on November 27th, 1827, says, "I am just off to Mme Hope, only one night, Dieu merci!"

Orloff (a later Russian Ambassador in London), wrote in Russian characters seven lines of a woodland lyric.

Richard Payne Knight (1750-1824), an eminent numismatist, yielding apparently to persuasion, lamented his seventy-two years and his inability to "awake the festive lyre." His hostess's charms,

[1] "The Paget Brothers," edited by Lord Hylton, p. 321.

however, enabled him to struggle through thirty-two lines, culminating in the description of her as:

> The tender mother, duteous wife,
> The pleasant, kind and faithful friend,
> Hath charms for every stage of life
> Which only with her own can end.

The first Lord Ellesmere (1800-1857) translated from Schiller "The Partition of the Earth," and Schlegel (1767-1845), a poet and critic, who translated Shakespeare into German, wrote some French verses of German construction, entitled "Au Deepdene," containing the customary remarks about "la vivante et belle image de la beauté." In June, 1822, Washington Irving (1783-1859), produced a somewhat flowery poem describing himself as a poor pilgrim paying his tribute to the shrine at which he worshipped. Penry Williams (1798-1885) and other artists who could not rise to verse inserted dainty pencil sketches in the album.

As all the contributors were people of some literary or artistic eminence, it is probable that other guests were not invited to write in the album. Even Royal personages seem to have been no exception, although Thomas and Louisa were on intimate terms with more than one member of the reigning family, and especially with the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. This connection appears to have originated in attentions shown by them to the Duke's daughter, Sophy Fitzclarence, for the Duchess, in the first extant letter to Mrs. Hope,[1] dated December 18th, 1824, writes: "Dear Madam, Having a great reliance on your kindness I approach you to-day as a petitioner on behalf of my unfortunate countrymen who have so much suffered by the inunda-

[1] The letters from members of the Royal family herein quoted are in the possession of the authors.

tions almost all over Germany. . . . Allow me to take this opportunity to express to you my gratitude for all the kindness you have shown Miss Fitzclarence, and to assure you the Duke and myself feel it very sensibly. I hope that you are quite well after all the fatigues of last week, and that Mr. Hope is quite recovered from the gout. The Duke desires his best compliments to you, and with me to Mr. Hope, and I beg you to believe me with high regard, my dear Madam, yours very truly, Adelaide."

With evident reference to this appeal the Duchess writes to Miss Fitzclarence, "My dear Sophy, I am delighted with Mrs. Hope's kindness: she has sent me eighty-two pounds which is very handsome indeed. I was lucky with these subscriptions, for I got on the whole £162, which is by far more than I expected it would be possible to collect. I have not been able to ask the Duke's consent to your going to The Deepdene on the 31st, but I have not the least doubt that he will be glad to hear that you have this invitation to pass some pleasant days with Mrs. Hope. I rejoiced for you very much indeed that Mrs. Hope has asked you, as I know how much you like to be with her."

The friendship, fostered possibly by the eighty-two pounds, ripened quickly, for two months later the Duchess, addressing her as "My dear Mrs. Hope," asks her assistance in raising more moneys for the sufferers by the floods in North Germany. She says, "Although I feel almost ashamed to trouble you in the same cause again, yet the confidence I have in your goodness is so great that I dare once more to ask for your kind assistance in a similar undertaking as the one was in which you assisted me in so handsome a manner. . . . After all that has already been done in this country for the German sufferers it will be difficult for me to find

people inclined to do more for them, yet with the aid of Providence and the kind assistance of my friends I will try to get as much as possible to send over to Hanover. . . . I cannot help to seek once more for your succour, my dear kind friend, having already experienced your great willingness to assist me. It is now my request not to ask yourself or any of those who have already contributed most liberally, but to beg you will try once more your influence with your friends in town. I trust that I shall not in vain ask a favour from you for well do I know your indulgence and kind and charitable heart. This gave me the courage to give you again so much trouble, otherwise I ought to fear that you would detest the sight of my handwriting, and think me a troublesome person. . . . I had great pleasure in hearing from the Duke that he had visited you in town the other day, and found you looking very well and as amiable as ever, and I hope that I shall be able to pay you also a visit therefore before I go abroad, to take leave of you. With my best compliments to Mr. Hope, I always remain, dear Mrs. Hope, your truly affectionate friend, Adelaide."

Later in the month the Duchess tells Mrs. Hope that she and her assistants have collected £300 that week for the German sufferers, and that she has secured the support of Lady Londonderry, Lady Sandwich, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Darnley, and Countess Munster for a ball in aid of the fund, which all agree must take place after Easter.

In November, 1826, the Duchess visited The Deepdene for the first time, and afterwards wrote, "My dear Mrs. Hope,—Allow me to express once more the sense of gratitude we all have for the great kindness you have shown us during our pleasant stay at your charming residence: and be pleased to

be our interpreter with Mr. Hope as we wish to assure you both that we shall never forget your amiable hospitality. We were all enchanted with The Deepdene and still more so with the interesting inmates of the place equally favoured by nature and art, where good taste seems so perfectly at home. We shall always remember it with the greatest pleasure and gratitude. Accept therefore our best thanks and give my kind compliments to your amiable niece and recall me to my dear little friend, Alexander. God bless you, my dear Madam, farewell, and permit me to subscribe myself your truly obliged friend, Adelaide."

Further visits followed. The Duchess brought her cousin, Princess Amelia, and on other occasions was accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duchess of Gloucester. One visit of the Clarences had to be postponed "as we are but just come home from our expedition and want a little quiet and rest after all the fatigues and the *far niente* of the last month." Can it be that the Duchess was not quite at home in the Italian tongue?

At length the Hopes' hospitality was returned. On December 22nd, 1828, when Thomas as High Sheriff was about to attend the Assizes at Kingston, the Duke's daughter Sophy, now Lady Sidney, writes to Mrs. Hope: "I am desired by Papa and the Duchess to beg of you to exert your kind influence with Mr. Hope to prevail on him to spend as much of his time at Kingston as his duties will allow at Bushey, at all events to make it his headquarters, as they think a British dinner here every day may be more agreeable than at any one of the inns our good town can boast. I need not say how much all the inmates of this house will rejoice should you be able to persuade Mr. Hope to accede to our wishes. Papa

and the Duchess have gone to-day to Windsor to receive the young Queen of Portugal, remain to dinner and return to-morrow."

The Duchess evidently thought a little more hospitality was due to Louisa than this casual invitation, for the Duke, on receiving Thomas's acceptance, wrote, "The Duchess requests me to ask you, my dearest fair friend, if you will do us the favour of coming and remaining with us at Bushey during the time the High Sheriff must attend the Judge. I need, I trust, hardly add how much my wishes are in unison with those of the Duchess, and that I hope you will favour us with your elegant and charming company. In the event, dear Madam, of your accepting our invitation, which I beg you will not refuse, I am to request you will bring Miss Burrowes[1] with you and Mr. Hope. I can assure you that my daughters as well as ourselves will be delighted to see her under this roof. Adieu, I trust only till Saturday, and ever believe me either in Middlesex or in Surrey, dearest Madam, yours unalterably, William."

A few days later the Duke again wrote to Mrs. Hope inviting her to bring Alexander to a children's ball at Bushey on the 19th to meet the little Queen of Portugal.

The last letter before the Duke's accession congratulates the Hopes "on the appointment of your eldest son as one of the King's Grooms of his Bedchamber, which gave us sincere pleasure as everything which can contribute to your satisfaction will ever do. We shall not name this appointment, according to your wishes, until it has been gazetted."

Three months afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Clarence became King and Queen on the death of George IV. The King retained Henry as

[1] Mrs. Hope's niece.

Groom of the Bedchamber, and Mrs. Hope was appointed Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide.

But family ambition soared still higher. Thomas had acquired a reputation as an art patron and author, and now he aspired to a peerage. Although his politics had been Whig, he hoped to influence the Tory Government through his wife's cousin and early admirer, Lord Beresford, who was a close friend of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington. Louisa, accordingly, appears to have written a letter to the Duke, of which the draft exists. "I fear," she writes, "you may think me intruding, but as you are already aware of Mr. Hope's and my ambition to obtain a peerage for our family I feel emboldened to bring the subject before you myself, as in such cases, besides the request of those we are connected with, a direct application may be thought right from ourselves. Lord Beresford has already asked this mark of favour for us, and we are aware of the answer he received, but in case you may find it expedient to recommend us to His Majesty for such high honour we add our earnest solicitations to those of Lord Beresford. Our family connections both as Hopes and as Beresfords are, we believe, quite unobjectionable, and the fortune of our house, I need not say to you, is more than sufficient to maintain the dignity of any honour. We may fairly say that our eldest son will be one of the richest commoners of the kingdom. We have done everything, and we trust and believe not unsuccessfully, to give efficiency to his natural talents, and whatever they are we trust they may come to be useful to the support of your administration, and at a vast expense we have secured his being always in a situation to be so, as well as his younger brother as soon as his age will permit. Pardon me if I have too long occupied your time when

I meant but simply to submit to you our pretensions, which also your old friendship with my father and family, encourage my advancing."

This letter was probably written before the death of George IV in June, 1830. The "vast expense" mentioned was incurred in the purchase of the rotten borough of East Looe, and it is clear that despite Thomas's former politics his son was intended to be a Tory Member of Parliament, and that the imminence of the Reform Bill was disregarded in the purchase of the seat. For whatever reasons the application was refused, and though the accession of their friend the Duke of Clarence might well have induced greater hopes of success, by this time Thomas's health was failing rapidly. He was then sixty-one, and suffering from an incurable disease. Queen Adelaide, hearing of his illness, wrote to Louisa, from the Pavilion, Brighton: "I am very sorry to find by your kind letter of yesterday that Mr. Hope is so much indisposed to prevent your son leaving home. I trust and hope that he may recover soon, and that your anxiety may not affect your own health. Pray express to Mr. Hope the sincere part both the King and I take in his welfare, and how much we wish to hear of his speedy recovery. May God protect you in this trial is the anxious prayer of your truly affectionate friend, Adelaide."

When the news of his death reached her the Queen wrote, "I cannot refrain from addressing you, having just now heard of the melancholy event which deprived you of your excellent husband: and hope you will be assured of the sincere part both the King and I take in your loss. Having known and respected Mr. Hope, and having experienced so much kindness from him at all times, I feel great regret at his death, and can assure you that the King joins in my feelings most heartily: I trust and hope that your own health

has not suffered materially by the great anxiety of mind and fatigue of body you have gone through, and that you will be mercifully supported in this sad trial by the Power which alone can keep us up when we want most to be supported. It must be a great consolation to you to have so faithfully nursed Mr. Hope during his illness, to have been his comfort and happiness and to know that you fulfilled your duties so well. May God our Heavenly Father comfort you is the anxious prayer of your truly affectionate friend, Adelaide. The King condoles with you most sincerely and joins me in good wishes towards you."

The draft of Louisa's reply still exists, and runs as follows: "Madam,—The kinder feelings of human nature are so much stronger than any others in your Majesty's heart that I know you will derive more satisfaction in hearing that your goodness and sympathy poured balm into an afflicted heart than you could from the splendour of your station. At first I was so overpowered by my grief that I was unable to express my thanks. I can now dwell upon it with melancholy pleasure, and such a tribute to the memory of my dear husband will to the end of my life be a source of pride and comfort to me for which I offer to your Majesty and the King my most humble and grateful thanks. Upon the bed of sickness I imparted to him the kindness of the expression in the first letter you honoured me with, and some of the last words he ever uttered were of gratitude and attachment to your Majesty and the King. It has pleased the Almighty to bless me with the best and most affectionate children to support me in my hour of trial. No effort on my part shall be wanting to bear my misfortune with fortitude, and I trust God will grant me His help. May every blessing ever attend your Majesty and the King. To the last hour of my existence my prayers shall be offered for my

Sovereigns. With every feeling of profound respect and sincere affection I am your Majesty's most faithful, most grateful and devoted servant and subject, Louisa Hope."

In answer to this Queen Adelaide wrote on February 17th, "My dear friend,—Many thanks for your beautiful letter Lord Beresford brought me yesterday, which gave me great satisfaction as it proved that your mind was more tranquillized. May God protect and watch you further is my most anxious wish for you, and may I have the satisfaction to think that so pious a mind as yours is will not want any other support than that of Heaven by grace, and the soothing sympathy of your friends. The King joins me in good wishes towards you, and we both feel deeply interested in your welfare and comfort. God bless you and believe me ever your most affectionate, Adelaide. My love to Alexander and kind regards to your two elder sons."

Adrian, the second son, gives a short account in his Diary of his father's last days. "February, 1831. I had come to London on the 28th January on account of my father's illness. When he saw me he exclaimed, 'How very, very kind.' From the first I saw that there was no hope of his recovery. He grew daily weaker and weaker. Henry, my mother and myself watched him night and day. He appeared to retain his mental faculties till the last and to be quite conscious of his state. He observed to Mr. Harness a few weeks ago, 'I am extinguishing, but not so fast as I could wish.'"

Adrian then gives details of his father's last moments, and mentions that the funeral took place at The Deepdene on February 12th. Thomas was buried in the mausoleum which he had erected for his son Charles.

Miss Edgeworth also describes her last visit to

Thomas in a letter to her stepmother.[1] "You must have seen in the papers the death of Mr. Hope, and I am sure it shocked you, but it was scarcely possible it could strike you as much as it did me. I, who had seen him but a few days before, and who had been rallying him on his being hypochondriac. I, who had been laughing at him along with Mrs. Hope, for being, I thought, merely in the cold fit after having been in the hot fit of enthusiasm while finishing his book. He knew too well, poor man, what we did not know. I believe that I never had time to describe to you the impression that visit to him made upon me. I had actually forced Mrs. Hope to go up and say he must see me; that such an old friend, and one who had such a regard for him, and for whom I knew he had a sincere regard, must be admitted to see him even in his bedchamber. He sent me word that if I could bear to see a poor sick man in his nightcap, I might come up. So I did, and followed Mrs. Hope through all the magnificent apartments, and then up to the attics, and through room after room till we came to his retreat, and then a feeble voice from an armchair—'Oh, my dear Miss Edgeworth, my kind friend to the last.' And I saw a figure sunk in his chair like La Harpe, in figured silk *robe de chambre* and nightcap; death in his paled, sunk, shrunk face; a gleam of affectionate pleasure lighted it up for an instant, and straight it sunk again. He asked most kindly for my two sisters, 'Tell them I am glad they are happy.' The half-finished picture of his second son was in the corner beside his armchair, as if to cheer his eyes. 'By an Irish artist,' he politely said to me, 'of great talent.' When I rallied him at parting on his low spirits and said, 'How much younger you are than I am!' 'No, no, not in mind,

[1] Augustus Hare's "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," Vol. ii, pp. 176-8.

not in the powers of life. God bless you; good-bye' I told him I would only say au revoir, and that never came; it was only the next day but one after this that Fanny read to me his death in the paper. It was dreadfully sudden to us: what must it have been to Mrs. Hope, I am sure she had no idea of its coming so soon. I forgot to say that as I got up to go away, I told him laughing that he was only ill of a plethora of happiness, that he had everything this world could give, and only wanted a little adversity. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am happy, blessed with such a wife and such a son.' He looked with most touching gratitude up to her, and she drew back without speaking. Oh, I cannot tell you the impression the whole scene left on my mind."

In her letter of condolence to Mrs. Hope she exclaimed: "Never was blow more unexpected. So sudden, so awfully sudden! When I recalled our last conversation and my playful rallying of him for hypochondriacism I cannot tell you how I reproach myself. I know that it must be an addition to all you feel at this moment to write even to those on whose sincerity of affection and keen sympathy you depend most: therefore I beg you will not think of answering this. Whenever you can think of seeing me let me know. In the meantime believe me most truly, my dear Mrs. Hope, your attached friend, M. E."

Towards the end of the month Mrs. Hope wrote to Miss Edgeworth, "I feel most grateful to you for your kind sympathy, and I know you do sympathize with me, and you know so well and so justly appreciated the value of the intrinsic merit and extraordinary endowments of mind of he (*sic*) who is now lost to me, that you are one of the few who can really enter into my feelings. I regretted very much not having been at home the day you called on me, and yet I had not

courage to say come and see me. Therefore I should have been glad if you had done so: the recollection of the last time we met was so painfully fresh in my remembrance that it made me feel too nervous. This is a true and plain statement: if you blame me for it I shall be sorry, for I do value your friendship and good opinion. God bless you. My dear Miss Edgeworth, let me have a few lines from you to tell me that you think kindly of me. Believe me, ever yours most affectionately, L. H. I am just going out of town."

We may conclude this sketch of Thomas's career by a short statement of the provisions of his will, dated May 5th, 1818, and a codicil dated April 9th, 1824. He thereby bequeathed to his wife £10,000, all his carriages and horses, a life annuity of £1,000 in addition to the jointure of £3,000 a year provided for her by settlement, and the use for life of The Deepdene with its contents and of all his other lands in Surrey. He provides, however, that she may at any time give up her life interest in The Deepdene and its contents in return for a payment of £12,000. To his son Adrian he bequeaths £30,000 inclusive of Adrian's share under his parents' marriage settlement, and to his son Alexander £35,000 inclusive of his share under the settlement. To his own brothers Adrian and Henry Philip he gives specified works of art.

These brothers, whose wealth eventually devolved on Thomas's sons, had fled with him from Holland in 1794, but Adrian returned to his native country. Henry Philip, on the other hand, made his home in London, while paying regular visits to his house at the Hague and his villa at Bosbeck near Haarlem. Like his brothers he was a sleeping partner in the family bank, and his disposition of his property led, as will be seen, to much family litigation. He spent part of his wealth on the enlargement of his inherited collection of

Dutch and Flemish pictures, but devoted the greater portion to the purchase of precious stones, his collection of which acquired a European reputation. His principal gem was the Blue Diamond, believed originally to have formed part of a larger stone weighing in the rough 112½ carats, which was bought in India by the traveller Tavernier, and sold by him in 1668 to Louis XIV. (This account is summarized from Streeter's "Precious Stones and Gems" and "Great Diamonds of the World.") It is recorded that the King wore it, after it had been recut, as a pendant on a light blue ribbon, when he was receiving the Persian Ambassador in 1715, but its history after his death, which occurred in the same year, is uncertain.

At the time of the French Revolution the regalia included a triangular diamond of the same colour, facetted and weighing 67½ carats, which would be about the weight of Tavernier's diamond when recut. This stone was stolen in 1792, but in 1830 a similar blue diamond, weighing 44¼ carats, came to light in the hands of one Daniel Elias, and was believed by experts to be Tavernier's diamond, though its history was unknown. It was bought by Henry Philip for a price which is not recorded, but in the catalogue of his collection of precious stones compiled by B. Hertz, and published in 1839, the following remark occurs: "The price which was once asked for this diamond was £30,000, but we must confess that it might have been estimated even at a higher sum." The stone was "of a deep sapphire blue weighing 177 grains," and when in Henry Philip's collection it was mounted as a medallion with a border en arabesque of small rose diamonds surrounded by twenty brilliants of equal size, shape and cutting, and of the finest water, and averaging four grains each. Much has been written of the

ill-luck that is supposed to attend the possession of this stone, but there is no family evidence that Henry Philip believed or had even heard of the legend, and he certainly lived a peaceful and prosperous life, and died a quiet and natural death. The identity of the diamond with that owned by Louis XIV is itself an inference from their similarity and the great rarity of blue diamonds, and its diminution in size is supposed to be explained by two pieces having been cut from it, one of which it is thought was sold at Geneva among the Duke of Brunswick's jewels, and the other bought by Mr. Streeter in 1876.

Henry Philip's collection included 48 other polished diamonds, and 62 unpolished ones; 148 pearls; 19 oriental rubies; 33 sapphires; 12 emeralds; 20 aquamarines; 10 jargoons; 11 jacinths; 20 "chrysoberyls or cymophanes"; 53 opals; 22 topazes; 29 tourmalines; 7 peridots; 31 amethysts; 8 turquoises, and many other stones of small value. Of the numerous gems of which Hertz in his book already quoted gives detailed descriptions, the most notable were: (1) "A large oriental pearl of an irregular pear shape, two inches in length, four and a half in circumference, and weighing 3 ounces, with the bottom part of a bronze tint. It was surmounted by a crown of red enamelled gold, studded with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, etc." (2) "A sapphire of a fine indigo colour, the blue intermingled with red. This sapphire changes its colour by candlelight entirely, and was in the Orleans collection, where Madame de Genlis had an opportunity of seeing it, and made it the subject of a tale she wrote under the title of 'Le Saphir Merveilleux.'" (3) "A matchless aquamarine in the form of a sword-handle, cut all round with long facets, which cross each other obliquely, and of sea green colour. This gem belonged to Murat, and was inserted in his sword: it has been remounted in fine

gold ornamented with brilliants, turquoises and garnets, and a carbuncle on the top. It is four inches long, and weighs 3 ounces 6 dwts."

He kept his collection in cabinets in his house at the corner of Connaught Place, opposite the Marble Arch, but his pictures, as already stated, were deposited in his brother's gallery in Duchess Street. He had an extremely kind heart and benevolent disposition, of which his relations appear to have taken every advantage: he spent money generously on charitable objects, made allowances to his poorer Dutch cousins, and provided pensions on a liberal scale for his tenants and workpeople in Holland. He was never married, and regarded his English nephews as his eventual heirs. His affection for their father he showed by lavish generosity, on one occasion paying the purchase money of £30,000 for Chart Park, an estate adjoining The Deepdene, and it was this, possibly, that Thomas commemorated by the erection of a classic temple in the grounds. Henry Philip cherished a particular admiration for his sister-in-law, Louisa, and presented her with nearly as many necklaces, tiaras, stomachers, and other ornaments of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and lesser stones as she received from her husband.

CHAPTER III

Louisa mourned for Thomas nearly two years, but on November 29th, 1832, she married her cousin and old friend, William Carr, Viscount Beresford, who had a somewhat remarkable career. Born on October 2nd, 1768, he was the illegitimate son of Louisa's uncle, the first Marquis of Waterford, and had an illegitimate brother, afterwards Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, but the identity of their mother is unknown. Creevey in a letter published in "The Creevey Papers," and dated August 24th, 1827, gives the following account of Lord Beresford: "Well now, though somewhat late, my Portuguese Marshal—Lord Beresford—came to dinner on Sunday and was off before breakfast yesterday, Thursday. I can safely say that in my life I never took so strong a prejudice against a man. Such a low-looking ruffian in his air, with damned bad manners, or rather none at all, and a vulgarity in his expressions and pronunciation that made me at once believe he was as ignorant, stupid and illiterate as he was ill-looking. Yet somehow or other he almost wiped away all these notches before we parted. In the first place, it is with me an invaluable property in any man to have him call a spade a spade. The higher he is in station the more rare and the more entertaining it is. Then I defy any human being to find out he is either a Marshal or a Lord, but you do find out that he has been in every part of the world, and in all the interesting scenes of it for the last five-and-thirty years. The

history of these two Beresfords is really interesting. They are natural sons of old Lord Waterford, and were sent over in their infancy to a school at Catterick Bridge under the name of John Poo (the Admiral) and William Carr (the Marshal), and they kept these names till they were about twelve years old. They are still in ignorance of who their mother was, or whether they had the same, but from the secrecy upon this head, from their being sent from Ireland, and above all from Lady Waterford having seemed always to show more affection to them than to her own children, there is a notion they were hers before her marriage."

In 1785 William Beresford was sent to the Military School at Strassburg: while there he received his first commission in the British Army as an ensign in the 6th Foot, and spent some years with his regiment in North America. On the outbreak in 1790 of war between Great Britain and revolutionary France, he served with two Companies on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, under the flag of Vice-Admiral Hotham, and with his men formed part of the garrison of Toulon after its capture. He afterwards saw service in Corsica, and becoming in 1796 Colonel of the 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers) was stationed in England and Jersey until the end of 1799. He went with his regiment to India and thence to Egypt, returning to England in 1803, when he was promoted Brigadier-General. In 1805 he was sent on the staff of General Sir David Baird to the Cape of Good Hope, but before they arrived the Dutch, against whom the expedition was directed, had surrendered. Beresford then volunteered for the command of an expedition to South America, which in "Wellington's Lieutenants," by A. I. Shand, is described as "a mad adventure which takes us back to the buccaneering descents of Drake and Morgan

on the Spanish Main." With one regiment, the 71st, aided by some Marines and a small contingent from St. Helena, he captured Buenos Ayres, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, held by 8,600 troops, and occupied it for several weeks, but was forced to capitulate on the approach of hostile reinforcements and the outbreak of insurrection in the town itself. Made a prisoner he quickly escaped, and carried off with him for a remembrance the silver bell used in the Council Chamber, which is still in the possession of his family. The memory of his exploits remained among the people of Buenos Ayres for several years, for in a letter dated June 9th, 1817, a Captain Henwood, R.N., tells Vice-Admiral Murray that "the name of General Beresford is venerated beyond anything that you can conceive, and I am told that they are about to erect a statue of him (which is to be executed in England) in one of the public squares of this city, representing him not as the conqueror of Buenos Ayres, but as the man who sowed among them the first seeds of liberty and taught them how to estimate liberal government and rational freedom."

Beresford returned to England in 1807, and was next, with the rank of Major-General, ordered to capture the Island of Madeira, which he accomplished on Christmas Eve of that year. He remained in Madeira for over a year. In a memorandum[1] made in 1822, and sent by him to the British Minister at Lisbon, he stated that early in 1809 the Portuguese Government asked the British Government to send them a Lieutenant-General who should be Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese Army with the rank of Marshal. The British Government nominated Beresford, who arrived in Portugal on March 1st, 1809, and was proclaimed Marshal and

[1] The memoranda and letters of Lord Beresford quoted herein are in the possession of the authors.

Commander-in-Chief. At that date Marshal Soult was invading Portugal from the North, and he soon afterwards captured Oporto: the nation and army were insubordinate, the army inefficient, and the government panic-stricken. "Under such circumstances," says his memorandum, "Lord Beresford did not hesitate to assume command of the army, and the result is better known in Portugal than elsewhere, but sufficiently to all Europe. The war closed with advantage, with honour and glory to the Portuguese Army and nation."

His exploits in Portugal are fully and vividly described in "Wellington's Lieutenants" already quoted, which does ample justice to his personal bravery while criticizing rather severely his ability as a commander. He was given the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, and created Conde de Trancos in 1811 and Marquis of Campo-Maior in 1812, and during the next few years he received the Grand Cross of the Spanish Orders of St. Ferdinand and St. Hermengilde, the Sicilian Orders of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, and the Grand Cross of the Hanoverian Order. His real triumph, however, was the introduction of order and discipline into the Portuguese Army, accomplished undoubtedly by great severity, but also by the faith that the soldiers had in his personal courage and integrity.

Meanwhile in his own country he had been elected Tory M.P. for Waterford in 1811, and retained this seat until 1814, when on the triumph of the Allied arms he was raised to the peerage as Baron Beresford of Dungarvan and Albuera, and given a pension of £2,000 a year. At the same time the City of London presented him with a sword of honour and its Freedom in a gold box, and he received the personal thanks of the Prince Regent.

Returning to Lisbon he made Portugal his

principal residence until 1820, but during these five years he paid two visits to the Court at Rio de Janeiro. The first of these visits was in 1815, when he obtained the sanction of King John VI to a reform of the military law which, in the opinion of an anonymous British officer[1] who served on the staff of the British Army from 1814 to 1820, might, if properly brought into operation, have restored the efficiency of the army. This anonymous writer states that the Regency in Portugal did all they could to defeat the operation of these reforms, and that but for the exertions of Lord Beresford anarchy would have prevailed in Lisbon in 1817, at the time of the conspiracy of Gomes Freire to overthrow the existing government and place himself and his friends in control of the country. Lord Beresford had Gomes arrested and executed, and the anonymous writer pays a tribute to the attitude of the army on the occasion. Beresford's second visit to Rio was undertaken in 1820, with the object of inducing the King to provide money for the pay of the troops and to give him, as Commander-in-Chief, the powers that were in his opinion necessary to prevent a revolution in Portugal. The King granted his requests, even sending part of his jewels to provide funds: but the revolutionary party, well aware of Beresford's popularity with the army, brought about the revolution in his absence, and on his return from Rio in October, 1820, refused him permission to land. He accordingly returned to England and nursed his grievances against Portugal, where his unpopularity with the civil population is shown by a flysheet in Portuguese, dated Lisbon, 1822, entitled, " The English in Portugal. Review according to a critical and impartial judgment of the good or evil that the English have done to the

[1] " An Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal," by an Eye-Witness (John Murray, 1827).

Portuguese nation." Then follow twenty-two paragraphs, each violently attacking Portuguese of alleged English sympathies, and Englishmen who had taken part in the affairs of Portugal. The first Englishman named is Oliver Cromwell, described as "The English Protector who made a treaty with John IV which increased our shame and completed our ruin." The Methuen Treaty (1703) also comes in for abuse, while Lord Beresford's "shameful proceedings" are referred to, and he is held guilty of "great tyrannies and despotisms" in Portugal. It is further stated in reference to "the disgraced Gomes Freire d'Andrade" and "the predominant Marshal Beresford . . . that this beneficent Englishman was the author of his lamentable ruin." It was perhaps some consolation to Beresford that in 1821 the British Government, as a mark of confidence, conferred on him the rank of Privy Councillor.

On July 29th, 1822, he addressed a letter to Mr. Ward, then British Minister at Lisbon, recapitulating his claims against the Portuguese Government both on behalf of the British officers who had served under him in Portugal and on his own behalf. He claims for those officers and himself the right to share in the large sums representing prize-money to which the Portuguese Army had become entitled in the Peninsular War, and says that the Portuguese Government were delaying payment on specious contentions that they could not find prize-lists and other documents of which there were copies in their Legation in London. His personal claims, which he states in a memorandum enclosed in the letter, were as follows: In 1815 the King promised him as some remuneration for his services to the nation an income of about £4,000 a year English money, and a house in Lisbon which was the confiscated property of a certain Conde D'Eguia who had sided with the French. Unfortunately,

Lord Beresford chose to take the income in "a fixed property, with the object of proving to the King of Portugal that it was his intention to dedicate the remainder of his services to His Majesty and the Portuguese nation, so far as was consistent with his duty and obligations to his own King and country." A property called the Almonerasada of Torres Novas was accordingly granted to him on the full understanding, as he contended, that if its annual value were less than the income given him by the Crown (as it proved to be) the difference should be made up by other grants. He was, however, quite unable to obtain these grants, and after the revolution of 1820 his title even to the Lisbon house was disputed, and the grant of it was ultimately declared illegal. Upon this he waxes very eloquent. "No man," he says, "of the least understanding, or sense, or knowledge of Portuguese customs can apply this law to Lord Beresford. It is too absurd to take up time to reason on it."

He describes himself as "a banished man, and that not from any crime or act of his, even respecting the present order of things, but from motives of policy or precaution. So from every feeling of equity, generosity, or justice his property ought to be most particularly under the protection of the Government, and it being the property of a British subject he ought to be indemnified for all losses and curtailments of his income from laws or decrees made for the general good of that kingdom, as he can never even remotely participate in the advantages. . . . Thus the services he has rendered to Portugal remain without remuneration, and he has, without benefit to himself, spent twelve of the best years of his life in their service. He has in it shed his blood and lost his health, and it even appears that that nation, so boastful of their liberality, generosity

and good faith, had deprived him of the title of Marshal without any the slightest cause alleged." In conclusion he declares that he has lost through his connection with Portugal "£30,000 or thereabouts which with the additional value of money and of the funds, and with the interest, would not now (1822) be less than £60,000."

He tells Mr. Ward that he has suggested to Lord Londonderry (then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) "that it might be useful to hint that unless some arrangement of a fair and equitable nature was come to it would be unjust to prevent my going to Portugal myself, as an individual and a British subject, to attend to and prosecute my own business. Any insinuation or threat of this nature no one but you on the spot can judge of the use and propriety of, but I believe they are not very anxious to see me there. I understand that latterly the question respecting my house was considered rather favourably to me, but these touches of conscience may have been occasioned by the events at Madrid and the little disturbances about the same time in Lisbon with the troops. When their fears on these heads have ceased so perhaps may their favourable intentions towards me."

As a matter of fact he remained for the time in England, and on March 28th, 1823, was raised to the rank of Viscount Beresford of Beresford, County Stafford,[1] and was given the post of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance by the Ministry of Lord Liverpool. Before the close of the year he was in Portugal again, according to his own statement in a draft letter of April 14th, 1824, at the express desire of the King of Portugal, though he himself had no

[1] Beresford Hall, near Hartington, was the ancestral home of the Beresford family, but it had passed into other hands, and the Hall, used as a farmhouse, was in a state of disrepair. The Marshal in 1823 began buying the estate portion by portion, and before his death had become possessed of the whole of it.

object except that of paying his respects to His Majesty. On his arrival the King pressed him to enter again into his service, which for nearly two months he refused to do. Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington was urging him to return to England before the opening of Parliament in February, 1824, lest difficulties should be raised about his position as Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. On December 11th, 1823, the Duke wrote, "I entreat you to bring the matter to a decision, and your private affairs to a conclusion as soon as you can, and to return as soon as you can, if you should not remain altogether in Portugal,"[1] and on January 19th, 1824, the Duke told him that as the result of a discussion between himself, Canning, and Lord Liverpool, it had been decided that his resignation as Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance must be accepted, though it was desirable that the fact should not be known in Lisbon. Sir George Murray was his successor.

On February 21st, 1824, Beresford wrote from Lisbon to the Duke: "The King of Portugal being most willing to keep me in the present unpleasant situation, and it being most difficult for his ministers or myself by viva voce to bring him to any declaration, I have wrote (*sic*) a letter on the subject which I propose giving to him myself to-night."

Intrigues against his appointment as Commander-in-Chief continued, and on March 22nd the Intendant-General of Police set about a report that the King had desired him to leave the country in forty-eight hours, a report which Beresford ascribed to the Count de Subserra, whom he regarded as his bitterest enemy in Portugal. But on April 14th the report became a fact, and he received from the Government an intimation of the King's desire that he should quit Portugal "with all convenient brevity." In a draft letter of

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. ii, p. 219.

reply he says that this intimation filled him with such astonishment that he long doubted whether he could be reading it correctly, and he terms it "a measure as uncalled for as extraordinary." "Subserra," he says, "had appeared on all questions relating to me to act with liberality, notwithstanding the contumely with which I had ever treated him; but it was rankling in his mind and he was only waiting for the proper opportunity to revenge himself." He states indeed expressly that he had made the exclusion of Subserra from the King of Portugal's councils a condition of his own return into the Portuguese Service, as he considered it "the highest dishonour . . . in any way to coalesce with that person. Thus after coming to this kingdom, as already stated, after being here so long a space of time, nearly six months, contrary to my wishes, to my repeated requests and representations to His Majesty, and after having sacrificed merely to the apparent wishes of His Majesty an employment in England of considerable emolument and great respectability I receive a message of this nature."

Among Lord Beresford's papers is one undated and in an unknown hand which makes the following statements about Count Subserra: "In 1805 Subserra poisoned Don Manoel de Roxas in a cup of coffee, married his wife and dissipated his goods. In 1808 he was a traitor to his country and entered the service of Napoleon. In 1810 he made plans for the invasion of Portugal. In 1814 he was a traitor to Napoleon and entered the service of Louis XVIII. In 1820 he joined the revolutionary democratic party in Portugal. In 1821 he tried to secure the favour of the King by treacherous means. In 1822 he became a deputy in the Cortes which made the Treaties of Laibach, Verona, etc. In 1823 he openly declared himself a traitor to the revolutionary party. He mediated between the King of Portugal and his son,

and was made Prime Minister by the King with full powers. How can the King have confidence in such a subject? What good can be expected from the assassin of Manoel de Roxas? From the double traitor to the King of Portugal? From the traitor to Napoleon? From the traitor to Louis XVIII through joining in Portugal the democrats who were working to destroy the thrones of Europe? And finally the traitor to his own democratic party? What a monster of iniquity!"

Beresford's departure, however, was technical only, for on May 28th we find the Duke writing, that in his opinion "the King of Portugal will not have his army at his own disposal, and will not be in a state of independence, or even of personal safety, till you are appointed to the efficient command."[1] Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a letter to the Duke of July 28th, 1824, while expressing a strong opinion that Beresford should not have gone to Portugal and should have come away the moment that the King withdrew his confidence from him, also concludes, "I confess I see no chance of any settlement in Portugal but by Lord Beresford being placed at the head of the army, and I should be afraid to throw away that chance by calling Lord Beresford hastily away. In fact he has hitherto decided so entirely for himself that I do not see with what propriety or advantage we can now step in to influence his last decision."[2]

Whether it was in obedience to King John's desire, or to suit his own convenience is not known, but it is clear that Beresford returned to England before the close of the year; for in August he was thinking of suing an English newspaper for libellous attacks on his Portuguese policy, and in December

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. ii, p. 271.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. ii, p. 295.

he was offered the Commandership-in-Chief in India, which he declined.

Before leaving Portugal, however, he had secured one solid personal advantage, for in February, 1824, in lieu of his unsatisfactory property of the Almoner-asada, the King granted him a pension of sixteen millions of reis (between £3,000 and £4,000) a year for three lives, with power to nominate the second life. The subject of this pension will recur in the chapters dealing with his stepson, A. J. B. Beresford Hope, but the grant of it was the solution of the controversy which had raged for years.

It would appear indeed that money loomed large in Lord Beresford's eyes throughout life. We have already alluded to his claims on behalf of himself and the other British officers in the Portuguese service to share the prize-money due to the Portuguese Army, and this subject occupied much of his attention for over thirty years. He wrote innumerable letters and memoranda on the question, and as clearness of expression was not among his accomplishments, the recipients of his letters, including the Duke of Wellington, sometimes found a difficulty in understanding what he really desired. There are some very human touches in the documents. Fraser, Lord Beresford's solicitor, referring to an English official suggestion that the debts due from Portugal to the United Kingdom should be set off against the Portuguese Army's claim, says that "this insidious question cannot and will not be passed over by Lord Beresford. It is an idea worthy of a pettifogger or special pleader, and although it may and will be treated in language worthy of the parties, it ought not to escape observation accompanied by such animadversion and reprehension as will do justice to the Sovereign of Portugal without affording cause of offence to the British Treasury." The animadversion

and reprehension were duly supplied by Lord Beresford, who describes the official contentions as "pure assertions which can merit no sort of consideration, still less carry any sort of proof with them. They are used by interested persons to advocate their own cause and that for which they were hired agents, and their hire to be in proportion to the sums they could procure for their employers. (I mean not to put the slightest imputation on these gentlemen, on the contrary they did their duty.)"

In October, 1826, the Portuguese Government, with their usual inconsequence, sent to the Duke of Wellington a request that Lord Beresford should reassume the command of the Portuguese Army. The Duke, in a letter to Lord Beresford, describes that army as "a mass of confusion and mutiny, in which you may be able to restore order, regularity, and discipline; and if you should succeed I don't hesitate in saying that you will have rendered to this country and to Europe the greatest service that it is in the power of any man to render at the present moment. . . . If you should fail, what does failure signify in a personal point of view to a man like you who has had so much success, and respecting whom it can ever be said that you made every exertion in your power to obtain success."[1]

On October 14th the Duke and Lord Beresford had a conversation at Apethorpe, Lord Westmoreland's seat in Northamptonshire. Beresford agreed to go to Portugal if the British Government wished it, on certain terms some of which related to Portuguese politics. A memorandum of their conversation, made by the Duke and annotated by Beresford, contained also the following passage: "Lord Beresford knows that the creation of a Chamber of Peers selected from the nobility in Portugal has tended to degrade the

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. iii, p. 413.

situation of those noblemen residing in Portugal who have not been selected, himself as well as others; and he is desirous that his hands should be strengthened so far as that he should be created a peer in Portugal." Beresford here notes: "He does not think it would be wise in him, nor does he at present intend to attend the meetings of the peers or take any part in their debates, or interfere in any manner in the internal politics of the country. But he feels that his situation would be made more respectable if he was not one of the nobles excluded from the Chamber of Peers, and even his attendance must be left quite optional with him to secure the respectability, and circumstances may arise that would oblige him to appear there in his place." The Duke on his side insisted that no political connection or communication was to exist between the British Government or any of its officers and Lord Beresford, in order that he might stand in relation to the Portuguese Government as a Portuguese subject. The Duke sent a copy of this memorandum to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, with the following comment: "This is the way in which I view the peerage, about which if I were Lord Beresford I would not care one pin, more particularly if prevented from accepting it by H.M. Government. Lord Beresford is a naturalized subject in Portugal and he is going to serve in Portugal in that character, and without any connection or communication with H.M. Government. It is but justice to him to allow him to receive and enjoy an honour which the laws and Constitution of Portugal enable him to enjoy." Lord Liverpool replied that he had no objection to the grant of a peerage and that Lord Beresford seemed to understand the relation in which the British Government wished him to be towards the Portuguese Government. On October 17th the Duke wrote to Beres-

ford: "Your affairs with this Government being now settled you may make your arrangements and set out as soon as you please. I will give you the order for placing the King's ships at Falmouth at your disposition as soon as you return to town; and I beg you to prepare a memorandum of whatever you may wish me to do for you in your absence."

Beresford, however, had not long been in Lisbon before he began writing long letters to the Duke, entirely upon events in Portugal. He states that he was received by the Royal family with the greatest cordiality, and that in his belief the great majority of the nation wished him to command the army. He had declined for the present to undertake the post because he was uncertain of the stability of the existing Regency. Civil war soon revived, and in December the British Government determined to send a force to Portugal to support the Regency against the alleged aggression of Spain. The fear of a Spanish invasion caused Beresford to reconsider his refusal to command the army, though he was unable to obtain the condition of independence of the Portuguese War Minister which he desired. The Duke of Wellington, while dissatisfied with this arrangement, and with the prospect that the Regency would not allow Beresford to command the British troops, declared expressly that he would "prefer to have Lord Beresford in command even nominally, without discretion, and in perpetual dispute with the Minister of War, to anybody else."[1] The Duke nevertheless was annoyed with him for writing to Lord Bathurst, then Secretary for War, letters commenting on the military situation in Portugal which must be regarded as official; while Canning, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, considered that Lord Beresford had entirely mistaken his situation, and

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. iii, p. 562.

had misconstrued both the instructions given to Sir W. Clinton, who commanded the British troops in Portugal, and those given to himself. By the end of January, 1827, Beresford reported to the Duke that he was "out of the Portuguese service," and the Duke, while lamenting this disappointment of all hopes of restoring efficiency to the Portuguese Army, writes to Lord Bathurst: "I think this is to be attributed to himself. He has very foolishly made himself a partisan in Portuguese politics, and has pushed his objects with a perseverance and anxiety quite extraordinary in a man of his good sense and talents. Thus the moment this country consented to give its aid Lord Beresford was thrown overboard instead of being strengthened as he would have been by that measure if his objects had been at all consistent with the views of this country, or with reason."[1] In February Beresford left Portugal, and in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, dated September 4th, 1827, he states that Canning was afraid to hear the truth about the state of Portugal, "and being aware of my opinion never saw me after my return from Portugal."[2]

All this time the Portuguese prize-money remained unpaid, and in a fresh application to the Foreign Office on May 27th, 1828, Beresford says, "The litigation and, I must add, the shameful chicaneries that the Ministers of the late Government in Portugal have had recourse to have been, I think, unheard of." Notwithstanding his complaints of the Portuguese Government he seems to have kept up a political correspondence with people in Portugal who were in touch with them, for on June 18th, 1828, the Duke tells him that the British Minister at Lisbon has complained of his correspon-

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. iii, p. 579.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. iv, p. 124.

dence as interfering with the objects of the Minister's mission, since "the Regent and his Ministers do not believe what he says of the opinions of this Government but rather what your correspondents report that you say." The Duke adds a touch of flattery to soften the reprimand. "You are Lord Beresford, in a high station in this country, and although not in the Council, enjoying the friendship and intimacy of some if not all of the King's servants. . . . It is very true that it may be a little inconvenience to you not to write about politics in Portugal, but this is one of the small inconveniences attending a man's high station in the world. Every word he says or writes is of importance, particularly to those living in a country in a state of revolution, and he is necessarily obliged to be cautious both in his speaking and writing." Unfortunately there is nothing to show the exact nature of this correspondence with Portugal, and indeed there is no further reference in Lord Beresford's surviving papers to Portuguese politics. As late as 1841 and 1842 he was still endeavouring to obtain payment of his claims from that country. Lord Aberdeen, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, told him that the Portuguese Government had done all they could to meet the demands on them from England, and that though their difficulties were great they hoped to overcome them with a little more time. The correspondence closed with the following letter from Lord Aberdeen, dated August 23rd, 1842: "Your representation will be sent to Lord Howard by the next mail, representing your claims, and he will be instructed to press them on the Portuguese Government. I am sorry that you should still have reason to complain, but I am not aware that it is in my power to take any other step in order to promote your interests."

As we have already mentioned, Beresford returned from Portugal for the last time early in 1827, though on October 24th, 1830, the Duke of Wellington sent him a letter from Lord Aberdeen (then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) "the subject of which is to offer you the office of the King's Ambassador at Lisbon. I am aware that the offer affords you the opportunity of making a sacrifice for the King's service. But still, as it may happen to go to Lisbon may not be disagreeable to you, and as I know that your being there will be an advantage to the King's service, I have concurred in making you the offer."[1] There can be no doubt Beresford declined the offer, though there is no record of his reasons.

In closing his Portuguese career, it must be mentioned that while living in that country he became the father of a son and two daughters. The son, who was known by the name of Willoughby, was the child of the Viscountess Jurumenha; the daughters assumed the name of Power and spent the greater part of their lives in England, where the elder married one Richard Shute.

As soon as Beresford arrived in England in 1827 he determined to embark on a political career. On March 8th he wrote from 16 Cavendish Square, which was henceforth his London house, asking to speak to the Duke of Wellington "on the present state of the political horizon, as I have now all the Beresford interest put into my hands." How he used this interest in the years 1829 to 1831 will appear shortly, but meanwhile on January 24th, 1828, he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance. This office, which conferred on its holder great powers both disciplinary and financial over the Royal Artillery and Engineers, was a political one, and

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. vii, p. 319.

was considered to be of Cabinet rank. There seems, in fact, to have been some question whether Beresford should not be included in the Cabinet which the Duke of Wellington was then forming, but the Duke tells the King on January 24th that Lord Beresford is not anxious for this honour, and that the Duke thinks it better on the whole not to place him in the Cabinet at that time.[1] The decision was a fortunate one, as Beresford had only held the office four days when he attempted to use it for the private financial ends which were one of his main preoccupations throughout life. He proposed to remove from the office of Financial Agents to the Artillery the firm of Greenwood, which had long held the position, and to confer it on the firm of Macdonald, Campbell & Co., who were his private Army Agents. Against this the Duke felt bound to protest, and in letters[2] of January 28th and February 13th, 1828, urges him to refrain from a step which "will create a noise which will not be unimportant." Lord Beresford, the Duke says, has undoubtedly a legal right to change the agents, but they have not been changed for nearly thirty-five years, and such changes always mean delay in the settlement of accounts and losses to the public. He adds, "We are going to have a Finance Committee before which all these things will come out. . . . It cannot be considered a case of private interest. Mr. Campbell may have claims on you, but the public interests and those of the Government must be considered, and you could not expose the Government to the charge of the public interests having been forgotten in this arrangement and great losses risked in order that you might provide for Mr. Campbell. . . . Hardinge told me this morning that you would be security for

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. iv, p. 214.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. iv, pp. 218, 264.

Mr. Campbell, which I earnestly entreat you will not be on any account. This would make you liable to every description of misrepresentation."

It may be doubted whether misrepresentation on financial matters had any terrors for Beresford, but in this case he followed the Duke's advice. He does not, however, seem to have devoted himself too assiduously to the duties of his office, for writing from Scarborough on September 28th, 1828, he asks the Duke whether there is any need for him to return to town; "I did not mean to return until towards the end of next month, though I have nothing particular to detain me in the country, indeed the only cause I can have for staying out of London is to keep myself free from the great number of Portuguese now there."[1] The Duke replied that the pressing occasion for Lord Beresford's presence in London was over, "but you should come to town occasionally or we shall certainly have your office voted a sinecure."[2] Beresford resigned with the remainder of the Duke's Administration in November, 1830, and in view of these incidents it is difficult to share his surprise that he was not reappointed Master-General when the Tories returned to office in December, 1834. Surprised and indignant, however, he certainly was, for in a letter to the Duke dated only Monday evening, but evidently written at this date, he says: "I was to-day informed first at the Clubs by the list handed about of the distribution of offices that I was not to fill the office I held under your Government, and soon after I had it confirmed by the lists in the public papers. I meant to have been silent on it and returned to the country, but I have this instant, half-past eight, received a letter from Sir Robert Peel that he could scarcely suppose could be satisfactory

[1] Wellington's "Despatches, etc.," Vol. v, p. 94.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. v, p. 98.

after the blow was given. I would wish, however, to see you on the subject before I return an answer on a point on which I cannot but suffer considerably in the public opinion." The letter of Sir Robert Peel—who, as we shall shortly see, had personal reasons not likely to predispose him in his correspondent's favour—has not survived, but this blow was the end of Lord Beresford's political career.

We must now return to his activities in Irish politics a few years earlier.[1]

The "Beresford interest," even in the last years before the Reform Bill, was worth a good deal in Ireland. The family, through their landed possessions, had great political influence in County Waterford, where their chief seat, Curraghmore, was situate, and at the opposite extremity of the country in County Derry. Their political head was Lord Beresford's half-brother, Lord John Beresford, who had lately been appointed Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland: he was a benevolent and strikingly handsome man, remarkable for his worldly wisdom, but commonly known as the "Beauty of Holiness." As guardian of his nephews, the young Lord Waterford and his brothers, the Primate did his best to support and further their political interests. The Beresfords had always been Tories, but their party allegiance was strained in part by the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, but even more by a dispute about the disposal of patronage in County Derry. It is notorious that members of the unreformed Parliament were often returned in the interest of county magnates who spent, in promoting their election, sums out of all proportion to any possible gain to themselves, and explicable only by a spirit of sporting rivalry. A classic

[1] The letters quoted in the following pages are in the possession of the authors.

example is the Northampton election of 1768, when Lords Spencer, Northampton and Halifax are said to have spent between them £450,000 in backing their rival candidates. The actual working of the system seems to have been that a Member of Parliament was allowed by the Government the nomination to Revenue and other places of profit in his constituency, and that where he had himself been returned to Parliament through the influence of a family like the Beresfords that family claimed the right to take the nomination out of his hands.

It was on account of this matter of patronage rather than from any political principle that the differences between the Beresfords and the Government of the Duke of Wellington seem to have arisen.

The County of Derry had been represented in Parliament since 1814 by a Mr. Dawson, who at the time with which we are dealing held the office of Secretary to the Treasury, and was moreover brother-in-law to Sir Robert Peel. The Duke seems to have regarded him simply as a supporter of his Government, but the Beresfords contended that he had been returned by their interest, at a time when—as Barré, one of the family, says in a letter to Lord Beresford—"He was almost unknown, and his influence very little, he having fewer than seventy tenants out of nearly eight thousand electors, while fifteen hundred in the Waterford interest attended him to the hustings. After this, can trust be denied, as also that to restore it, when he cannot or will not act with those who reposed in him the trust, he is in honour bound, and that, to my mind, without compact for the future, to resign if called upon, and it is proper to observe I know Lord Waterford paid all Dawson's expenses."

In a letter to Lord Beresford of August 8th, 1829, the Primate indicates that their party's objection to Dawson was not due to his having voted for Catholic

Emancipation, but to "his manifesting in everything the zeal of a convert, opposing and insulting his former friends and courting his former enemies. Dawson should recollect that he was an ultra-Protestant. We never were nor did we wish him to be so; we suffered from the strong part he took. He, however, wheeled round without consulting us, and now it seems rather too hard that we must not only not direct him but suffer ourselves to be directed by him, in a way, too, that would deprive us of all our political consequence in the county at present, and must injure us in our political objects in future. . . . What one advantage have we ever derived from his representing Derry? Has not he had all the benefits himself? And has he ever given us credit with any individual in the county for any kindness which his situation enabled him to confer upon them? . . . In regard to both counties, Derry and Waterford, my wish, of course, must be to secure them for my nephew provided I can do so without a sacrifice of his fortune. He is too much embarrassed in the circumstances and is too near of age to justify me in expending a large sum of money at elections. He may not like the business of politics, he may think it too troublesome or too expensive, and in either case he might justly complain of a large expenditure of money upon objects which he considers of no or little value, and an expenditure which he would find, as I have no doubt he will find, will not secure those objects to him for any length of time. I hope you will have been cautious in your negotiations in Waterford. . . . I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I have the highest opinion (corrected to 'a high opinion') of your understanding and a much higher one of your affectionate attachment to everything relating to your own family: but I am on the spot, I know and hear what is said and

done." After referring to an interview he had with Dawson, and the latter's subsequent conduct in Derry, he says, "I have mentioned some part of it to you, keeping the worst of it for fear of your resenting it in a hostile manner, which would be most absurd and mischievous, but which might have happened had your feelings been excited."

Meanwhile the Primate became uncomfortably aware that the family had not strengthened their position by retaining Shiel, a Roman Catholic Nationalist, as their counsel in Waterford, and offering to employ O'Connell in the same capacity. In a letter of November 24th, he admits that this cannot be justified, and desires to suppress the correspondence with O'Connell. "I wish to keep as much as possible out of sight our negotiation with O'Connell and Shiel, and not bring it before the public unless the whole circumstances are laid open. . . . Things in Derry are very unpromising, but the impudence of Dawson's talking of his hold on the county is too bad. He has about forty votes of his own on all of which I understand he cannot depend, and has absolutely nothing else to depend on. . . . He obtains support by the profuse, and I think I may say shameless distribution of Government patronage, and yet this is the man that the Government supports, not with us but against us, an old aristocratic family who have £12,000 a year in the county, a fine tenantry, and three hundred, or nearly that number, of votes of our own; a family that brought in with our money as well as our influence this person who now has turned upon us and must do his patrons, his friends, his relatives, all the mischief he can, and not by fair and honourable means but by prying into their private concerns. . . . It is great folly to quarrel with people or even to require rigidly our rights, but we must not

suffer ourselves to be trampled upon, to have our interests destroyed and our feelings outraged in order that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel may keep in good humour such a person as George Dawson. He has been hawking about the Duke's letter and carrying corruption far beyond its legitimate bounds." Had Dawson handed over the patronage to the Beresfords it may be that these bounds would have been further extended.

Matters came to a head in the following summer, when a General Election was necessitated by the death of George IV. Dawson issued an address to the electors of Derry, stating that he had been encouraged by the majority of the resident gentry and "really independent yeomanry" to stand again. But he says, "the most unnatural coalition has been formed and is most likely to succeed in overwhelming the independence of the county. . . . I am sorry to add that some of the leading members of this coalition, alike forgetful of the conduct of their family in Parliament and of the peace of the county, have endeavoured with too much success to revive the 'No Popery' cry. It is a mockery upon common sense to hear the Beresfords, who reluctantly came in at the twelfth hour to give their support to the Catholic Relief Bill, because their interests forced them to concede it, now oppose my claims to the renewal of your suffrages; yet such is the conduct of this family. I leave the public to judge of the consistency of such men, who wish to be Protestants in the north and Catholics in the south." His eloquence, however, draws to a practical conclusion in the announcement that rather than expose the county to a contested election which will rouse into activity the bad passions excited by the tactics of his opponents, he has decided not to stand.

This address must have stung the Primate, for

despite his victory he sent a copy to the Duke, with an indignant complaint. "The duty of protecting the character of my family having by the dispensation of Providence been thrown upon me, it is impossible for me to allow it to be supposed that such an unworthy proceeding can pass without the marked discountenance of Government." He therefore demands an interview with the Duke in order to obtain a distinct disavowal of Dawson's address. Individually, he adds, he will consider his character "as a sufficient contradiction to the misstatements and misrepresentation which have been circulated against us with an industry and an energy only surpassed by their injustice. But I owe it to Lord Waterford, for the maintenance of whose dignity I am responsible, to have it in my power to state to him that I neither allowed his station and family to be subjected to unworthy imputations, nor by an indignant reserve precluded His Majesty's Government from the opportunity of exempting themselves from the idea of being participators in those sentiments." The Duke was unable to see the Primate owing to an engagement with the King, but replied the same day, "The address of Mr. Dawson appears to be that of a disappointed candidate to those whom he wished to represent, and contains about as much of truth, discretion and taste as other addresses of the same description. . . . I am convinced that your Grace will see that you cannot with justice consider me, or any of the King's servants, responsible for any part of Mr. Dawson's conduct or his language as candidate. Even if every gentleman bearing the name of Beresford were as discreet, as prudent and as wise as your Grace, Lord Beresford, and others at the head of that distinguished family, surely Mr. Dawson might be excused if in the soreness of disappointment and defeat he has attributed to that name all, instead of some, of the causes of his misfortune." The Primate

was not pacified by this answer, and renewed his protest against Dawson's aspersions on the Beresfords, "a family chiefly conspicuous for its attachment to the course of conduct which boasts of your Grace for its head. . . . Mr. Dawson's address is more calculated to assist Mr. O'Connell in Waterford than himself in Derry, and is calculated to injure the Beresfords everywhere without having any other object. I fear I cannot but infer that your Grace's Government concur with Mr. Dawson's assertions that the Beresfords are only forced by their interests, and are capable of being Protestants in the north and Catholics in the south."

The Primate was unable to obtain any disclaimer of this last suggestion from the Duke, who in his reply repeated that he had no control over Dawson's conduct and merely disclaimed warmly any intention of attributing to the Primate any violence or unbecoming behaviour. The Primate sent copies of these letters to Lord Beresford, in whose hands he left the matter with an expression of regret that the Duke had not given them more satisfaction, and an assurance that he had no feeling of unkindness towards Dawson for his behaviour. The withdrawal of this gentleman ensured the unopposed return of the Beresford candidates for Derry county, and though there had been a good deal of rioting about the city election Barré, the Primate says, "brought in such a respectable force of Lord Waterford's tenantry, about four hundred, all mounted and to be depended on, that the other party were intimidated and confined themselves to hisses instead of blows." The Primate adds that he has incurred unpopularity by supporting Mr. Goulburn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his candidature for Armagh city; but he is satisfied that he has acted rightly. "It has not injured our family interests

though it was very near doing it, and if the Government have any principle or right feeling among them they will at least do me justice for the fidelity with which I have acted towards them and towards my profession, though at the risk of doing serious mischief to the interests of my own family. . . . I was compelled to yield as here I am the servant of the Church and not of my family, and I have no right to risk the interests of the one for the support of the other."

But he asks Lord Beresford's opinion whether the family should continue to support a Government whose existence was so precarious. "Dawson," he says, "is disturbing the Beresfords in those privileges which at least ancient usage has given us, and which our ancestors paid for in money and in service. . . . What excuse can be made for continued persecution, and would it be tolerated by any nobleman in England at the head of such a political interest as we possess? I mean not to stimulate you to violent measures, but to encourage you to maintain the dignity and interest of the family with firmness, that on the one hand Ministers and the people may not think that we are, as Mr. Dawson has represented us, so anxious for office that we would bear any treatment provided they would leave us the emoluments of our places, and on the other hand we may not be considered as capricious, unsteady persons, estimating too highly our own consequence, and demanding sacrifices from the King's First Minister beyond those which it is in his power to grant. We have now six members in the House of Commons and a control over a seventh, and we shall shortly have two members in the House of Lords, and occasionally four; we have expended above £50,000 on elections within the last four years, have fought the battles of the Government and the aristocracy, and in North

and South have been triumphant, have beaten down the opposition which has been raised against us and stand high in favour with the people." On October 7th he again complains that "the Duke is doing nothing for us, for giving his opinion of Dawson is doing us no good, and though perhaps he might not be able to get Peel to consent to turn Dawson out he might and ought to insist on his discontinuing to injure us, and I confess that if he does not do so, and that effectually, I shall be disposed to let him seek for supporters who will submit to such unworthy treatment."

The Ministry of the Duke came to an end in November, 1830, and the Primate hesitated between joining him in Opposition or supporting his Whig successors.

On December 6th the Primate tells Lord Beresford, "I am quite sure that Sir Robert Peel would be glad to array a party against the present Ministers and, of course, to receive us into it, as the more numerous it is the better chance he has of being returned to power. . . . There is no use in going over the business or asking why Sir Robert, who is now so kind and friendly, should for the last twelve months have acted in so very different a manner towards us. . . . Notwithstanding, however, all the injury and ill-treatment we have experienced, I think we ought not to act from personal considerations or allow them to operate in any way on our minds. . . . I would act consistently with what have ever been the principles of our family, and it is on this ground that I would not join the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel, for they may again, as they have already done, make expediency the rule of their actions and propose those measures which they have all their lives opposed."

The Primate makes it clear that he is quite willing

to co-operate with the Whig Government if their measures appeal to him, but "the line we are now to take should not be decided on and the family committed without the most mature consideration and the opinion of all being taken on the subject. I believe such is the usual course on such occasions, and perhaps it is more particularly necessary in this, for it is impossible you should not feel a bias toward the Duke of Wellington individually which must more or less influence your conduct. . . . We must look to the effect that our conduct will have in those places in which we hope to be returned, always, of course, guarding our own honour and character and not doing anything for any advantage of which our conscience does not approve." Two years later the Reform Act of 1832 altered conditions so completely that both the Primate and Lord Beresford withdrew from an active part in politics, although Barré made one last suggestion to save the family interest after the "Revolution Bill."

"I conceive," he writes to Lord Beresford, "that the House of Lords is virtually overthrown, and I also think we live more under a Republic than a Monarchy. If it pleases God to preserve us from the horrors of anarchy for one year I have no doubt that the returning good sense of the British people, and the little the lower classes find they obtain by the Reform will cause a powerful reaction, but with the feeling that pervades the world and the example of France before their eyes Monarchy will not last out a year." The gentry were enrolling themselves and talking of arming their tenantry, and over five thousand emigrants had already left the port of Derry. Barré suggests a scheme by which Lord Waterford was to buy small houses and gardens, and build houses of a £10 rental, which could be built for from £120 to £140 each. He was to grant no

leases, thus placing the tenants in his power; but he might accept a rent of £8 for a £10 house so that the tenant would find it to his interest to stand by him. "I say this," Barré continues, "supposing he means, after the Revolution, to look to political power; for really I see no great object he or any nobleman has now to look for seats in the House of Delegates, unless to protect the agricultural interest and avert a repeal of the Corn Laws which will make bankrupt all Ireland, landlord and tenant." But he is emphatic that if Lord Waterford determines to continue his political efforts his candidates should bear the name of Beresford, as candidates of any other name, even though related to the family, are regarded by the electors as nominees.

The Lord Waterford referred to was the third Marquess, born in 1811. In October, 1830, the Primate gives Lord Beresford an account of a visit paid to Curraghmore, the family seat, by the Lord-Lieutenant the Duke of Northumberland, and the Duchess. The only other guests staying in the house were Lord and Lady de Vesci, but there was a dinner party of twenty every night, "and everything was as handsome as it could be. We wanted nothing but a service of plate." He tells Lord Beresford that the Duke had knighted the Mayor of Waterford, and adds, "I took care to have the compliment passed through me. . . . I also communicated to his Excellency that had he been able to remain with us a day longer he would have been invited by the gentlemen of the county and city to an entertainment in Waterford, and I also informed the gentlemen who came here that I had made this communication to the Lord-Lieutenant. . . . In short everything was done as in our good old days. Henry (Lord Waterford) did his part very well; he sat by the Duchess at dinner, and though I should have

been glad to have made him a little more prominent on other occasions, I could not blame him for acting more as my son than my nephew. . . . The ball went off admirably. There were more than two hundred at it, and everything that money could purchase to make it handsome was provided. There were about fifty men with flambeaux in their hands from the hall-door to the end of the courtyard, and all the way to the lodges through the woods; this, besides the benefit of the light, had a most pleasing effect. Everyone seemed happy and satisfied. I stayed to be introduced to the company, and then retired. I have not yet got my breakfast, though the post is now going out."

Henry, Lord Waterford, died in 1859, and was succeeded in the title by his brother John, who was a Rural Dean and incumbent of Mullaghbrack. There exists a letter written by him in March, 1847, about the affairs of his father which had been in Chancery for twenty years, the debts amounting to £155,000. Lord John shows in this letter the same financial acumen as his uncle, Lord Beresford, for he says in reference to a legal decision with which both he and his brother-in-law, Lord Ingestre, were disappointed: "I certainly will not make an appeal for two reasons. First, because I am satisfied to take the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, and second, as I have declared my determination not to appeal with Ingestre I shall not be liable to any costs, but in the event of his being successful I shall reap the full advantage with him."

The remaining thirty years of the Primate's life passed more tranquilly than those with which we have been dealing. Freed by the end of the old political régime, and by his nephew's majority, from party cares and preoccupations, he was able to display to the full the benevolent side of his character. He

died on July 18th, 1862, at the age of eighty-nine, after being a Bishop for fifty-seven years and Primate for forty years. The obituary notice of him in the Annual Register for 1862 describes his good works in the city of Armagh; his beneficence to the observatory and the literary institutions of the town, his restoration and adornment of the Cathedral at a cost of £30,000, and his maintenance in a time of financial stringency of the choral services at his own expense. His bounty in promoting education and his private charities are also eulogized; the writer, indeed, saying that the Primate gave away for one purpose or other more than half his entire income, episcopal and private. His popularity in his later years, at all events, is shown by the fact that not only the Bishops and clergy of his own Church, but the Roman Catholic Primate and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Body joined his funeral procession.

CHAPTER IV

Lord Beresford, usually referred to by his family as "the Marshal," married his cousin, Mrs. Hope, as we have stated, in 1832, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman, from which he never again emerged. His marriage brought him a considerable accession of wealth, for his wife enjoyed under her first husband's will a life income of about £4,000, and having given up the right to occupy The Deepdene she received, pursuant to the will, a sum of £12,000. Whether her two elder sons approved the marriage is not recorded, but the love of money which they shared with their stepfather did not lead to harmonious relations. The youngest son, Alexander, then a boy of twelve, lived peacefully under his mother's guardianship with the Marshal and retained his favour and affection to the end.

Henry Thomas, the eldest, was educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, but remained at the University only a year, taking his degree under the long obsolete system by which degrees were conferred without examination on undergraduates claiming to have royal blood in their veins. The claim in his case, as in most others, was based simply on descent in the female line from the Plantagenets. As we have seen, he held a minor appointment at the Court of George IV and William IV, and he represented in Parliament from 1829 to its disfranchisement in 1832 the Borough of East Looe, which had been bought by his family. After the Reform Bill he made no attempt to enter Parliament, but he

retained his interest in politics and attached himself in the years following 1841 to the group of Conservatives, mostly like himself Eton and Cambridge men, who were known as the Young England party, and who ultimately found a leader in Disraeli. With him Henry Thomas formed a warm personal friendship, and The Deepdene became not only the country headquarters of the party, but a retreat in which Disraeli devoted himself to literary work. Indeed, in the general preface to his novels he says that Henry Thomas first urged him to put his political ideas into literary form. It was at The Deepdene in the autumn of 1842 that he began "Coningsby," conceived, as he says, and partly executed among its glades and galleries; and he dedicated the book to his host, whom in later years he described as "learned and accomplished, possessed of a penetrating judgment and an inflexible will." Henry Thomas's appreciation of the book is expressed in letters published in Vol. II of Monypenny's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield."

In his "Letters to his Sister" Disraeli describes entertainments given by Henry Thomas: a ball in Duchess Street in 1834, at which they "supped off gold and danced in the sculpture gallery"; a dinner in 1837 which was "sumptuous but rather dull"; and another in 1840, at which Disraeli sat next to Samuel Rogers, who ate "an immense dinner," and with whom before the end of the evening he formed "a close alliance, each of us despairing of his other neighbour." In October, 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli stayed at The Deepdene, which he describes as "a perfect Italian palace full of balconies adorned with busts." The other guests were Adrian Hope and his wife—"French, a child of nature, never heard of Sir R. Peel"—and the Rev. W. Harness, an old friend of the family. The

Disraelis returned to The Deepdene for Christmas, and found a large party, "very merry and agreeable, and we have had many Christmas gambols, charades and ghosts, and our princely host made all the ladies a Christmas box—to my wife two beautiful specimens of Dresden china." There is a further glimpse of Henry Thomas in Paris, where Disraeli met him in 1842 in the society of the Duchesse de Grammont, the Prince de Beaufremont, and other members of noble French families. "What names," he writes, "but where are their territories? There are only one hundred men in France who have £10,000 per annum. Henry Hope and De Rothschild could buy them all."

Henry Thomas inherited his father's love of art, and increased the collections at The Deepdene, which he enlarged in the Italian style. But he does not seem to have appreciated the architectural fantasies of Thomas's house in Duchess Street, for he sold it, and bought another at the corner of Down Street and Piccadilly, where his coat of arms may still be seen in the iron railings. Against the wishes of his family, and shortly after his mother's death, he married Madame Bichat, with whom he had been long acquainted. Their only child became the wife of the sixth Duke of Newcastle. Henry Thomas died in 1862, leaving The Deepdene and all his other possessions, including the Blue Diamond, to his wife, who by her own will settled them on her second grandson, Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope. She placed in memory of her husband the east window in Christ Church, Mayfair.

Of Adrian, Lady Beresford's second son, there is less to be told, for he took no interest in politics, and but little in literature and art. There is extant the diary kept by him in boyhood, and the love of food revealed in it remained a dominant characteristic

HENRY PHILIP HOPE.
(From a painting by Voordecker.)

Facing p. 114.

through life. The diary begins with an Easter party at The Deepdene in 1822, and on Good Friday Adrian "ate eight cross buns and was very near losing my dinner. When I came into the dining-room the room was so crowded I could not get a place at the dinner-table." One of the guests was Lord Kerry, a boy of his own age, and Adrian fell into disgrace with his parents for omitting to wish him good-bye on his departure. "Papa gave me a very disagreeable lecture, consequently I did not come down that evening to dessert, but wrote upstairs which was very sulky of me." On Easter Day, after a fight, he and Henry attended Church, and Adrian criticized severely the singing of a mixed choir of boys and girls who were unaccompanied, as the musicians had struck for higher pay. He was being educated at a private school at Mitcham, kept by a Mr. Roberts, and the diary throws a curious light on the management of such schools at that period.

On June 17th occurs the entry, "This was Mr. Roberts' birthday. I gave him two butter boats of silver; Bruce, 'Prayer in Eight Languages'; H. Bertie, two quarto books, one on 'Life of Oliver Cromwell'; Nash, a copying machine; Sandwich, a very handsome inkstand; Chambers, a very handsome patent pen; Eglinton, a very handsome seal; Gaskell, a work box; Glynne gave when he left. The Bankes' gave nothing, and Mr. T. Bankes wrote a note to Mr. Roberts about it. Legh, Cockerell, Ellice, Rushout and Daly gave nothing." The next year Adrian gave Mr. Roberts two candlesticks, but the actual day was not such a success as its predecessor. Adrain made himself ill at a pastry-cook's, and was "most unjustly sent in from cricket in consequence. This was the worst birthday we ever had." Except on the Headmaster's birthday they seem to have played no cricket, indeed to have taken hardly any

exercise. On one occasion Adrian writes: "A beautiful day, consequently we ran about and played a little. When we came in Mr. R. said we should never play again. That is the worst of Mitcham, that if you play the least he says you play violently." Nor was work much more serious than play, for he often mentions finishing his lessons early in the morning and then reading some story book for the rest of the day. Leave was freely given for social engagements in London. In the spring term of 1823 he had four days' leave to attend a juvenile ball given by Lady Jersey, where he met several of his schoolfellows. "The thing," he says, "was in one respect badly managed, for there was no amusement for the little children of two or three years old who could not dance. I had a delicious glass of punch." In July he had further leave to go with his mother and brothers to a ball given by the King. "Were I to enumerate all the dresses I saw I think I should fill a whole book. I cannot, however, pass over Lady Waterford's, which was exactly like a dancing-doll. The King was very good-natured to both Sandwich and me." He appears to have noticed ladies' dresses, for he says that one guest at a ball at The Deepdene "was just like a heathen goddess." In 1825 he was at Eton, and on February 16th occurs the entry: "Ash Wednesday, Pig Market Day. On this day a market for pigs was held in college, but owing to the Etonians formerly being accustomed to cut off the pigs' tails we had Church in the morning besides school." His bills for the summer term amounted to nearly thirty-five pounds, which "of course displeased Mama."

On July 26th "Mr. Deans (a person Papa has got from Cambridge to teach and be with me during the holidays) came. The business I did every day with him was a hundred and eight lines of Virgil, thirty

of Poetæ Græci and three sums." The holidays he says, "were the pleasantest I ever remember to have passed. Every one was sorry when they were ended." On leaving Eton Adrian went to the University of Bonn, and on his journey thither notes that he prefers a good dinner to looking at any ruins. He afterwards entered the 4th Dragoons, but resigned his commission in a few years. He married in 1836 Matilda, daughter of the Napoleonic General Rapp, but the marriage, of which there were two sons and three daughters, turned out unhappily, and after much litigation both in England and France husband and wife separated finally in 1854. Adrian had an affectionate, though selfish, disposition, but his love of money developed into meanness. He was in the habit of dining on Sunday at his brother Alexander's house in Connaught Place, a few yards over a mile from his own home in Langham Place. In those days the cab-fare for two persons was sixpence a mile, with a further charge of sixpence a head for each additional person. Accordingly Adrian and his three daughters used to perform the journey in two cabs at sixpence each, instead of one cab at eighteenpence, and alight at a lamp-post the requisite number of yards short of Alexander's door; but the return journey was soon attended by difficulties, as these methods became so well known that just before ten o'clock all cabs left the rank opposite the house. It is further said that on one occasion a cabby rang the door-bell, and returned the sixpence, saying that Adrian needed it more than he. His generosity was not wasted, for when a footman presented the coin Adrian unblushingly placed it in his pocket. He died in London in 1863, and was buried by his own wish in Holland.

Alexander James Beresford, the youngest son, was born on January 25th, 1820, ten years after his

brother Adrian, and was surrounded with flattery from his cradle. Lines written in The Deepdene Album by Charles Moore, when Alexander was a baby of six months, commence with the modest prayer that:

> Life's gay sunshine
> Pleasure's tumult, Glory's plan
> May leave him when their dreams are over,
> An honest and an honoured man.

But rising to his subject the poet continues:

> Doubt not then that guardian angels
> Fondly listen to thy prayer,
> Doubt not that thy babe's protection
> Shall be Heaven's peculiar care.

And after some verses suggesting that Alexander should spend a gay youth before settling down, the poem concludes with the aspiration:

> That when youth's deceitful pleasures
> Visions bright no more impart,
> When ambition's gaudy pageants
> Charm no more the weary heart,
> This dear boy in peace domestic,
> Smoothly life's stream gliding down,
> Shall make (can Heaven with more enrich him?)
> His father's wedded lot his own.

Unlike his brothers, he was brought up entirely under home influence till in 1833 he was sent to Harrow; and he lived there, not in a Master's house but as a home-boarder, under the care of a private tutor. In 1836 he became a monitor, and won the School prize for Greek Iambic verse, and in 1837 he won both the Peel Medal for a Latin essay and the Lyons Scholarship. In October of the same year he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, founding

a prize for Greek prose translation at Harrow on leaving the School. His University and subsequent career will be dealt with in later chapters.

Such were the stepsons with whom the Marshal had to deal, each conscious of his financial independence, and anxious to assert his position as a Hope against the Beresford influence in the family.

Soon after their marriage Lord and Lady Beresford began to look out for a suitable country house, and after occupying West Dean Park, in Sussex, for a time, they decided in 1836 on the purchase of Bedgebury Park, in Kent, the seat of Mr. Francis Law, who had inherited it from his uncle by marriage, John Cartier, a Governor of Bengal in the eighteenth century. Bedgebury lies between Cranbrook and Goudhurst, some ten miles from Tunbridge Wells, and the house was at that date a pleasant, square, red-brick building of 1688, surrounded by an estate of over two thousand acres. Not satisfied with its size and appearance, however, the Marshal soon encased the house with stone, and enlarged it by the erection of two wings and a parapet bearing his arms. The purchase money was £44,000, of which £19,000 was paid by him and £25,000 was stated in the Conveyance to be paid by his wife, but was in fact provided by her brother-in-law, Henry Philip Hope.

On the death intestate in 1834 of his brother Adrian, Henry Philip had inherited property of the value of some £500,000, while his nephews, Thomas's sons, each inherited about £193,000. Henry Philip told Louisa that in his opinion she ought to participate in this large accession of fortune, and that he proposed to give her £50,000. "After a simple expression," she says, "of my sense of his kindness, the conversation dropped." The amount

that he in fact gave her seems to have been £37,000, of which his contribution to the Bedgebury purchase money formed part. Adrian had ever been regarded as a reservoir of family wealth, and on one occasion Henry Philip asked him to lend their nephew, Henry Thomas, £30,000 at 3 per cent. In an undated letter to Louisa, which shows a quaint blending of finance and piety, he says: "I wrote Adrian a letter of four pages which I do not entirely despair of producing the loan. I have made it so palatable to him and appealed so forcibly to all his finer feelings that I am inclined to think I shall succeed. God grant it, for if he does give the loan he is the person not to care about the interest."

Henry Philip died while staying at Bedgebury on December 5th, 1839, and was buried in the mausoleum at The Deepdene. Unfortunately the division of his property among his nephews occasioned bitter jealousy between them. This was far from being his intention, for in a letter to "my dear nephews" dated April 5th, 1838, but delivered to them after his death, he tells them that though he has by his will divided all his property equally among them he particularly begs them not to sell or otherwise dispose of "any of the articles of vertu or curiosity or bijouterie"[1] named in a certain paper, as he did not wish that they "should be exposed to the gaze, comments and perhaps impertinent remarks of the public." He asks them to divide the property amicably, "to cherish and cultivate a fraternal regard and affectionate feeling for each other, and not to dishonour or disparage the memory of your parents and uncles by unworthy differences among yourselves, for their memory will be the more respected and revered the more your conduct evinces brotherly

[1] These articles belonged to a lady for whom Henry Philip cherished a deep affection.

love and affection towards each other, and rectitude and benevolence towards your fellow creatures." How much attention the nephews paid to these pious exhortations we shall see. Henry Philip did not divide his collection of jewels, valued at £80,000, among his nephews by his will, for he chose, with the object of escaping the payment of death duty, to dispose of them by deeds executed in his lifetime. In his later years his memory, if not his mind, appears to have failed considerably: he mislaid documents and forgot their contents, as he himself says in a rather pathetic letter to his solicitor: "Instead of sending you the deed you expected I am now myself in despair to tell you that I cannot find it and don't know what has become of it, at least I cannot recollect it, for if it is in existence at all it must be deposited somewhere so snugly that I cannot recollect it, another instance, alas, to prove to what my poor memory is reduced, and another prognostic I am afraid that I shall some day or other lose my senses altogether and become crazy. I cannot tell you how this disappointment vexes, as I in vain look for a cause for or a reason to account for it. The only way I can do so is to suppose I left it in some box which is in the hands of a safe person whose name or person I cannot recollect, in short, if ever I were disposed to hang myself it would be now. God bless you, my dear sir, and pray excuse the wanderings of your ever faithful, humble servant, H. Ph. Hope."

The result was that after his death there were found at least three deeds purporting to give the jewels to different nephews. By the first of these, dated May 19th, 1821, he made over the collection after his death to one of his nephews whom he did not name, but who, as the eldest nephew, Henry Thomas, contended, was identified as himself by

external evidence. In 1832, and again in 1838, he executed similar deeds giving the collection to his nephew Alexander (who at the date of both deeds was a minor) absolutely, reserving, however, a power of selling or exchanging any of the jewels during his, Henry Philip's, life. He never told any of his nephews of the existence of these deeds, nor did he part with the possession of any of the jewels during his lifetime. Immediately after his death a legal correspondence on the subject of his wills and deeds commenced, and soon ripened to litigation. The main points in dispute were: (1) Whether a Dutch will by which he left Bosbeck to some of his Dutch relations was revoked by a subsequent English will. (2) Who was entitled to the collection of jewels. (3) Whether Lady Beresford's two elder sons could compel her to refund the £37,000 which, as already mentioned, Henry Philip had given her in his lifetime. The lawsuits dragged on for years, the opinions of all the leading barristers of the day were taken, and the transcript of the cases submitted to them and the correspondence covers two hundred and fifty folio pages.

In the course of the long dispute Henry Thomas and Adrian, in their anxiety to prevent Alexander obtaining the jewels, suggested that they should be sold and "some institution for the benefit of mankind" be founded with the proceeds. This suggestion was at once repudiated by Alexander, then aged twenty, who retaliated by proposing that all three brothers should give up the Dutch property to the Dutch relatives, stating that he would not, in any case, claim his share in that property, as it was his "invariable rule" to carry out his uncle's intentions as far as possible. In a caustic criticism on this letter Henry Thomas says that Alexander's "invariable rule" would result in his renouncing property worth £2,000,

and gaining jewels worth £80,000, that "modesty and diffidence are by no means the most remarkable features" of Alexander's letter: and that while his intentions are excellent, "his means of observation have been more than commonly circumscribed." This stung Lady Beresford, who was Alexander's sole guardian since Henry Philip's death, into a rejoinder which she divided into thirty-four paragraphs. Thirty-thirdly, she observes that within seven months of his majority Alexander "cannot be deemed from boyishness or from youth incapable of judging for himself," and thirty-fourthly, that so far from his means of observation having been more than commonly circumscribed, "it is generally thought that he is particularly well-informed for his age," and that "no very considerable additional judgment can be looked for in him seven months hence." In an acknowledgment of these remarks Henry Thomas acquiesces politely in his mother's assurance that Alexander's "judgment and understanding are mature, and that he will not be wiser seven months after the date of his letter than he was when writing it."

Side by side with this quarrel raged that between Lady Beresford and her two elder sons regarding Henry Philip's gift to her of £37,000. Faced with the demand for an explanation, she appealed to Mr. Stork, Henry Philip's confidential adviser in Holland, for information as to any directions that he might have given when transmitting the money, or any particulars "on this now to me most interesting subject. My own conscience and innocence," she writes, "must be my support under so singular and trying a position. . . . You, I am sure, will believe that I seek on this most painful occasion nothing but what are facts and truths, of which knowing the honourable person I address myself to is the best

testimony, and it will give the Marshal and myself great pleasure to have a favourable report of your health, which he requests me to express with his best regards." Stork's reply is not extant, but Lord Beresford incidentally told his own solicitor that "unnecessarily, most unexpectedly and unpleasantly I have been lugged into the matter," adding "as far as our private accounts go as relates to this matter or any other, we care not if they were placed open at Charing Cross." In this one doubts if he was really speaking for his wife, for in drafts of letters written by her about this time she complains of the "persecution carried on against me respecting the property of dear Henry Philip," and demands that if her two elder sons have a legal right to the £37,000 they shall take steps to recover it (as they very soon did) and not attempt to examine her private banking account as she declares that Adrian has done, or pry into the provisions of the Bedgebury deeds. "The patience," she exclaims, "of a much injured and long-suffering mother is at last exhausted on the receipt of Adrian's letter to Lord Beresford, a letter unworthy of a son of the late Thomas Hope and the nephew of the late Henry Philip Hope. The two above named gentlemen were remarkable for the liberality and high-mindedness of their character. The unfortunate mother who pens this is obliged to declare that her two elder sons have been remarkable for nothing but the illiberality of their proceedings since the death of their uncle and benefactor. . . . In reviewing my past life I have nothing so much to regret as my having been, through every circumstance and event, too partial to my eldest son." Adrian, she says, had asked her through his solicitor to show her impartiality to her children by dividing the £37,000 equally among them at her death: but "I could not during my lifetime do so false a thing as to declare myself

impartial nor die with such a lie on my conscience, for my whole affection and partiality is now entirely given to my son Alexander."

In the end a compromise was reached by which Adrian, the second nephew, became possessed of Bosbeck on making provision for the Dutch relatives to whom it had been left, and Lady Beresford retained the £37,000 absolutely. Alexander inherited his uncle's London house in Connaught Place, which in later years he named Arklow House. The suit relating to the jewels was only terminated in 1849, by an arrangement by which Henry Thomas acquired eight of the principal stones, including the Blue Diamond, and Alexander took the pearl, sapphire, and aquamarine which we have described, as well as between six and seven hundred stones of smaller value.

Happily, their "unfortunate mother's" affections became more evenly distributed, for her will, made three months before her death, gave to her "dear son Henry Thomas" the Anastasian pearls already mentioned, and other jewels of his father's which he had given her on the latter's death, an embossed silver jug of her own, and £1,000 "to be by him laid out in the purchase of some painting, statue, or article of vertu as he may think fit to be kept by him as a token of my love and affection for him"; while "my dear son Adrian" was consoled with a legacy of £15,000.

Despite the preoccupations of the lawsuit, Lord and Lady Beresford entertained in a quiet way, both at Bedgebury and in Cavendish Square. Lady Beresford kept up her old friendship with Queen Adelaide, who in an undated letter of 1838 or 1839 apologizes for having to postpone a visit from her as the Queen was coming at the time appointed to Marlborough House, where Queen Adelaide then

resided. In fixing a later day for the visit she adds, "You may bring Lord Beresford with you if he likes to come, and it will give me much satisfaction to see you both again." The Duchess of Gloucester also paid at least one visit to them in the country. On November 4th, 1843, she writes, "My visit to Bedgebury was a most charming four days, and the whole party was in every way most enjoyable in spite of wind and weather, and I never passed two wet days in the house as much to my satisfaction, or two mornings that passed off so quickly." A fortnight later she describes to Lady Beresford a visit which she had paid to the Queen and Prince Albert at Windsor, and with which she had been much gratified. "They were all attention and kindness, and it really is most pleasing to witness the Queen's domestic happiness and comfort. The adoration of him is returned in the most amiable manner possible, and they are both devoted to their children. The eldest girl[1] is full of life and spirit, very clever for her age, and I think very pretty. The boy[2] is the most interesting little creature I ever saw and I am told has the fiercest temper and the most tender and affectionate of hearts. The baby[3] is a beauty. All that has been done to the Castle since I have seen it is beautiful. The new kitchen-garden will be magnificent, and all the alterations in the home park must add greatly to the Queen's comfort." About the same time the Duchess's brother Ernest, who had succeeded to the throne of Hanover on the death of William IV, wrote a long letter to the Marshal showing a sympathy and consideration for others with which this very unpopular Prince is not usually credited. A niece of Lady Beresford was separated

[1] The Empress Frederick.
[2] King Edward.
[3] Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

from her husband, an English officer, personally attached to the King, who being of opinion that she had fallen into undesirable society in Hanover, appeals to the Marshal and her other relatives in England "to save her from total perdition which I fear necessity and despair may drive her to." He says that he writes a full account of the lady's position "though it is contrary to my habits and against the rule that I have ever pursued through life, never, unless called upon, to meddle or interfere in family concerns," and he concludes by saying, "Excuse this long letter which is dictated by feelings of respect, charity and justice. With my best respects to my Lady and hearty good wishes for your health, believe me, ever yours faithfully, Ernest."

Though on a smaller scale, The Deepdene tradition of hospitality to politicians and literary men was continued at Bedgebury, whither Lady Beresford had removed The Deepdene Album from which we have already quoted, and well-known visitors were still pressed to write in it, though their contributions are fewer and shorter than of old. G. S. Smythe (1818-1857) then an M.P. for Canterbury, and afterwards Lord Strangford, was the first Bedgebury victim, and exclaims:

Was ever fiat half so harsh before,
A scribbler write where Rogers wrote of yore,
Ah, Lady Fair, how great thy charms must be
When Tr....ch[1] has danced and I have rhymed for thee.

The second Lord Ellenborough (1790-1871) wrote his contribution in 1841, the year in which he went out to India as Governor-General, being moved by the spectacle of the village Church and school then being built, to address his host in the following rhapsody:

[1] Probably R. Chenevix Trench (1807-1886), afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

To win a high ennobled name
Upon the battle-field,
To have whatever wealth and fame
Of happiness can yield.

. . . . . .

To bid the sacred structure rise,
Instruct the poor man's child,
To open a new paradise
Upon the wooded wild.

And still in every work by love
And charity inspired,
To see thy cherished consort move
With equal goodness fired.

. . . . . .

And thus for thee the poor man's prayer
Will truer bliss obtain
Than victory's cry that rent the air
On Albuera's plain.

Lord John Manners (1818-1906), afterwards seventh Duke of Rutland, taking his cue from earlier poems in the book, lamented his inability to describe the beauties of Bedgebury and begged the Dryads and Nymphs to perform the task for him. Sir John Herschel (1792-1871), the Astronomer, unbent so far as to cover many pages of the album, his contributions ranging from the Sayings of Confucius to elaborate riddles about flowers, of which the following verses are a specimen :

The upstart flower,[1] the impertinent flower,[2]
And the flower[3] of the man about town,
The eternal flower,[4] the unplaned flower,[5]
And the flower[6] of the Austrian crown.

The housemaid's flower,[7] and the housewife's flower,[8]
And the flower[9] that's the charm of your face,
The dancing flower,[10] and the harlequin's flower,[11]
And the flower[12] of the richest place.

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[1] Rocket. [2] Cockscomb. [3] Dandelion.
[4] Everlasting. [5] Woodruff. [6] Crown Imperial.
[7] Broom. [8] Thrift. [9] Eyebright.
[10] Hop. [11] Columbine. [12] Mint.

J. W. Croker (1780-1857) wrote some amusing verses on Harwich, which he seems to have visited while staying at Mistley Hall, in Essex. The following may serve as samples:

In the library
No books we see,
But a harpsichord out of tune,
Caps, bonnets, and lace,
An alderman's face,
And a plastered Laocoon.

From filthy slips
You may see the ships,
I counted just thirteen,
Four in the flood,
Three in the mud,
And six in quarantine.

From Mistley Hall
Is what you call
Just ten miles in a carriage,
But so long as I may
At Mistley stay,
I'll be hanged if I go to Harwich.

Slightly different in tone were the verses of the Bishop of Jamaica, who on a visit to Bedgebury in 1846 recalled an early meeting with Lady Beresford when,

Thy movements had an angel's grace,
Sweet thoughts were mirrored in thy face,
And well I deem of things like thee
The eternal Paradise might be.

The good man, however, saw her:

still possest
Of gifts beyond mere fortune's dowers,
The calm clear brow, the untainted breast,
The brilliant mind attuned to rest
In these enamorizing bowers.

Released from political activities, and probably influenced by Alexander, who at Cambridge became absorbed in the Tractarian movement, the Marshal

turned his energies to religious and philanthropic work. He and his wife contributed liberally to the re-building and endowment of the church of their village, Kilndown, and built and endowed a school for the parish. It may have been also under Alexander's influence that the Marshal began to take seriously the ecclesiastical patronage which fell to him as Governor of Jersey, a post which he held from 1821 until his death, although he never visited the Island.

In 1844 the Rev. Francis Jeune, then Rector of St. Heliers, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, wrote him at his own request a confidential account of the possible candidates for the living of St. Heliers, which the writer was about to vacate on becoming Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. In this letter Mr. Jeune speaks very candidly of his brother clergy and of the difficulties with which the Rector of St. Heliers had to contend, among them being "the dissenting principles with which our proprietary chapels infect many members of the Church," and "the attacks of a dozen low newspapers edited by infidels or dissenters." One candidate is said to do absolutely nothing except his Sunday duty, and not always that, though amiable personally and an agreeable preacher. "He is said to be dissipated; this, however, may be ascribed to his habit of lounging in the streets and his somewhat dandified appearance." The Marshal evidently favoured the claims of two brothers, graduates of Trinity, Dublin, but Jeune is unable to recommend them. One from inexperience of the world makes too many enemies, and the other is "a good reader and preacher and a man of character and firmness, but often extravagant and offensive in language and manners."

Towards 1850 the Marshal had a paralytic stroke, which affected his powers of walking and writing, but his mind remained clear and he was able to take

daily drives with his wife. Owing to his inability to write she conducted his business correspondence for him, and was in constant communication with Sir John Kirkland, his financial agent and business adviser. One letter may be quoted as showing her pride in the Marshal's fame; referring to a portrait of him in uniform with Orders, which had just been painted for his regiment, she writes on December 11th, 1850, "He is the only General whose fine noble heart and chest seem made to bear these well-earned honours; in general they have but contracted chests, witness the ennobled Strafford." After asking Sir John to get in some money which was due to the Marshal she adds: "He thinks so much about having a good balance in hand that it shows his banker's book ought to be kept full for his comfort and ease of mind."

Lady Beresford's last years, like those of the Marshal, were undoubtedly influenced by her son Alexander, then becoming one of the recognized leaders of the High Church party. She retained all her fondness for jewels and the attractions of wealth, but under religious influence she devoted much of the latter to educational and pious objects, and observed Church seasons and ordinances with far greater regularity than of old. In fact she doubted the suitability of a Scotch candidate for the post of butler "as we are so very High Church here." While in some respects a typical lady of fashion of her day, she was at all times simple-minded, affectionate, and very little spoilt by the gross flattery which her beauty and wealth evoked. In 1851 her health failed, and after a short illness she died at Bedgebury on July 21st, her last exhortation to the Marshal being "for the rest of his days to care for nothing but his soul, and to relieve distressed persons."

CHAPTER V

Of Lady Beresford's sons, the youngest, Alexander James Beresford Hope, was certainly the best known both in his own lifetime and afterwards. Whereas Lord and Lady Beresford, and even her elder sons, belonged to an epoch of which few people living have any real recollection, Alexander survived until 1887, and among the older generation of Anglicans is still remembered for his religious and political activities. His tastes and circumstances led him into a career very different from that of every other member of his family, yet despite a high public reputation he died a pathetically disappointed man. At Trinity, Cambridge, which he entered in October, 1837, he won the College prize for English and Latin Declamation, though he did not take honours in classics on account of the rule, abolished in 1850, largely through the influence of the Prince Consort, which required candidates for classical honours to have obtained previously honours in mathematics. But though he had thus to leave the University in 1841 with an ordinary degree, he showed his classical scholarship by winning in that year the Members' prize for a dissertation in Latin prose which is presumably the triumph celebrated by Mrs. Hofland (1770-1844), a novelist, in the following doggerel, published in a local paper:

To A. J. B. Hope on his Well-merited Success

Son of a sire whose genius all have owned,
A mother tender, beautiful and good,
By Providence with earth's best treasures crowned
Abundant riches, health and noble blood,

Hail to thy spirit! which hath well withstood
Temptations with such treasures always found.
Where is the man in early life, save thou,
That e'er escaped wealth's enervating power,
Could with calm energy to learning vow
Morn's constant toil and night's long lingering hour,
Where the pale student in his silent bower,
Bends with strong grasp the mind's once fabled bow?
'Tis well! Thy meed is won, thy fame secure,
A high and holy fame that ever shall endure.

As an undergraduate Alexander's predilections were those of the Young England party, mediæval and monarchical with a tinge of Jacobitism, and like many young men who take themselves very seriously he had a tendency to drop into verse. His rooms at Trinity were hung with engravings of Charles I, his daughter the Duchesse d'Orleans, Strafford, Laud, Claverhouse, Montrose, and Queen Victoria. In his own words:

Here is seen the godlike shape
Of Him that wore the diadem
To change it for the Martyr's crown,
And She the young and beautiful,
First daughter of that holy one
All worthy of her Stuart race.
And there is placed the Anointed form
Of that fair Dame who now rules o'er
The sea-girt realms of Albion,
As if with tutelary glance
For aye to guard the spot from harm.

And there four lustrous shapes are seen
The Martyr Prelate and that Earl
Who to the scaffold led the way,
And heroes twain of Graham's line—
That with the outward sight the mind
May inwardly be stirred to do
Great deeds like them: and with the thought
They all met violent death to learn
Death suffered in a righteous cause
Is glory, life, and victory,

He dedicated several other poems to his Sovereign, while apologizing for marring

> in numbers all terrene
> The praise of Heaven's Anointed Queen.

After the attempt on her life in 1840, he exclaimed:

> Like some old vision of a fairy bright,
> Armida, Glorian, or Titania hight,
> Advanced our monarch: straightway every face
> On her alone was turned. . . .
>
> And can it be that one of woman bred
> Was found the land all o'er that durst upraise
> His hand against that fair anointed head.

Romance fades before reality. Six years later Alexander wrote from Hatfield that "doing the polite to the Queen is a great bore," and twenty years on he fell asleep in the august presence, leaning against a cabinet. The Queen would not let him be awakened, for fear he should break the china it contained.

At Trinity Alexander met a lifelong friend whose influence made him a Churchman in reality as well as in name, and so altered the whole course of his life. This friend was Benjamin Webb (1819-1885), son of a London business man—who was ordained in 1842, and became one of the best known clergymen of his time. Webb and J. M. Neale (1818-1866), the famous writer and translator of hymns, were members of an undergraduate set which was influenced strongly by the Oxford Movement, and eventually formed itself into a body called the Cambridge Camden Society, the aim of which was "to restore and reconstruct the outward signs and symbols of the Church," and each member was bound to visit Churches and makes "schemes" of their construction. For this

purpose they held "Camdenian field-days"[1] when "some ten well-mounted equestrians each prepared for a hard day's riding—for nothing less in short than a steeple-chase in its most literal sense," met behind Trinity College for "a long day of antiquarian research and recreation." A typical day so described was on the south-western side of Cambridge. "At Barrington we find much to interest us. . . . The Vicar expressing his anxious wish to have the south doorway handsomely restored if possible, we consult briefly among ourselves and the chairman of Committee officially announces to the Vicar that the party there assembled have agreed to undertake the expense of the restoration in as handsome and substantial a manner as he pleases to have it done." The party next went to Foxton, where they found "a very fine old Church but in a sad state of neglect and dilapidation. . . . A fine early English font very artistically decorated with lamp black and whitening and having the arches upon which it is supported blocked up with rubble arrests the attention of all. Application is forthwith made to the Churchwardens for leave to disinter this fine old font and to remove the rubbish from under the arches. Permission being granted and the requisite implements procured, the whole party fall violently to work . . . and two or three barrows full of rubbish being removed, the Churchwarden kindly sends a supply of stout ale for the refreshment of the exhausted labourers. Vehement expostulation ensues with one or two subordinate members of the party, who seem rather inclined to drink it in the Church, the rest protesting that it is not at all a catholic thing, being in fact condemned *totidem verbis* in the

[1] This account is summarized from "Ecclesiologist," Vol. i, pp. 62-4.

Canons called 'A few words to Churchwardens,' and piously sitting in the wheelbarrow outside the porch to drink theirs."

Alexander was introduced by Webb to this Society, and found in it a vehicle for the expression of his inherited architectural tastes, though, unlike his father, his preference was for the Gothic rather than for the classic style. He saw an opportunity to display this preference in 1841, the year in which he came into possession of his fortune, in the restoration to the Gothic style of the front of Trinity Lodge, which had been rebuilt in classical style, with sash windows, by Bentley when Master a hundred years before. Alexander took the occasion of a congratulatory letter to Dr. Whewell on his appointment as Master, to offer "as a slight token of affection and gratitude to the college,"[1] £300 towards the restoration of the oriel and mullioned windows as they existed before Bentley's time, intimating that if necessary he would increase the amount. His offer was accepted, and other gifts having been made during the winter the work was commenced under the direction of Salvin in April, 1842, and completed early in 1843. It proved far more expensive than was anticipated, and cost no less than £3,765, towards which Alexander eventually contributed £1,000 and Whewell £250, the balance being supplied by other donors and by the College. Alexander's connection with the work is commemorated by the following inscription on a stone label above the eastern side of the oriel: "Munificentia fultus Alex. J. B. Hope generosi hisce ædibus antiquam speciem restituit W. Whewell Mag. collegii A.D. XLIII." This inscription gave offence as paying insufficient honour to the College, and public feeling vented itself in the

[1] Willis and Clark's "Architectural History of Cambridge," Vol. ii, p. 626.

following rhyme,[1] written by Tom Taylor, then a junior Fellow of Trinity.

This is the House that Hope built.

This is the Master grim and gruff
Who lives in the House that Hope built.

This is the Lady tawny and tough
Who married the Master grim and gruff
Who lives in the House that Hope built.

This is the inscription, or rather the puff,
Put up by the Master grim and gruff
Who married the Lady tawny and tough
And lives in the House that Hope built.

These are the Seniors who cut up rough
When they saw the inscription, or rather the puff.
Put up by the Master grim and gruff
Who married the Lady tawny and tough
And lives in the House that Hope built.

This is the architect, rather a muff,
Who bamboozled the Seniors who cut up rough
When they saw the inscription, or rather the puff,
Put up by the Master grim and gruff
Who married the Lady tawny and tough
And lives in the House that Hope built.

Inspired by his friend Webb and the Camden Society, Alexander left Cambridge determined to devote his life to the restoration in the Church of England of divine worship as he understood it, conducted in more dignified surroundings than those which prevailed in his youth. Of these he gives an amusing description in his book entitled "Worship in the Church of England." "I may as well attempt to describe the visible form in which the Church of England and its worship were first made palpable to my childish senses in the reign of George IV, and at

[1] The authors are indebted to the Rev. A. H. F. Boughey, Fellow of Trinity, for these verses, which it is believed have not before been printed in full. Existing versions vary in some particulars.

an opulent and beautiful market town of Surrey,[1] not thirty miles from London, which is now accustomed to very different services. The building was a large, and had been a handsome, Gothic church, but of its interior the general parish saw very little, except the nave and aisles, for the chancel was cut off by a perfectly solid partition covered with the usual sacred writings and some strange painting, among which Moses and Aaron shone in peculiar uncouthness. The eastern portion of the aisles was utilized for certain family pews or private boxes, raised aloft and approached by private doors and staircases; these belonged to the magnates of the neighbourhood, who were wont to bow their recognitions across the nave. There was also a decrepit western gallery for the band, and the ground floor was crammed with cranky pews of every shape. The pulpit stood against a pillar, with the reading desk and clerk's box underneath. The portion of the Communion office preceding the sermon was, Sunday after Sunday, read from the desk, separated from the litany on the one side and from the sermon on the other by such a rendering of Tate and Brady as the unruly gang of volunteers with fiddles and wind instruments in the gallery pleased to contribute. The clerk, in a brown Welsh wig, repeated the responses in a nasal twang, while the local rendering of 'brief citations and excommunications' including announcements by this worthy, after the Nicene Creed, of meetings at the town inn of the executors of a deceased Duke. Two hopeful cubs of the clerk sprawled behind him in the desk, and the back-handers intended to reduce them to order resounded against the boards. During the sermon this zealous servant of the sanctuary would take up his broom and sweep out the middle alley in order to save himself the fatigue of a weekday visit."

[1] Dorking.

In a letter written near the end of his life Alexander states his own religious position as follows: "After the disillusionment of my undergraduate Newman and Faber hero-worship I settled into what I have ever since held, an Anglicanism with maybe more of toleration, perhaps from foreignism of temperament, than that of other Anglicans of my age, strong in Sacramental doctrine and æsthetic in worship." With regard to Eucharistic vestments, his dream was the general use of the chasuble, but for his own time he was content to advocate the use of copes as meeting with less opposition. He was convinced of the Catholic character and position of the Church of England, but he condemned all proposals for the revival of the use of the mediæval service books, whatever might be the defects of the Book of Common Prayer. The attitude of men such as Dr. Pusey he never really appreciated, and he once referred to "the usual allowance of folly with goodness and orthodoxy, my great intellectual puzzlement from Pusey downwards. It's a great pity." The work of the clergy, he held, was to evangelize the large towns. In doing this they would not have time to recite the services of the Breviary at the proper hours, and to recite them at other hours, as was the practice in the Church of Rome, was unreal and untruthful. In his "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century" (1861) he condemns the system of having a number of small churches in a town, each with a single ill-endowed clergyman, "where one large Church with a staff of four or five clergy and constant opportunity of worship at all hours would have been infinitely more beneficial," and he expresses the fear that the poverty and overwork imposed on them will produce a class of clergy without education or social standing existing side by side with "that grand personage, the English clergyman, gentleman and

scholar as well as Christian." While looking for an ultimate reunion of the whole Church, his sympathies lay with the Eastern rather than the Roman Communion, and he hoped that some of the Protestant bodies on the Continent might in time be brought into communion with the Anglican Church, though nothing in his letters suggests any interest in the Nonconformists at home. The cardinal points of his ecclesiastical position were his belief in episcopacy, in the Real Presence, and in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, with regard to which doctrines he refuses to make any compromise.

In 1841 he began his political career, being returned at the General Election in July as Conservative Member for Maidstone, a rather corrupt borough which then sent two members to Parliament. The town is only fifteen miles from Bedgebury, and it may be presumed that it was the Marshal's influence, as well as his own wealth, that brought about Alexander's election at the age of twenty-one. Early in the summer of the following year he became engaged to Lady Mildred Cecil, the elder daughter of the second Marquess of Salisbury. The wedding took place in the private chapel at Hatfield on July 7th, 1842, the Primate of Ireland ("The Beauty of Holiness") officiating: and from a manuscript book containing notices and descriptions of the ceremony it appears to to have been solemnized by special licence at one o'clock. An hour later the bride and bridegroom started in a carriage and four for Bedgebury, and after their departure the wedding breakfast was served in the Marble Hall. The ensuing festivities were described in a letter to the bride from her sister, Lady Blanche Cecil,[1] aged seventeen. "To begin at the beginning. After you left, of course I was very melancholy and all that, then Lady Beresford

[1] Afterwards Lady Blanche Balfour.

came to fetch me and gave all the bridesmaids a ring from Mr. Hope. Mine is infinitely the prettiest. Lady Beresford consulted Lady Ernest (Bruce), Lady Mahon and Mr. Percy as to which I was to have. Luckily the two latter being a majority carried the day, so I got an opal stuck upon points with a diamond on each side in blue enamel matching the bracelet and necklace. I need not tell you to thank Mr. Hope hugely. Then came the breakfast. Papa, of course, had Lady Beresford, we all went in pell-mell. I had Lord Exeter and Lord Beresford on the other side. We sat at the side table, and Lord Exeter carved the chickens which he didn't approve. I did. Your wedding cake was capital. Lady A. Cust was opposite me, then Lord de Ros then Lady K. Cust. When it was over the Primate got up to propose your two healths. The substance was that the approval of the parents, the excellent principles, the amiability and fortune of the couple gave every prospect of happiness. I say nothing about how it was received because you know. Papa sent to ask Lord Beresford if he would return thanks, but Lord Beresford left it to Papa and Papa did it very nicely. Then he proposed Lord and Lady Beresford's, and Lord Beresford returned thanks in a remarkably nice speech. He was a good deal affected and stopped once or twice in consequence. Then Papa proposed the Duke of Wellington's. He said that he was proposing a health that was always drunk of course, but in this case not he hoped of course but from real feeling (or words to that effect), that the Duke had come much to his own inconvenience, he believed, but as he always did he had sacrificed his own convenience to please others; and concluded by begging the gentlemen to fill bumpers and the ladies as near bumpers as they could to his health. *I* filled a bumper. Lord Douro answered very well, but he

concluded by hoping the Duke might come here on another such occasion, which put the whole room in a roar. Then Lord Robert Grosvenor prevailed upon poor Lord Exeter, who was trembling from head to foot, to propose Papa's health. He got through better than I expected. After Papa's answer we all got up and went back to the drawing-rooms. I then got the opportunity of a little conversation with Lady Mahon. She said you looked very well, behaved beautifully, that you were a nice sensible girl, that she was very fond of you and that she could see how much you liked Mr. Hope. Everybody told me how well you had behaved and nicely you looked, and I dare say they all sent loves but I have forgotten. Lord Douro has made you a present of a letter-weight. Then we all went up to the gallery and danced. I danced first with Lord Douro, who said Lady Douro was better. There were five or six quadrilles and I danced them all of course, among others with Mr. Pack and Lord Robert Grosvenor. In the middle of one of them, in which Lady Charlotte Hill and Robert [1] were our vis-à-vis, a little disturbance was heard and Eustace[2] rushed in between Charlotte and Robert, having been totally forgotten upstairs till now; and such was his anxiety to dance that he insisted upon dancing with Lady Charlotte as well as Bob through a whole figure. We ended with a country dance in which the band was thoroughly exhausted and so was I. Meanwhile people had been dropping off. We went downstairs and after some difficulty got tea and coffee and lastly a loaf of bread; chairs were few and far between, so that Bobby with one attention to his comforts sat down upon the plate-warmer. I am to write to Lady Beresford. She remained the last except Miss

[1] Afterwards third Marquis of Salisbury.
[2] Lord Eustace Cecil.

Sneyd, and she was very kind I need not tell you. Miss Sneyd went at half-past six, we at seven, taking Bob who was in high spirits owing to champagne."

The Duke signalized the occasion by giving Lord Salisbury four standards in silver, which had been offered to Napoleon by the Departments of France during the Hundred Days, and had been presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII. They were hung in the Marble Hall "where they were viewed with great delight." Meanwhile, the bride and bridegroom, who after a six hours' drive were approaching Bedgebury, were met by the tenantry and others on horseback. and on foot, as well as by the school-children, "and escorted to the entrance into these domains attended by three bands of music closing their harmony with three cheers."[1] At the schools the horses were taken out and the carriage drawn to the house through a series of triumphal arches. Eight hundred pounds of beef and bread "and a due proportion of beer" were distributed, and a dinner was given to the school-children. Maidstone rose to the occasion with flags, bell-ringing and salute-firing, and on the evening of the wedding day as well as on the following evening, celebrated the event at Alexander's expense in more solid fashion. On the evening itself some five hundred of his constituents assembled at the Corn Exchange to drink his own and his bride's health. Admission to this drinking bout was by ticket, and one is glad to learn that it was "one of the most orderly and best conducted we ever saw," and that though the Royal and many other toasts were drunk "the meeting broke up in excellent order." But this was only a preliminary to a grand dinner held the night following in the Bell Hotel, when "the viands were excellent and the wines, not for-

[1] The account of these festivities is taken from *The Maidstone Journal.*

getting the creaming and foaming champagne in which the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk, unexceptionable. Thomas Day, Esquire, ably and spiritedly presided," supported by the Mayor and all the other leading lights of the town. The toasts of the evening, no less than twenty-one in number, were those of the Queen—may she be defended from public violence and private treachery —the Queen-Dowager, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family, the Archbishop and Clergy, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel and the rest of Her Majesty's Ministers, and the Bride and Bridegroom: after them were toasted Mr. Dodd (Alexander's fellow-member for the borough) and Mrs. Dodd, the Chairman, the Mayor, the Marshal and Lady Beresford, the County Gentlemen present, a Mr. Brenchley who was about to leave the town, the Magistrates, the Members for the county, Lord Romney and the Marsham family, Lord Cornwallis, the Deputy Chairman, the Ladies, and, lastly, the Town and Trade of Maidstone. The Chairman did justice at great length to the central toast, dwelling on Alexander's self-sacrifice in becoming an M.P. "How many were those possessing wealth or rank, time and opportunity to serve their country who were content to revel in pleasure and idleness, but Mr. Hope, who possessed not only these but was likewise endowed with those intellectual qualifications which were likely to make him a shining character, scorned a life of inglorious ease and had devoted himself to their service as their representative." (Loud cheers.) "Could they but feel deeply grateful to him?"

Perhaps it is not surprising that a few years later Alexander found Maidstone too expensive a constituency to represent.

During his mother's lifetime he and his wife lived

quietly in Connaught Place and at Bedgebury, whence he maintained a correspondence with his friend Webb which began about 1845 and continued until Webb's death forty years later. It was no uncommon thing for Alexander to write to him twice or even three times on the same day about some public or private event, and the letters only diminished in quantity when Webb came to London and their opportunities for meeting were greater. From this voluminous correspondence the facts of Alexander's life and his real opinions and sympathies have been chiefly ascertained. Letters which he regarded as of special importance he expressly asked Webb to keep, and it may be inferred that his intention, if Webb had survived him, was to make him his literary executor and biographer.

Alexander barely deigns to mention the chief social incident of these early years, namely, Queen Victoria's visit to Hatfield in October, 1846, when Lady Mildred acted as hostess for her father. But she describes the visit in a letter to her friend Miss de Ros, saying that during a fortnight's tour of Cathedrals with her husband, "I got a most hurried letter from Papa to say that on returning from Scotland he found a letter, which had been waiting for him some time, to announce Her Majesty's coming to Hatfield from Cassiobury. Papa's horse, the Yeomanry and himself, with the Duke of Wellington and other gentlemen, met her on horseback about four miles from Hatfield. All the rooms looked beautiful, particularly King James's room and the Marble Hall, where we dined. Papa took her in to dinner and Prince Albert me. Prince Albert always sits by her at dinner. Nothing could go off better. They were so pleased and good-humoured, and she delights in a good laugh." The next day the Prince and the Duke shot in the

morning and the Queen did not appear till lunch. After looking over the house and pictures they drove out, the Queen in a little pony-chaise drawn by a pair of white ponies which were lent by a neighbour, Mrs. Gaussen, and for which in the evening over one hundred pounds was offered as the Queen had petted them. The day's festivities concluded with a ball. "Many of the neighbours were so shy it was quite absurd to see them pass before her, more like a flock of sheep to be sold, some nodding their heads only at her. She sat on a sofa on a raised platform in the centre of the gallery, and I had to sit or stand by her all the evening. . . . The Queen retired between twelve and one, and the ball broke up very soon after. . . . Next morning Prince Albert went out shooting very early, and we lunched at one, as the Queen and Prince Albert were to depart at two. . . . She called Blanche and me into her room and gave us each a very pretty bracelet. Mine is a gold snake twisting round the arm speckled all over with spots of white and dark blue enamel, and on its head a ruby surrounded with small diamonds. Blanche's was a gold bracelet with blue enamel and pearls." Lady Mildred also recorded some curious costumes at the ball. "The Queen was excessively amused by an unfortunate gentleman, who it appears is very eccentric, appearing in bright scarlet trousers, grey top-boots with mother-of-pearl buttons, and a brownish-green looking coat with gold buttons. He certainly did make one laugh, and he was so proud of himself, always standing directly opposite the Queen. I wonder if he thought that was a court dress." In later years Lady Mildred also told her daughter Etheldreda that one lady at the ball wore her watch hanging over her forehead in imitation of the drop jewels which were then fashionable.

Alexander's indifference to these social events was due to his increasing absorption in ecclesiastical controversies. After the delivery of the Gorham judgment (which, to the horror of the High Church party, declared baptismal regeneration to be an open question in the Church of England), he discussed seriously whether Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, could be excommunicated by one of his own suffragans for his share in the judgment, and if so whether he would be excommunicate everywhere or only in that suffragan's diocese.

The suffragan referred to was Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who took a prominent part in condemning this judgment as unorthodox; and Alexander, hearing that the incumbent of St. Marychurch, near Torquay, was about to add a chancel to the Church "as a memorial" to this Bishop (who lived for many years afterwards) did "a little business in my own line by subscribing the screen in memorial of the Bishop's letter to the Archbishop about the Lydian paper." "Lydian" was a phrase used by Alexander and his friends in the sense of ultra-Protestant, and referred to Lord Shaftesbury's declaration that he "would rather worship with Lydia[1] by the river bank than with surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas," i.e., St. Barnabas, Pimlico. But there is no obvious connection between the principles of Lord Shaftesbury, whom he calls "tall, pompous and wooden," but who was thoroughly orthodox on fundamental Christian doctrines, and the opinions expressed by the Privy Council in the Gorham judgment, and one can only suppose that Alexander jumped at any opportunity of providing a church with that Anglo-Catholic object, a screen. Possibly the Gorham judgment was also the occasion of his gift of a large font, with a

[1] Acts xvi. 14.

brass corona suspended over it, to the parish Church of Boston in Lincolnshire, and of a heavy marble font to the Church of Ottery St. Mary.

His own parish church at Kilndown was always a disappointment to him. It was a small and unimpressive building, and as early as 1838 he wished to present it with a marble altar, saying that in so poor a church the altar should be magnifical. This intention was not carried out, but a stone substitute was accepted; in later years he filled the windows with painted glass from Munich, and gave a rood-screen of the Norfolk type, as well as a carved and painted reredos which was a memorial of one of his daughters. The Vicar during the whole of Alexander's life at Bedgebury was the Rev. H. Harrison, who, though he also belonged to the High Church party, frequently fell short of his squire's ideals in the matter of ceremonial. In 1858 Alexander told Webb, "I am often downhearted about Kilndown, which is, after eighteen years existence, in a state of perpetual unorganized start, and will ever be so. Certes, no place ever gained so bad a reputation for so little that it has done." But in 1860 "to my surprise and pleasure Harrison has now a virtually choral service, psalms sung, and the offices monotoned by him and the choir." Four years later, however, when Good Friday came on Lady Day, he was not unreasonably annoyed with his Vicar for wishing to have Lady Day hymns and devoting a sermon of forty-seven minutes to that festival and to "things in general." As Churchwarden Alexander constituted himself a kind of master of ceremonies. When, in 1852, Archbishop Sumner, "bland and gelatinous," held a confirmation at Goudhurst and outraged all Alexander's feelings by his conduct of the service "the Churchwardens present made me commanding officer. So

I made them all march in solemn procession before the Archbishop at all his gyrations, two abreast, wands in hand, solemnly drawing up before him when he stopped, so that he cannot say I did not treat the office with due respect, while I showed that I was not afraid to look him in the face." After this it was a trifle for Alexander to head a procession of choir and clergy at Kilndown, timing their march to enter the chancel at the appropriate moment. "This was the best function I have ever seen there." Providentially, perhaps, Alexander did not live to see the spectacle beheld by one of his grandchildren, of the Vicar in his old age sending for a three-legged black milking-stool on which he sat to read the Commandments.

As a Cambridge man, and a personal friend of the Dean, Dr. Peacock, Alexander took a special interest in the restoration of Ely Cathedral which was begun in 1843, and he contributed to it by defraying the cost of an octagonal turret with a pyramidal top which rises above the south-eastern buttress of the tower, while Lady Mildred gave the stone cross that surmounts the eastern gable of the choir. In 1851 Alexander tells Webb that the Dean "has asked for my arms for a tile for Ely. I don't in general fancy this, but as he is going to lay the tiles of several of the benefactors it would be churlish to refuse." These armorial tiles are placed on one of the steps in the eastern part of the choir, and represent in addition to Alexander's arms those of the Duke of Bedford, the Rev. T. Halford, Mr. J. Dunn Gardner and Mr. J. C. Sharpe.

Alexander was as generous with advice as with money. He constituted himself the mentor of Dr. Mill, Webb's father-in-law, and Rector of Brasted in the Canterbury Diocese, who was opposing the Archbishop's requirements that morn-

ing and evening prayer should be read on the west side of the chancel screen. Alexander's solution was to "remove one of the panels of the screen and so project an ambo[1] into the nave as part of the screen structure. Such a desk you see is part of the chancel, because it is entered through the holy doors. Its occupant has once for all entered within them before commencing the service, wherein we may assume the essential screen-worship to consist, namely, the entry through the holy doors at the first. Again, the fact of the solidity of three sides of my proposed desk may gull some of the asses."

In another letter to Webb he deals at great length with the proper position of worshippers in a "domestic oratory," and suggests that they should occupy stalls on each side and pray in a somewhat easterly direction, so that a line from west to east up the centre of the oratory would "represent the resultant of their united worship." The family were to be in the upper stalls, with the master of the house in the same position as the Dean in a cathedral, and the servants in the lower stalls, which "would be much more convenient from a disciplinary point of view, enabling the master and mistress to have their eye on the behaviour of the servants." This idea of the direction of worship seems to have been too much for Webb, but Alexander declares it to be "derived from a grave and important science." After the servants, the tenants were to be benefited, preferably in Advent, by "a special religious season for the working-classes who cannot fast formally, consisting of preaching and psalm-singing in Church."

His ecclesiastical sympathies spread far and wide, for in a discussion of the affairs of the Scotch Episcopal Church he recognized that "as I have never been in Scotland, and can't sleep a night out

[1] A kind of pulpit.

of Kent, control of them is difficult," but these limitations did not deter him from becoming mortgagee of a church in Glasgow, to save it from falling into Presbyterian hands. Needless to say, the money he advanced was lost. He took as keen an interest in negotiations between the Bishop of Wisconsin (U. S. A.) and a Finn named Unonius, whom the Bishop had ordained to minister to a Swedish congregation. These two divines had a scheme for inducing Finnish emigrants to America to repudiate Lutheranism and join the American Episcopal Church, and Alexander in criticizing this project observed to Webb, "It is always pretty safe to sympathize generally at the first start of anything which will be long before it takes shape. Objections and limitations can always be put in at the right time, and starting with them is too often a wet-blanketing what may turn right."

Webb and Alexander were joint editors of *The Ecclesiologist* which was the organ of the Ecclesiological Society, a continuation in London of the Cambridge Camden Society already mentioned. J. M. Neale naturally succeeded to a place on the board of the Ecclesiological Society, and with him Alexander was constantly in dispute. Webb had as firm a friendship and as regular a correspondence with Neale as with Alexander; and in an unpublished letter to Neale[1] written in 1850 he symbolized his own position between his friends by a balance with Neale's name in one scale and Alexander's in the other, and he was in fact constantly defending them to each other. Neale was sure that Alexander "believed himself to be actuated by principle only,"[2] but felt it "to be impossible for a man,

[1] Quoted in an article on Webb by his son Clement, *Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1913.

[2] "Letters of J. M. Neale," p. 93.

unless he lives a truly ascetic life, to move in the rank in which he moves and to mix with high life without being affected with the miserable compromising spirit of the day"; and Webb, while admitting that Alexander was too willing to be content with things as they were, assured Neale that "a more pure, sincere, noble, unselfish man never lived." On the other hand he often sought to mitigate Alexander's animosity against Neale, which reached its highest point in 1862. "Neale," Alexander wrote, "is distinguished morally by a combination of tuft-hunting and of bristling democracy, a great theoretic admiration of episcopacy with a gift of insulting all embodied Bishops. His veracity is conditioned. Intellectually his faith leads him greedily to swallow all modern forms of credulity, rapping, spiritualism, etc. His historical lore, which is great, is altogether subservient to his own one-sided propagandism. Within his own wilful limits he is versatile. Politically he always takes up any cause or interest which is emphatically and patently un- or anti-English. Personally he is tall and lank and hawk-faced; he snuffles and talks through his nose, and he preferentially wears at all hours tail dress-coats."

Like Neale, Alexander had felt the Church of England's need of hymns, and had tried to meet it by translations from ancient sources, which he published in 1844 in a little volume entitled "Hymns of the Church." These translations were literal, and in the metre of the originals as far as possible, but without any rhymes, which, as their author recognized, might be "felt as a defect, but I trust that the fact of the hymns being in verse may be sufficient, along with the solemn tones of the Church music, to which I trust they may be chanted, to give them the distinctive character which the poetical parts of our

service should bear when compared with those that are strictly intercessional." Whether the defect was really outweighed by other merits of the translations may be judged by comparing them with the rhymed versions by Neale, to be found in Hymns Ancient and Modern.

With curbing hand to guide our tongue
Lest strife and frightful brawls be heard,
And gently shield our erring sight,
Lest it should feed our vanities.

May He restrain our tongue from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Another example may be taken from a well-known Christmas hymn, an especial favourite of Alexander's.

Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee the troup of little ones,
Crowds of matrons and of virgins
Guileless maidens innocent,
All with pious voice accordant
Loudly sing with modest strains,
Evermore, world without end.

Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing,
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering,
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

Alexander next turned to journalism as a means of diffusing Anglo-Catholic opinions. In the autumn of 1850 he was interesting himself in the *Morning Chronicle* as "the only daily paper which has not flown against Christianity." Mr. Hayward, Q.C., one of its leader-writers, stayed at Bedgebury, and is described as "a great exception to the secrecy usual in daily papers, for he is always boasting. He is Peelite by trade and blank by principle." The result of this visit was the publication in the *Chronicle* of a series of letters by Alexander upon Church matters, signed D. C. L., which honorary degree had been conferred upon him at Oxford in 1848. "They take up a great deal of my time," he

tells Webb, "but such a channel to speak out in was an opening which it would have been wrong to decline. . . . I have two objects in writing the letters, propagandizing Catholic truth among Protestants, and calling the High Church party for the crucial battle for Anglo-Catholicism now arraying. . . . I have a suggestion to give it a sort of religious character by binding ourselves to recite the little officium *Pro Pace Ecclesiæ* in the Sarum book for it every day. You notice how it is the ecclesiological party which has come in in this matter." As his mother expressed it, "Alexander is all-absorbed in Church matters which grow more and more awful every day." He supplied the paper with three articles a week, which were paid at the rate of ten guineas for the three, until in March, 1851, he became "Quasi-theological editor, contributing to the general expenses of the paper, but not responsible as a proprietor. In such a position I shall have to provide leaders, reports of Church Union, etc." The subsequent history of the paper was not happy, its circulation declined steadily, and in 1854 it ceased to exist, but Alexander republished his articles in book form and even contemplated translating them into French.

His political course at this period, though no doubt sincere, was not likely to make him popular with his party. When in 1846 the Conservatives were split by Peel's introduction of Free Trade, Alexander followed him but was re-elected for Maidstone as a Conservative Free Lance, usually voting in Parliament with the Peelites. In 1850, however, he wrote: "The Maidstone people made demands on me so extortionate that neither my conscience nor my pocket allowed me to attend to them," and he therefore sought, and considered himself to have obtained, from his cousin, William Beresford, the

Conservative Whip, a promise of another seat. As the General Election of 1852 approached he gave up his candidature for this seat to oblige his party, though regarding the promise of a constituency as binding; but the fact that he had voted against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill[1] made his return for any English seat difficult. In these circumstances William Beresford introduced him to Dungarvan, a borough in the south of Ireland, where he hoped to be returned as a Peelite through the Beresford interest, although he had the Duke of Devonshire's influence against him. But Dungarvan would have none of him, and he abandoned it as hopeless without going to the poll, while professing a hope that he might secure another Irish seat. "It is an odd story from first to last, and one in which the 'chivalrous' Government shows vastly shabbily, and has simply succeeded in making it impossible for me to preserve that moderation towards them which, as you know, I thought due to the common Conservative cause. I am about the most ill-used man in the three kingdoms, jockeyed by the Government, misunderstood by the Peelites, and sold by the Brigade. Whether I can find a seat for the General Election remains to be seen. Funny, funny land this is. . . . Of rogues and rascals I will not mention any, of blackguards pre-eminent in their respective lines I only mention two." His sponsor at Dungarvan he says is a traitor and a scoundrel, and the Dungarvanites the dupes of the Government. He voices the surprise which was generally felt at the personnel of the Derby Ministry—"I think I must have a fit of gout at them"—and quotes à propos of Disraeli's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer a saying that "the national finances will be Benjamin's

[1] A Bill forbidding Roman Catholic bishops to adopt the titles of English sees.

mess, which was seven times as large as any other."

Alexander remained out of Parliament for five years, devoting himself more and more to journalism and religious activities. From his mother's death in the summer of 1851 to that of the veteran Marshal in January, 1854, he and his wife made Bedgebury their permanent home, and this period he refers to as "the Exile," though it seems to have been of a purely voluntary nature.

It was natural enough that they should regard the care of the Marshal as a duty, but they carried it out so conscientiously that the old man was not even allowed to choose the carriage he would drive in, and was described as "flighty" if he preferred the phaeton to the chariot on a fine day. Lady Mildred looked after his bodily health and Alexander after his soul. "I have established," he says, "the practice of reading regular services with him; in the morning before eight o'clock, the whole of matins to the end of the third collect with the prayer of St. Chrysostom and the Grace, and in the evening the same except the Confession, the first Lesson and the Magnificat. The Marshal knows the stationary responses thoroughly, but I read all the Psalms. . . . I have taught myself to be unmoved during his bursts of grief at his loss, a hard work, but I am convinced kindest. I sit silent and rigid till they are over and then try to turn the conversation."

Alexander and his wife rarely quitted the Marshal's side, and expeditions to London with a day ticket are spoken of as rare treats to be indulged in only on great occasions such as the Duke of Wellington's funeral. Nor were they willing that other members of the family should share their vigil. In lengthy letters to Sir John Kirkland they complain of the "not very fair questions" that a nephew of

the Marshal had put to Kirkland, and try to induce the latter to use his influence to prevent a niece and her husband from coming to Bedgebury, on the ground that if this visit were allowed various other nephews and nieces would expect to come also. "Conceive the fidget, and conceive the sort of things they might be sent to see and report on, perhaps equivalent to a commission of inquiry on the estate agent." Nor were strangers allowed in the house. An exception was made in favour of a London dentist —"the Marshal saves his journey fee by having him here to shoot, and from what the doctor says his teeth really do bother him a great deal, so of course I have facilitated the dentist's coming"; but when the Marshal wished Baron and Lady Alderson, friends of Lady Mildred's, who were passing Bedgebury on their way to London, to be asked to lunch and shown the garden and house, she declined the proposal, and herself drove to see them at a lodge gate. "I was quite sorry," she says, "I had mentioned it to him, as he was so excited and fidgety and fussy with pleasure about their coming, though he was not to see them and did not know them." Even Webb, whom Alexander does ask to Bedgebury, is "not to think me inhospitable in not offering you a bed. Could you not run down for the day on Tuesday or Wednesday by the nine-thirty a.m. to Marden," which was seven and a half miles away.

The Marshal was very anxious for the birth of a son and heir to Alexander, who had now six daughters. On June 5th, 1850, his first son was born, but lived only two hours. "I baptized him," he tells Webb, "so I cannot look on the event as a misfortune. My wife bears it admirably, and the Marshal has borne the disappointment very well, so that I am very thankful. I propose having him buried at Kilndown on Saturday, and shall strive to

make the funeral a Christian one." He dispensed with the services of an undertaker and declined Webb's offer to officiate at the funeral, at which six choristers in surplices bore the bier and threw nosegays into the grave. Immediately after the ceremony he writes, "As for the loss which we have just had, I think one ought to show that such a death of a baptized infant is not to be treated as a misfortune. I shall go to-morrow and henceforward about all my usual avocations." Funerals indeed seem to have had a special attraction for him. In a letter of 1847 occurs this curiously worded passage, "How is your cold? How is Mrs. Webb? I see in yesterday's *Times* an advertisement of a company which will do funerals much cheaper than at present, ten guineas they say, where twenty or twenty-five guineas are now charged."

The Marshal's disappointment was alleviated in the following year by the birth of a second son, Philip, who ultimately succeeded to the property. What was probably his last gratification came in his appointment in October, 1853, in which month he kept his eighty-fourth birthday, to the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the 60th Regiment, with which Alexander writes, "he is much pleased. The death of Carlonas, following on those of Soult, Marmont and the Duke of Wellington, makes him Senior Marshal in Europe, and the only one who received his bâton during the Great War."

The last event which took place at Bedgebury in his lifetime was a grand battue of foxes just before Christmas. "That noodle, Sir Augustus Webster of Battle," writes Alexander, "had set up fox-hounds and turned out eighty couple of foxes. As this has been a fox destroying country for time out of mind (impossible to hunt in) we have ignored this, the district having suffered from the havoc of those

MARSHAL VISCOUNT BERESFORD.
(From an unfinished painting.)

Facing p. 152.

beasts some of whom came into our woods and destroyed a black swan, more than twenty turkeys, cochin-chinas, etc. . . . A party was organized under the head-keeper, and from fifty to a hundred guns were out, we inviting everyone who liked a shot to come, farmers, tradesmen, etc., and three foxes were shot in four days."

The Marshal became unconscious on January 5th, 1854, but the end did not come till the evening of the eighth. Alexander threw himself with characteristic energy into the preparations for the funeral, which he said gave him special difficulty "from having to balance the world and the Church as it has not generally to be done." He engaged a "royal undertaker," Banting by name, and then complained of having to deal with such a firm, though he hoped to get them to introduce improvements in funerals. He found himself, he says, "compelled by circumstances to issue the invitations by a Spartan rule: there are relatives of the Marshal who won't get them. I am inviting my eldest brother, but in doing so I have gone to the limit, and there are others whom I cannot and will not." His brother Adrian appears to have been staying in the house. The ceremony took place on January 17th. There was a private procession early in the morning from Bedgebury to Kilndown school, the hearse being escorted by Alexander, Adrian, Sir John Kirkland, the doctor and the servants. The coffin had a "quasi-lying in state with hangings and lights" in the schoolroom, and was placed on a dais eighteen inches high and covered with the parish pall: the walls were draped with black hangings on which the Beresford motto—"Nil nisi cruce"—was repeated fourteen times, while the only two windows left uncovered were those containing the Beresford arms and Lady Beresford's initials. The general effect, Alexander

says, was "quite that of a chamber in a château." The mourners assembled in the schoolroom, the guests from London travelling by special train to Paddock Wood, where they breakfasted, and coming on in carriages. The funeral took place at noon. A procession on foot from the school to the Church was met at the south gate of the churchyard by the surpliced clergy and choir, the former wearing mourning college caps given them in lieu of hat-bands. The coffin was placed on a dais at the east end of the nave, which was carpeted with black, and the walls of the chancel were hung with black to the height of the choir screen. There were three standard lights on each side of the bier, and the candles on the altar and in the sconces were also lit. Greatly to Alexander's satisfaction the Portuguese Minister, a Roman Catholic, volunteered the remark that what had pleased him most in the ceremony was the continued use of lights and the Cross in the English Church. The morning service at Kilndown on the first Sunday after the funeral is described by Alexander as "a complete *missa pro defuncto*, the funeral fittings, bier, dais, lights and all as at funeral, and the celebration consequently with lighted candles at midday." The only public memorial of the Marshal was an electro-type statue by Theedy, presented to Wellington College by Alexander, the Primate of Ireland, Pack Beresford and Willoughby, to be placed with those of other Generals in the exterior niches of the college. Each statue was contributed by the General's family, and their erection was due to the Prince Consort's initiative.

Of Alexander's real feelings towards the Marshal his letters give little indication. He tended him, as we have seen, with the greatest assiduity, but he does not express any grief at his loss, and he evidently enjoyed the termination of his self-imposed exile

and the full entry into his position and fortune. Throughout his long correspondence he expresses no word of admiration for his stepfather's public services or of gratitude for his private benefactions, but he also refrains from comment on incidents in his career which must have been repugnant to one of Alexander's principles.

We must here mention his dealings with the Marshal's Portuguese pension, to which we have already referred. It was granted for three lives with power to the Marshal to nominate the second life, and soon after receiving it he nominated Willoughby, his illegitimate son, as his successor, retaining a power of revocation. For reasons now unknown father and son quarrelled, and in December, 1841, a few months before Alexander's marriage, the Marshal revoked the appointment to Willoughby and nominated Alexander to succeed him in the pension, again retaining the power of revocation up to the end of his own life. In 1849 Alexander, with the Marshal's consent, made over to the Church of Ireland his own and his heir's prospective rights to the pension, which was worth between £3,000 and £4,000 a year. During the thirty-three years that Alexander survived the Marshal half the pension was invested and accumulated, and in 1916, when the pension ceased on the death of Alexander's son, Philip, the accumulated funds amounted to a sum of nearly £150,000 Consols, besides other investments. The unaccumulated part of the pension was applied during both Alexander's life and that of his son to the building and endowment of new churches in Ireland and the making of grants to poor Irish clergy, to which purposes the income of the accumulated fund is now permanently applicable. How Alexander justified to himself the diversion to a public body—and that in the eyes of Portugal a

heretical body—of a pension which had been granted for personal services and was obviously intended to be enjoyed personally is not explained, but so much did he and his advisers fear that the Portuguese Government would stop payment if they knew how the money was being spent, that throughout his life and that of his son the facts were rigorously concealed from that Government.

CHAPTER VI

Like his father, Alexander put his architectural theories into practice by the erection of costly buildings, although in his case they were for the most part erected for the service of the Church. His schemes were intended to illustrate his ecclesiastical views, and he made it his aim as far as possible so to arrange churches that the eastward position for the celebrant should, by the structure of the building, be the natural and obvious one; and whenever possible he introduced screens with "return stalls" for the clergy. The work which he first promoted, and which was undoubtedly that of the most permanent value, was the foundation of St. Augustine's Missionary College, Canterbury. The famous Abbey of St. Augustine had been dissolved in 1538, such parts of the building as survived being used at first as a Royal residence, and afterwards becoming private property. In 1836 the site had been converted into an imitation of Vauxhall, with concerts, dancing, fireworks, and other amusements, but by 1843 it had become a brewery, pot-house and billiard-room. On September 13th of that year Robert Brett of Stoke Newington, a surgeon with Tractarian sympathies, published in the *English Churchman* a letter calling attention to this misuse of the building, and praying that God might "dispose some pious and wealthy Catholic to purchase and restore the sacred edifice." Alexander read this letter, and on his next visit to Canterbury made a point of inspecting the ruins. He directed

his lawyer to negotiate for their purchase, and acquired them eventually at a fairly moderate rate, it being believed that the purchaser, whose identity was unknown, was buying them for brewery purposes, though three private Acts of Parliament were necessary before the site could actually be conveyed.

Unknown to Alexander the fate of the Abbey was being watched by the Rev. Edward Coleridge, a Master at Eton. Ever since the consecration in 1830 of his friend Broughton as the first Bishop of Sydney, Mr. Coleridge had been endeavouring to supply the Bishop's longing for a Missionary training college in England, and when he heard that Alexander had purchased the ruins he saw his opportunity. Although he had bought it for the service of the Church, Alexander was at first doubtful whether this was the best destination for the site, but convinced by the enthusiasm of Coleridge, he resolved in his own words to restore "the old house of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Augustine to the same Missionary objects for which it was first founded."[1] He placed the site at the disposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the foundation of a Missionary college consisting of a Warden, Sub-Warden, six Fellows, and forty-five students, and further defrayed the whole cost of the chapel. The erection of the buildings, to which Mr. Coleridge was a generous contributor, was commenced under the supervision of Butterfield, the architect chosen by Alexander. On September 21st, 1845, the latter wrote to Webb, then ordained but still residing at Trinity, "St. Augustine's is getting on very well. About eighty men at work, the hall nearly finished in the block and being roofed, and the students' building rising. Butterfield has produced

[1] The account of the history of the buildings and that of the consecration are taken from "St. Augustine's, Canterbury," by the Rev. G. F. Maclear, 1888.

a perspective of the interior of the chapel. We introduce polychrome."

In October, 1845, a relative of Edward Coleridge, William Hart Coleridge (1789-1849), formerly Bishop of Barbadoes, was appointed first Warden, and the nomination of the Fellows was left in his hands, subject to the approval of the Archbishop and the Bishop of London. The Fellowships were worth £120 a year each, with rooms and commons, and Alexander was determined that one of them should be held by Webb. "St. Augustine's should be your home, why dream of curacies. . . . It will be the very place for you, and consider the mediæval influences among which you will live and the opportunities which you will have of following ecclesiological and ritual studies to so much more advantage than if engaged in parochial duties, and daily choral service in choir and weekly Communions which are purposed." This was the first, but by no means the last, occasion on which Alexander tried to settle his friend's future, and when Webb declined the Fellowship for reasons which he did not disclose Alexander replied: "It is only your modesty that makes you not see your peculiar competency for a Fellowship at St. Augustine's. You know you are a good classic, ergo you would do as a classical tutor: you know you would make a sacrist and a precentor: besides, you can lecture on ecclesiology. But you have what is of more importance than book-learning, which is the Catholic tone. Just look at yourself and ask if you are not a mediæval Fellow—I do not mean an antiquarian, but one who will try to develop present times by the help of our inheritance of ancestral holiness and faith. We want such as you to give the tone to our college." The fact was that Webb was engaged to the daughter of Dr. Mill, who, after a distinguished ecclesiastical career in India,

was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge and Rector of Brasted in Kent, where Webb became his curate. His refusal of the Fellowship was a great disappointment to Alexander, who was also rather dissatisfied with the early Wardens of the college.

But he showed a keen interest in the consecration of the buildings, which took place on June 29th, 1848. A State Concert at Buckingham Palace had been fixed for the preceding evening, and so at the Archbishop's suggestion he, Alexander, Lady Mildred and other friends of the college left London for Canterbury by special train at five a.m. on the 29th. At eight o'clock the invited guests assembled in the dining-hall, and the bell for the consecration service of the chapel at nine o'clock was rung by Lady Mildred. The Archbishop preached at a midday service, and at three o'clock upwards of twelve hundred guests sat down to luncheon in the museum and cloisters of the college. The ceremony was attended, among others, by Dr. Vaughan, Headmaster of Harrow, the Rev. W. A. Carter, the Rev. John Keble, Baron Alderson, Sir John Coleridge, the Rev. W. Maskell, Archdeacon Manning, and Bishops Blomfield and Wilberforce.

Year by year Alexander attended the annual festival of the college, and on the death of his wife he dedicated the altar in the under-chapel to her memory. In the words of a later Warden, Dr. Bailey, he was "the very model of a chief founder, combining with the most intense interest in the college and all its welfare the most entire abstention from anything that might interfere with it." He visited it for the last time in 1885.

Even before the completion of St. Augustine's he contemplated his second great work, the building of a new Church in one of the poorer parts of London,

In November, 1845, he wrote to Webb: "We must really make our Church a model Church: it should have, like St. Saviour's, Leeds, the spiritual advantage of being planted on a site which very much wants one, combined with greater æsthetical perfection." He dreamt of the erection in crowded towns of large churches which "must have a foreign character, lofty and apsidal, and domineer by their elevation over the haughty and Protestantized shopocracy of their respective towns. They must have a boundless area of nave to hold as many as possible of the adjacent all but heathen population. The windows should be lofty and space be afforded for mural painting, window tracery and painted glass being also developed to perfection. . . . The sermons would, of course, be preached from the rood-loft, which feature such a kind of Church would be the most likely to reproduce. The stalls would rise loftily in two or three rows unless there were returns, when there would be only one row. . . . Towers and spires should be used wherever possible, but a lofty apsidal chancel, itself a quasi-Church, domineers over the neighbouring buildings as a square-ended Church with a low chancel never can."

In 1847, after complicated negotiations with the Government, the Duke of Portland, and others, a site in Margaret Street, in the parish of All Souls, Langham Place, on which a proprietary chapel, called Margaret Chapel, already stood, was acquired for £9,000 with the aid of money given by Lady Beresford, a Mr. Bellairs, and an unnamed donor, supplemented by a Government grant of £250. On this site the Church of All Saints was ultimately built, although its consecration did not take place until 1859. This dedication was chosen on the ground that it would be easier to adorn the Church with the figures of various saints than with

illustrations of the history of one particular saint. The exact cost of the work is difficult to estimate from Alexander's letters. In one passage he speaks of £35,000 of his own and other people's money being expended on it, but in a more detailed statement in 1854 he says that an anonymous donor (probably Mr. Tritton, a Banker) gave £30,000, that his, Alexander's, own contribution "counts by thousands," and that a sum of £2,300 had been collected from unknown donors before the work was commenced. Alexander makes very few references to Mr. Tritton, but in later years he visited him at his country house near Croydon. "Such an odd place. A roadside villa with a bit of a garden and a small orchard. Very hospitable, good wine and well-intended cuisine. It is a deal too old Roman, and he ought to get a country place such as his family would stick to. Lombard Street-Victorian-Cato don't go down now. I told him so, and he took it marvellously well." It does not seem to have occurred to Alexander that Mr. Tritton's style of living may have accounted for the fact that he could give £30,000 towards a Church and yet not run into debt.

Margaret Chapel, though disparaged by Alexander as a "fashionable Puseyite chapel," had, under its first incumbent, Mr. Oakley, become the centre of a district of some two thousand souls, and had a Ragged school attached to it. Mr. Oakley joined the Church of Rome, and this event led to the closing of the chapel for a time. It was reopened on All Saints' Day, 1847, Archdeacon Wilberforce preaching in the morning and Dr. Pusey in the afternoon; and with the Bishop of London's consent a Sisterhood was established in an adjoining house connected with the chapel by a private door. The new incumbent was the Rev. W. Upton Richards (1811-1873), who after graduating at Exeter College, Oxford, became an

assistant in the MSS. Department of the British Museum, and continued in that post after taking Holy Orders, owing to the smallness of his clerical stipend. This was £300 a year, half of which Alexander writes on February 3rd, 1850, was the interest of £5,000 which had been given by unknown parties, "the remainder a pension I have settled on him during his incumbency and until the capital shall have been paid up, diminishing accordingly." Richards, himself a married man, had two curates, one of whom was to be unmarried, live in the Church house, 76 Margaret Street, at which a Choir school was maintained, and help "to teach the boys and observe the hours." Margaret Chapel was closed in 1850, in preparation for the building of the new Church on its site, and a chapel in Titchfield Street, which Alexander calls "terribly oratorian," was secured as the temporary place of worship of the congregation.

Butterfield was the architect of the new Church, and a contract was made with Messrs. Kelk for its erection and that of the houses connected with it (apart from the marble work) for £18,000, of which £12,000 represented the cost of the Church. Alexander was greatly disappointed by its dimensions, as it was found impossible to give it a total length of more than 102 feet with a nave of three bays. But he tells Webb: "It is not my fault. . . . I strove as much as I could to get the site shifted, but found at last that I could not compass this, so I threw myself into developing the old site. This rendered, as you know, a blank east end indispensable. Butterfield has striven with his circumstances, and tried to develop a type of town Church original but good, striking and catholic, and has, I think, succeeded." The planning and decoration of the buildings were a real labour of love to Alexander,

whose letters to Webb at this time deal with little else: and his discussions with Butterfield are reported almost verbatim. To carry out the idea of internal polychrome the structural scheme included Devonshire, Derbyshire, Scotch and other British marbles, while the bricks and tiles for internal decoration were the work of Minton & Co. William Dyce, R.A. (1806-1864) agreed to paint the reredos, which Alexander calls "a piece of success unlooked for and surprising," and he also painted the roof of the chancel. The wall frescoes were entrusted to J. C. Horsley, R.A. (1817-1903), of whom, and certain other artists, Alexander in his rôle of ecclesiologist writes: "Strange that there should be this little knot of painters who have gone back to the old models, and with whom we have had so little communication. No doubt they must have thought us narrow-minded prigs for not having found them out." The stained glass in the clerestory of the nave, and in the north aisle window, was designed by O'Connor, while Alfred Gerente was responsible for the west window which cost £600, and was a copy of the Tree of Jesse at Wells. Butterfield wished to alter this window on account of its yellow tone, which put Alexander in a very difficult position "as both Gerente and Butterfield act as gentlemen, whereas glass-painters usually show themselves to be snobs." He decided in favour of Gerente "on high moral and gentlemanly considerations," backed by the advice of his wife, who, he says, had never seen the window, and of his brother Adrian, whom he had taken to inspect it on a foggy afternoon, but whose opinion "is that of a very clever man who argued from the mere philosophy of colour and not from any theory of glass-painting. . . . It's another chapter of my very queer life."

Gerente also designed the three windows in the

south aisle, one of which was a memorial given by Lord Wicklow; while the figure of St. Catherine in another window was a memorial of Richards' daughter. The Marshal presented the lectern. The pulpit of marble mosaic, described by Alexander as "heavy but stately," cost £370. During the greater part of 1851 he was engaged in a controversy with the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, as to whether the chancel screen should have gates. The Bishop objected to these, and seems to have been surprised that it was proposed to reserve the chancel exclusively for the clergy and choir and to admit none of the congregation except communicants at the time of reception; as he refused to give way Alexander announced that at the expiration of the existing contract for the shell of the building all work on the Church would be suspended until the Bishop changed his mind about the gates. This change duly took place on November 28th, and so the work proceeded, Alexander complaining that "it costs lots and I have to make up deficiencies quarterly." Hardly, however, had he and the Bishop (to whom in his letters he always refers as C. J. L.) made peace about the gates than controversy was renewed on the subject of the general decorative designs. The Bishop very naturally desired to see these, and, while willing that Alexander should submit them to him at a personal interview, insisted that they should be left behind in order that he might consider them at leisure, pointing out that it was far better that he should determine beforehand whether there was any ground of objection than that he should disapprove them when they had been executed. Alexander, rather unreasonably, was unwilling to leave the designs with the Bishop, who he alleged had, in fact, already approved them in 1849. The Bishop refused to give way, and wrote to Richards, "the proposal

which I have made with respect to the intended decorations of your Church is so reasonable that I feel myself to be fully justified in adhering to it. The language in which Mr. Hope has thought fit to signify his objections to it is unbecoming him, and disrespectful to me." Alexander thereupon refused to see the Bishop, and told Webb "he cannot interfere with the Church, inasmuch as it is my freehold unconveyed to anyone; so I shall just finish it off on my honour and perception, and when ready ask him either to consecrate it as it stands, license it as it stands, or leave it still my freehold as it stands. This will soon bring him to reason." A year elapsed before the two men met, the decorations proceeding slowly meanwhile, till at last, on February 7th, 1853, Alexander called on the Bishop, taking the designs with him, and the pair made up their differences in criticism of Richards' romanizing tendencies.

Meanwhile there were general complaints of the delay in completing the Church. "Absolutely and actually," Alexander told Webb, "there is not the money forthcoming to finish it quicker. All the money the principal subscriber gives is spent almost as soon as it comes in, and I never relax impressing him to continue at a bountiful rate. Other subscribers are very rare and small, therefore to finish quicker I should have to borrow, which, with a view to my own credit commercially, is a thing which it would be wrong in me to contemplate, after the large sums I have spent for the last two or three years in another quarter for the Church cause. . . . All Saints as a pan-High Church work has failed and has been carried out mainly by two individuals, one of whom is hampered by the anonymity of the other and has to bear the whole responsibility." Alexander further refused to get the Church licensed for service if it could not be completed. "I feel justified," he adds,

"in retaining it in the only hands I can trust for the patient courage to keep it unused and so unfettered until the day it may be handed to consecration—those hands being my own. I don't mind presumption with you." Ultimately in 1856 it was agreed that the legal ownership was to remain in Alexander's hands, and different parts of the building were to be opened in succession, the congregation moving from one part to another as the work required.

In the autumn of 1858 the long deferred consecration began to loom in sight. Bishop Blomfield had died, and his successor, A. C. Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), described by Alexander as "slimy but malicious, shuffling, inconsistent, insolent, and yet courting the dirtiest popularity," asked to see the plans and descriptions of the works, suggesting that these should be suspended till he had approved them. Alexander as usual raised objections to this, and proposed when the decorations were further advanced that the Bishop should "visit the Church under my guidance as my venerated friend, Bishop Blomfield, did." Time had certainly cast its glamour over his relations with that prelate. In April, 1859, the Church was finished, and was visited in succession by the Prince Consort and the Bishop: the Prince "admired all things much and showed considerable *nous* upon artistic matters, and hit the blot of the cold light which the clerestory throws on the upper frescoes." The Bishop praised everything, especially the frescoes. On May 28th the consecration took place, and the Bishop, preaching from 1 Corinthians viii. 9, said that no Church allowed such diversity of doctrine as the Church of England; but urged the worshippers not to be carried away by the decorations of All Saints, and wished that everyone had his own taste for a simple ritual. This taste, to the horror of Alexander, who

watched from the south chancel arch, he exemplified by refusing to proceed with the service until the altar-frontal had been covered with a tablecloth. "So Richards, for whom I did feel, quite lost his head, and rushed out of Church, not knowing what to do. I went with him and made him get a tablecloth from the house. An edifying sight, he and another man pulling that on over the frontal in face of the congregation."

"The Church," he tells Webb a little later, "this week seems the great fashionable fact. Ever so many people were talking to me about it at Lady Derby's ball last night."

Unfortunately this work, to which he devoted so much money and energy, proved for Alexander the occasion of continual quarrels. In the first place he was never in sympathy with Richards, the Vicar, whom he suspected not only of romanizing designs, but of dishonourable conduct. "You," he tells Webb, "and I, Burns and Scott originally determined on having a model Church, to which the Bishop of London assented on a sufficient guarantee of its fidelity to the Church of England, which guarantee he has looked for in my connection with it. Richards has also a responsibility to you and me that when he gets into his Church he shall carry out those ecclesiological and missionary objects which we aim at, and without which we should not have worked and spent our money as we have. All these obligations he wishes to repudiate. I am the surety for the Church between the Bishop, the Government, the promoters of the new Church, and Mr. Richards, and have been made the legal owner of the chapel site. I am bound in self-defence to save All Saints and all that has been and is to be spent on it from becoming a nuisance instead of a blessing to the Church. It is quite manifest that all along he used or meant

to use us simply as tools towards establishing his directionism; ritualism, etc., being traps to catch flies."

"Directionism" is a word frequently used by Alexander to describe a system existing apparently in the early days of the Anglo-Catholic movement under which a priest controlled the lives and conduct of members of his congregation, without necessarily hearing their confessions, and even while disapproving the practice of auricular confession. An example of the lengths to which this idea could be carried may be quoted from a letter which Alexander wrote to Webb in 1881, after Lady Mildred's death. He had just re-read a "fulmination" written to her by Richards more than thirty years before. "There are four sides," Alexander says, "of most arrogant dictation, and then this postscript on a slip by itself 'I think when you were alone and had to guide yourself it was your duty to examine into the principles of your practice and belief, but now that you have chosen me for your guide you must not argue but obey. I fear this is a very hard doctrine.'" On this Alexander very justly remarks: "Beside the moral offensiveness, writing in this way to his then correspondent, considering her character and spirit, stamped him an ass. This too, the postscript, at the tail of a letter of which the keynote was anti-habitual confession."

Alexander also condemned Richards' taste for sensuous music and showy altars, for he went a certain distance in the direction of ceremonial himself but was yet unable to understand how any loyal member of the Church of England could wish to go any further, while he characterized as Protestants those who stopped short of his own standpoint. Thus he himself presented Margaret Chapel with a triptych of the Crucifixion, and also

gave some mediæval ivory carvings which Butterfield made into the covers of an altar-book. His quarrels with Richards seem to have begun over the latter's wish for a vessel to be used in the rite of unction, the oil for which was to be blessed by Forbes, Bishop of Brechin.[1] Alexander threatened to report this to the Bishop of London, and early in February, 1850, he and Lady Mildred made a close scrutiny of Richards' proceedings at the Sunday morning service. They had heard a report that the consecrated Elements were reserved at the early celebration for the later one at eleven o'clock, but Alexander admits to Webb that he saw nothing at the early service except a "Romishing Corporas cloth," though his wife was positive that she saw "in an obscure part of the altar a small flame flickering in a little saucer as if waiting to be brought forward." Richards and his curate entirely denied the presence of such a flame, and suggested that Lady Mildred had seen a reflection from the gold on the chalice-veil, while Webb suggested that it might have been a night-lamp. She and Alexander then bought a vessel which he tells Webb was "the sort of thing though not the exact shape: and we mean to try it with spirits."

On February 24th Lady Mildred believed that she smelt at the early service a faint odour of incense, while at the midday celebration the children's governess, ignorant of this, perceived a whiff of what she called "a sweet smell like violets or orris-root." "This," Alexander remarks, "looks very like a secret burning of incense." To crown matters, on

[1] Alexander describes this bishop as "essentially a man of affairs who keeps his eyes open to men and things; although a bishop at thirty-one he began life in the Civil Service in India, and has been at Rome and confronted the Jesuits there. I think our both being rather of the deep dog genus is one of the things which make him and me pull so well together."

February 28th Baron and Lady Alderson showed them a censer which they had bought as a curiosity in Germany, and "my wife at once identified the the censer, blackened with burning, and with its lid off, as the sort of thing which she saw. Then the little flame would be that of the charcoal, which has a transparent bodiless flame of a bluish hue like spirits, and which would show against the lilac super-altar." This suggested the more charitable reflection that Richards, being a careless man, did not know that glowing charcoal emits a visible flame and looking down upon it while celebrating did not see it, "which would explain, though not excuse, his equivocations." That an altar was not a likely place for a burning censer seems never to have occurred to them. The next ground of complaint against the Vicar was that his curate "had got up all the little minutiæ of a Deacon's work, shifting the book and shutting it after the Blessing before Richards had risen from his knees, and seemed to me to go through it all in the spirit of a footman and without any real reverence," while "one of the choir-boys came in in his surplice and lit the altar candles with a taper at the end of a long stick." These quarrels shifted to a new ground when Margaret Chapel was closed, and soon after this Alexander's "exile" at Bedgebury commenced.

Despite his disapproval of the temporary chapel in Titchfield Street he was paying the rent of the Choir school, and told Webb that "the devout souls who profess to value the choral services are not keeping them up by many hundreds a year, and I intend to say to them 'pay up then, for I cannot afford it.' If they cannot intone their responses Margaret Chapel must have been a sham and a failure." The devout souls retaliated by getting up another chapel "in their pretended self-supporting

almshouse. They hope to retire to this sanctuary where they may cut their capers independent of Butterfield or me. If they spend money on such a chapel in the present state of All Saints it will be most unfair, and of course they will run riot there." He was becoming sceptical as to the value of Choir schools and doubted "whether the systematic reliance on choristers which is an Anglican characteristic is not the first step towards women choirs. Monks were put together in choir to bawl away at the Psalms as best or worst they could, and it was only in the later Middle Ages, as at King's College, that the Choir schools were founded with the object of training the boys to be ecclesiastics. There is all the difference in the world between a chorister brought up on the mediæval system and one who after he has been petted and coddled and dressed up at Titchfield Street or St. Andrew's becomes at eighteen or nineteen a tallow chandler." Forgetting apparently his fight with the Bishop to reserve the chancel for clergy and choir, he now complains that "choristers, mostly unconfirmed, are admitted within the chancel rails while confirmed laymen are kept out. The Anglo-Puseyite chorister system is out of joint. The remedy is to institute parochial choirs under some sort of guild regulations, irrespective of the quality of their performance." One cannot help suspecting that the disjointedness of the system reflected that of Alexander's finances, for he says "the mischief is that now I fully believe Richards will know about my money matters." Ultimately a compromise was arranged on the basis of confining the choir to six or eight boys taken from the parish—"and so ends another of the many acts of the All Saints' drama."

With a fellow-feeling for other sufferers from clerical vagaries he adds that a friend who had built a similar Church in Scotland found that during his

absence abroad the clergy had erected, at a cost to him of £200, a conservatory in which to grow flowers for decorating the altar.

On his return to London in 1854 Alexander attended St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, and St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and resumed with fresh heart his quarrel with Richards. The latter had accused him "of defaming him and violating the confidence of friendly conversation, and says that he does not consider my explanation to be the whole truth. These little incidents are over and above the Richardisms in the way of lying, bullying, and influencing, which are directly or indirectly brought out. I agree with you in not viewing him as a conscious catspaw of Rome, but still my opinion of him is so low that though I do not suspect him of any such delinquencies, I should not be astonished at any time to hear that he had turned out a delinquent either this way, or pecuniarily, or morally. I accuse him of nothing, I suspect nothing, but nothing would surprise me. Certes we live in days of 'stars fallen from the firmament of heaven.'" Nor was he appeased by Richards' offer to relieve him of his financial support of Titchfield Street. "I have grave cause for displeasure, and I cannot conclude a correspondence having reference to my good name by entering on a question touching on the relief of my purse."

The year 1855, however, witnessed a formal reconciliation between Alexander and Richards, arranged by Mr. Hubbard, afterwards Lord Addington, on the basis of the following points: a restoration of acquaintanceship with a proviso that they should write to each other as "My dear Sir," and sign their letters "Yours faithfully" or "Yours sincerely"; that they were to communicate with each other about their various plans for All Saints, and that Richards was to sign an appeal for money stating that the want

of it was the cause of the delay in the completion of the Church, and so refute indirectly stories afloat about Alexander, it being understood that the latter objected to completing the work on borrowed money. This concordat was treated very seriously, for though they met at a committee a few days before the signature of the document "as it was not ratified we did not speak."

But after the consecration the old animosity revived. On the first Sunday Alexander wrote, "Richards preached against crinolines and extravagant attitudes of the females, altogether now doing the moderate. On Whitsun Eve the only decoration was the two nosegays on the altar. I always with my estimate of his character forecast the possibility of his taking this line, but what will the devout party say if they think they are being sold. My policy, of course, must be to keep on civil terms as long as he is prudent." These civil terms did not continue long, and we hear that Richards, despite all protests, insisted on removing some yellow glass which had cost Alexander £200.

Many years later Alexander ascribed his breach with Richards to differences in "directionism" rather than to questions of ritual. In 1881 he wrote, "When I found him out I was most indignant with him and with the cliques and conventicles which were of his set and into which I had been beguiled under false pretences, but this was the limit of the reaction, a reaction in which truth and honour were factors irrespective of subject matter. So I fell back into my own ways, I went on in my own line—the pre-Richards one—while I denounced those who in the meanwhile I found out not to be true sons of the Church of England but to have palmed themselves off on me as such. . . . As to the effect of the discovery upon me as a man of the world, that, of course, was

another matter. . . . When I found out how he was prevaricating I went on thinking the same on the *res summa*: my personal religion remained the same though my opinion of Richards did not, and he no doubt went on saying all manner of evil of me. I grant the incalculability of the mischief in this way and the evil to my nature of so base a spectacle of character, but so far from changing my views the effect was rather to check the rate of their changing in the direction of extremeness."

One is glad to record that Alexander did justice to Richards in a case which "does him much credit. Richards though a heavy sufferer from the failure of a solicitor, took the latter's daughters, who would otherwise have been destitute, into his house, sent them to school, and got them respectably placed."

Alexander's relations with Butterfield were equally unfortunate, though indeed he quarrelled sooner or later with most of his architects. As early as 1849 he and Butterfield were disputing about the erection of altar-rails in the new Church. "Butterfield," he says, "already has the stuff of a heresiarch in him, he is of the stamp of Tertullian, Eutyches, etc., stiff, dogmatic, and puritanical, and pushing one side of Catholicism into heresy. . . . He puts himself above the Western Church." Next year he declares that Butterfield's most vulnerable point was his pride, and in 1852 they had "a sort of controversy" about the appropriation of seats in churches, complicated by the question of chairs as opposed to pews. When Butterfield cited the free and open churches of France and Belgium Alexander replied, "Those people live in a lodging and dine at a café, whereas English people live in their own houses and dine at their own tables. Also as All Saints is a parish Church I must as Churchwarden, when I am so, allot places to those parishioners who require them. The true

remedy for overcrowded churches is the multiplication of services. If John Bull will live up to chairs I shall be astonished. Mind, I am ready to do so, but cannot consider myself thoroughly a John Bull. You must recollect that he took to benches much more than four hundred years ago in the days of Popery, Clapton-in-Gordano to wit. If chairs were introduced in part of the Church it would create a new distinction of castes, the aristos taking the chairs as more exclusive, each man the master of his own seat, of the legs of it, potent to lift it and turn it, while the benches would be left to the poor."

In 1853 Butterfield "seems to wish to stultify himself: he has been spoilt by his work in All Saints, and objects to being thwarted. . . . If he quarrels I shall be very sorry, but cannot help it." Soon afterwards Butterfield ceased to "act as a gentleman" and became "an employé," being "quite spoilt by his work in All Saints. . . . In my peculiarly delicate position I cannot for one instant let the reins out of my hands, and then if Butterfield too kicks over the traces people will show me as the man who began to build a model Church and quarrelled both with parson and architect before that Church had got a floor to it." A month later "the beginning of the end between me and Butterfield is in sight, and I am profoundly pained to see a man who seems to have such noble qualities so thoroughly abandon himself to the most ignoble feelings. I have quite, by this time, I am sorry to say, lost respect for him. I do not say that I am not in consequence more tolerant of his tomfooleries, but one grieves at feeling such toleration. It is not commonsense in him to suppose I would put £35,000 of mine and other folks' money at the arbitration of his autocratic taste. The artistic invention of the design is fully as much due to me as it is to him. I do not wish to rob him of any advan-

tage in the eyes of the world which he may gain as architect of All Saints, but as between him and me I must have it understood how much of the work is due to me and in how much he has only been executive. The following points were entirely my suggestion: the use of granite and alabaster and of brick externally, the frescoing of the east end, the German plan of a choir raised above the nave, and the vaulting of the choir, and the fixed super-altar. I am certain that I am co-originator with him of the Church. He will, I fear, get more and more wild, and will not stop till he finds himself Butterfield against the world, not as Athanasius. I have often imagined he might be tending to Irvingism."

The interior of the completed Church made Alexander "very sad. Butterfield has so parricidally spoilt his own creation with the clown's dress,[1] so spotty and spidery and flimsy as it looks in a mass now that it is all done, and worst of all the Church looks so much smaller than it used to do with nothing but the solemn columns to give scale. Butterfield on his side is honestly fanatical in his colour doctrines, and completely believes that I have marred the world's greatest work. . . . *Pour moi*, it is all much the same, as I very likely may never go there again."

Neither donors nor architect, indeed, derived much pleasure from their creation. Tritton attended the services but rarely. Alexander never re-visited the Church until 1874, after Richards' death, when he again expressed dissatisfaction with the service, while Butterfield left the congregation because the verger insulted him.

[1] A phrase which Dyce had applied to the decoration of the spandrels of the nave.

CHAPTER VII

On the Marshal's death in 1854 Alexander became the possessor of an inheritance which, despite his large family, ought in those days of low taxation and prices to have made him really wealthy. From his father and mother he had already acquired, as we have seen, about £300,000; he now, under his mother's second marriage settlement, and the Marshal's will, succeeded to Bedgebury, to the Beresford estate in Derbyshire, to the house in Cavendish Square, and to some £30,000. But his accession of fortune was neutralized by the financial difficulties into which he had fallen, added to what he had spent on St. Augustine's and was still spending on All Saints. During the Marshal's lifetime he had backed the bills of the Rev. Edward Monro, who was conducting at Harrow Weald a college for poor youths contemplating ordination. In the spring of 1853 this institution came to grief, and Alexander had to meet the bills, much to his surprise, as he seems to have thought that the lenders of the money —whom he calls "Jews technically not ethnically"— would lock the bills up instead of letting them get into the market. He explains to Webb that "the thing has a great deal cramped me and put me on the wrong side of Coutts' books, £7,300 at one sweep, £5,000 of which were got from me when I was quite unable to reason calmly of anything, just before and just after my mother's death. But policy and principle alike counsel my not dealing with it

as more than a cramp. . . . I have noticed that Antrobus" (a partner in Coutts' Bank) "is a little more fussy than I think he has need to be, and is bothering not very generously about my account, considering that he knows the reason why it is behindhand and without which extraordinary demands it would now be some thousands beforehand as it stands, and with dividends soon due. . . . Relative to the assertion that I had less than £10,000 a year, I may have said something about my income last year having been practically under that, which with the outgoings in question it would have been." That his account would have been "beforehand" if he had not spent more than his income seems, indeed, throughout to have been a consolation to him, though it can hardly have been one to his bankers and creditors. Even ten years later he tells Webb that "borrowing from one's bankers is not like borrowing from the Jews, and involves no favour on the banker's part, on the contrary the favour is on the customer's side. . . . The great cardinal use of a banker is overdrawing one's account." One may doubt, indeed, whether he ever realized fully the difference between capital and income or the fact that if he sold stocks to meet liabilities his income would thenceforward be diminished; and the rest of his life was passed in ever increasing financial embarrassments. He spent a very large amount of money on Bedgebury, where immediately after his succession to the property he carried out sweeping alterations. The architect of these was R. C. Carpenter, of whom after his death in 1855 Alexander wrote "he was a gentleman every inch and he is gone."

The Marshal had bought a compact square red-brick house of the late Stuart period, to which, as we have said, he added wings, encasing the whole with

stone and surmounting it with a parapet too high to admit air or light into the attics: when Alexander had finished his improvements the house had become a barrack of a hundred and twenty rooms with two additional stories set in a slate roof at the height and ugliness of which he admitted that some of his neighbours were aghast, though he claimed with pride that all the attic rooms now had "fireplaces, and windows which open and give all amount of air and light." The stone terrace was widened, the garden raised, and the works were crowned by the erection on the clock tower of a spire sixty feet high which "will be a flèche surmounting the woods, and will show from Goudhurst, Kilndown, etc., famously, being higher than the chimneys. It will quite transmute the old character of the house." His alterations included further the transformation of a room into a domestic chapel. Its windows were filled with twenty-four representations of the Parables in grisaille, designed by Clayton, and its decorations were "severe Louis XIV" except for the reredos, which was an example of "constructional polychrome" in woods of various colours. The framework of this was carved by Forsyth, and formed a background for Spanish ivory figures of saints, "exquisite in execution and very pure and religious in feeling," and three silver panels parcel-gilt, the whole being surmounted by a copy of the lunette of Francia's "Pieta." "The reredos," Alexander wrote, "shows the seventeenth century in its most religious aspect." The altar-slab was of marble, and the carpet was worked by members of the family: there were two standards for four candles, "the details of standards are Italian, but the whole effect rich and religious. . . . The chapel looks very gay." Alexander or any clergyman staying at Bedgebury read prayers here before breakfast and on Sundays

before dinner also, the latter service being attended in evening dress.

These alterations, which Alexander paid for out of the proceeds of sale of the Marshal's London house, were sufficiently advanced in the summer of 1855 to enable the family to take possession; though the place was "in rather a rough state, as the great staircase is still being built, the kitchen not completed, and there are hardly enough beds." On their triumphal return the family were met by an advanced guard of honour at a point a mile or so from Marden station, where six arches of oak and laurel had been erected. From Goudhurst to Bedgebury they went in procession at a foot's pace, Alexander, his wife, two daughters and a niece in a pony phaeton, and the rest of the family in a barouche and chariot. At the lodge the ponies were taken out of the phaeton and it was drawn to the Italian garden, "where we mounted the new terrace and the Vicar read the address which I suitably replied to, the band playing, cheering, shaking hands, etc., etc., altogether glorious fun. . . . The reception was really very hearty, why, as I have never courted popularity, it should be I know not." In return perhaps for his reception he founded a lending library at Kilndown, which over a hundred members joined, taking out chiefly books on science, history and travel. He himself opened it with a lecture "talking on for two hours thinking it only one," and this he afterwards reprinted as a pamphlet. He mentions also a lecture on India "which I got on with swimmingly. I am surprised at my own amount of Indian knowledge which I have coached up." No others are referred to in his letters to Webb, but a writer in the *Saturday Review* describes him as "in the habit of spending his winter evenings in lecturing tenants and neighbours, farm-labourers and the occupants of the servants' hall."

Whatever may be thought of the alterations to Bedgebury their cost probably saved the estate from being burdened with an institution which would certainly have failed, and probably have brought disrepute on the Church. Shortly after his mother's death Alexander tells Webb that he has in mind a scheme for building a memorial chapel for the use of cottagers in the woods on the Frith portion of the estate. Attached to the chapel were to be a hospice for clergy, almshouses and a reformatory school, and the whole was to be the centre of "a model village for the labourers of the estate all under the eye of the hospice and its Head, with a good cheap shop. You must keep this strictly secret, as the Marshal, of course, knows nothing about it." The boys in the reformatory were "to create a fresh farm in the heart of the woods while reclaiming the moor and bog, an ideal training for future emigrants," and selected specimens were to sing in the chapel choir. The hospice was to be "a temporary retreat for clergy who need retirement for their own devotions or studies, or change of air and rest. A Christian watering-place so to speak. I would say to them: 'Here you are, much more comfortably off and cheaper lodged than at The Ship, Brighton, or the Godwin's Head, Torquay. You are expected for this to help to maintain the daily Eucharist in the chapel, etc.; the rubrical congregation and the appointments when your turn comes to celebrate will be all provided for you. In the sacristy you will find a chasuble hanging up which you may or may not put on.' On days when they do not celebrate the inmates will make up the number of communicants required by the rubric. If the Archbishop suspends the licence of the chapel one would forthwith remove the daily Eucharists to Kilndown and provide a carriage to convey the celebrant and congregation and

chasuble to and fro. This would soon bring him to reason. I mean to underbid the watering-places in short in terms, and in what they get for their money." For these unique privileges the sum charged was to be £1 a week per head, with meals in hall, and "the general victualling of the hospice and Bedgebury would help each other on. Visitors to Bedgebury such as you (Webb), Scott and others, would drop into the chapel for services, and con (*sic*) with the folks up there if presentable. The ritualism I mean to make very strong, taking it on my own shoulders to the world as a sort of autocratic plaything if need be. The proximity of the place to London and the continental line will result in any Yankee parson of anything like Christianity who visits England making a week at the hospice part of the recognized plan of tour. Scandinavians and Romanists would also be encouraged to see the capabilities of English ritual. The resident Head would fluctuate, since one celibate after another will take it and then go off to a living, a wife, or a curacy, my supervision contributing the fixity. The rooms will be let to the visiting clergy for terms of one, two, three or four weeks, and no reason must ever be asked or expected for my refusal to allow them to remain longer, which will prevent loungers and humbugs from perverting the institution to their own luxury. The Head will be my agent, and will not know the reasons for my refusal to keep an inmate."

The primary motive of this grandiose scheme was "to consecrate the place and the memories of those through whom I receive it, primarily my mother, then the Marshal and my Uncle Henry Philip, who have all contributed to create the possession, by the daily Sacrifice; and I have attached and do attach a great importance to the moral effect of setting forth the

daily Sacrifice as such in the wide wood, not with any supposed merely congregational import, as in a large town, but as it were simpliciter."

It might be thought that this would have been effected by keeping a private chaplain at Bedgebury, but he explains to Webb that while he means to have an oratory there, "more, not being a peer, I cannot claim."

The idea of a religious watering-place lingered in his mind, and was presently transferred to Staffordshire, where he thought he had found an ideal site at Sheen, a moorland parish forming part of the Marshal's Beresford estate on the borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. In or before 1848 Alexander had acquired the advowson and determined to reconstruct the Church, a mock Gothic building without a chancel and with pews extending right up to the altar, which had been rebuilt about twenty years before and had never been consecrated or licensed. Local opposition to his plans he overcame by pointing out that marriages in this Church were of doubtful validity, and then at his own cost he rebuilt it with the addition of a chancel and a spire. He appointed a Mr. Prichard to the living, which was worth only £100 a year till in 1851 Lady Beresford left a sum of £5,000 to increase the endowment. Alexander soon quarrelled with Prichard, who "turned out terribly Anglican," apparently because he objected that figures of saints and a stone altar-slab would give offence in a remote country parish.

In the summer of 1851 Prichard resigned the living, and Alexander at once offered it to his friend Webb, telling him that with Lady Beresford's gift it would be worth about £360 a year and that "in course of the next year the incumbent would find himself master of a Church most correctly fitted, a

good-sized parsonage, school-house and a schoolmaster's house. . . . What a comfort it would be to me to find you whenever I might go into that part of the country." Webb accepted the living unwillingly on account of its remoteness, and nearly withdrew his acceptance when on his first visit he realized its solitude and inconveniences. Alexander tried to reassure him by saying "you saw the country across rivers instead of up and down them," and promised that though the postal facilities were bad and the few neighbouring doctors were given to drink, "I am going to look out for some Christian general practitioner, respectable, and of sufficient experience in his profession to be safe, who should settle at Sheen partly induced by its religious privileges," i.e., daily mattins and evensong, and a weekly celebration. This perfect being was never found, and in the following year Alexander wrote, "I do not make Churchmanship an element, indeed the evil is too pressing for us to make a point of more than medical skill and good character."

In the end Webb accepted the living, and went into residence before Christmas in hired quarters, as the building of the parsonage had not yet begun. Burleigh was the architect chosen, and Webb wished the house built in the Italian style with a tiled floor to the dining-room, but to this Alexander very sensibly objected "that it would be unsuited to the climate" and probably unpopular in the village, since the villagers would refuse to believe that it was the dining-room, and think they were being let only into the kitchen. At first they both were full of schemes for planting a Choir school and other institutions in the parish, which Alexander called "a sort of ecclesiastical Australia," though he realized that the parishioners were hardly likely to support them, and that he would have to be "ultimate

tinkerer up of all deficiencies." Nevertheless he was ready to pay for absolute authority, merely encouraging local support to an extent so small that the donors could claim no right of interference, "if it opens the door to interference their slight assistance is more than neutralized."

For financial reasons probably these institutions were never commenced, and the completion even of the parsonage and school was delayed by Alexander's inevitable quarrel with his architect, whom he wished to recast his plans according to Butterfield's ideas—an obviously impossible position. "Indeed," Alexander wrote, "I feel the whole thing is a mess. The best plan would be to let Butterfield at once publish a plate of a model parsonage and then ask Burleigh whether he could not get a wrinkle from it. This will either save his pride or lead him to resign. . . . I stand peculiarly towards him as his advocate," the advocacy being certainly very peculiar indeed. In a few months Burleigh had become "a fool and a careless one, and I more and more wish that we were well rid of him and on with Butterfield. . . . If you dare take on yourself the responsibility and odium of formally reporting his incompetency to me I will willingly act on it, but of course I do not advise you to take upon you so unpopular an office."

In the end Butterfield not only succeeded Burleigh as architect at Sheen, but was designed by Alexander as the re-builder of Beresford Hall after the Marshal's death, which project was meanwhile to be concealed from the old man. "With Butterfield—and he is very secret—we can work as we could not do anyhow else. . . . Taken all round even if I have to indemnify Burleigh highly the thing must fiscally be a decided gain to me. I am convinced that you and I must work Sheen with Butterfield as part of the

whole Beresford Hall project. . . . With regard to the appointment of trustees for the school I should prefer the patron of Sheen" (i.e., himself) "to be appointed rather than the owner of Beresford, since the latter would bring in the Marshal. This would give him trouble and us too, for he never takes up a business without going through it and he knows so little of the details of Sheen school that it might be perplexing to all sides to have to put him in possession of the actual status. . . . I am, of course, when I say all this, facing the probability of his not lasting long; he is far from well and his bad arm is stiffer. All this is in the hand of God, but under all the circumstances, and acting as we are in perfect confidence, the consideration is one which it is not unseemly to bring into question."

As a matter of fact the Marshal lived nearly two years longer, and owing to Alexander's other expenses Beresford Hall was never rebuilt; indeed, he had to retrench on the parsonage by omitting an oratory, a bow-windowed tower, high attics like those of a French château, and oak bookcases, and to abandon an idea of improving its amenities by the erection of a penitentiary opposite it. Want of means, too, fortunately prevented his scheme for building the Church spire of red tiles banded with green or blue, and in deference to Webb's scruples he also refrained from having the Hope family motto carved on or near the altar, on the external frieze of the porch, and on the Church bell; his reason for wishing to introduce the Hope motto in a Church situated on Beresford property being that he gave the words of it, "At Spes Non Fracta," a religious significance.

Alexander next saw an opportunity of saving £80 by refusing to make a well at the curate's house: "It seems to me that he could or should at least try

the experiment of doing with water fetched from the parsonage well; the maid or the man might carry two pails slung across their back. . . . For washing, etc., he will always have an ample supply of rain water. I hope he will not be affronted with me." But even the parsonage well proved insufficient, and Alexander, after some perfunctory condolences, congratulated the Webbs on being "Christians and not Mahommedans, as you can adjust your ablutions to the supply. . . . Our friend Butterfield ought to have an office with a man in it great in tanks, revelling in cesspools, a perfect Pan to play upon the pipes. Until he swallow the severe Christian artist sufficiently to do this messes always will occur."

By means of such economies Alexander was able to buy for £11,500 three hundred and thirty-six acres as an addition to the Beresford property, and remarked that it was worth it. In view of this purchase he asked if Webb knew "anyone of means and religion who might be induced by the privileges of Sheen Church to wish to build villas there? If so, it might be a neat speculation for me and improve Sheen in every way if I let a little land there on building leases. . . . The thing worth cogitation is whether Sheen could not be brought into the market as a religious watering-place. I am quite serious." Webb, meanwhile, was trying to combine orthodoxy with the necessities of life for his family in this remote spot. To his complaints in Lent that he could not get fish Alexander could offer no better consolation than a promise of trout and grayling in the Dove when the may-fly came in June and of a crayfish season even later, though Lady Mildred more practically offered to send some salt-fish. To add to other troubles an epidemic broke out, when Alexander's message of sympathy was: "This great mortality very depressing, and what a revolution it

must create in a small community. I have just finished my memoir of Carpenter. I am very glad to have got that off my hands."

Altogether it is not surprising that the Webbs had soon had enough of this "religious watering-place" and appreciated the civilization of Ely, where Dr. Mill, Mrs. Webb's father, now lived; but Alexander, forgetting his complaints of his own "exile" at Bedgebury, was "puzzled that you, who are otherwise poetical and mediæval, do not seem to realize the pleasure of absence from the hurry-scurry of these days. The isolation of Sheen is its great charm, and when it possesses a day-mail and better roads and a good doctor and shops it will be an absolute refreshment and luxury in these times." In 1854, after the Marshal's death, Alexander paid his first visit to Sheen since his friend's arrival, the party including, besides Lady Mildred, her brothers, Robert and Eustace, and Miss Alderson. Alexander told Webb that Lord Robert was a strong "anti-hymnalist" and that he hoped, therefore, that the hymns would not break down on Sunday. Although the Hall was never rebuilt, and he spent only about three weeks of the year on his property, he seldom missed the annual school feast, about which on one occasion he wrote Webb the following rhymed directions:

Let the House of Fishes[1] be the centre for the dishes,
For fear the Hall should on us fall,
Our heads should crash, our teacups smash, our bread and butter mash;
Only beware how the tenants fare,
For they will surely require their feed at the hands of the squire.

He also provided the inhabitants with a library,

[1] Izaak Walton's Pavilion.

and rallied Webb for thinking "that the Sheen of 1856 is inferior to the dreams of Sheen we had in 1851. It has taken a different line; that pretty fancy article, a Choir school, has developed into a library, which will provide intellectual occupation, including chess, for a population that has hitherto boozed at the public-house. . . . But I am sorry that the reading-room takes in that infamous paper, *The Times*; a daily paper is not a necessity nor even a luxury there, and if there was one thing more than another which I resolved on in founding that library it was to exclude *The Times*. Folks like and are quite satisfied with the local journals." Why *The Times* had fallen under his displeasure does not appear, but Webb withdrew it to please him. His interest in agriculture led him to found a local competition for improved cow-sheds with wider stalls; three feet three inches per stall seems to have been the standard width in the neighbourhood, whereas the Bedgebury cows were allowed six feet each.

After nearly ten years of what Alexander now called this "Athens of the moorlands," Webb insisted on seeking preferment further south, and in October, 1861, entered into negotiations for an exchange with Mr. Murray, the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, a Crown living. Alexander reluctantly consented to further this project, though he pointed out that if it succeeded "I shall have to arrange for some effective bailiff at Sheen," Webb having in substance been the unpaid holder of that office during his incumbency. But before the exchange could be carried out Mr. Murray died suddenly while staying at Bedgebury. Alexander the same afternoon wrote to the Bishop of London soliciting his interest on Webb's behalf, and sent by hand a note to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking him to use his influence with Lord Palmerston, the Prime

Minister. Two days later he went to town himself, and saw Palmerston in the House of Commons. "If Pam," he told Webb, "had meant unfriendlily he would have civilly bolstered me; on the contrary his Puseyite chaff was encouraging like, and he is too old a bird to risk the animosity of an independent man by that sort of talk, which would be vindictively remembered after a defeat." Alexander's efforts were successful, and Webb received the appointment early in March, 1862. This account of the matter, taken from Alexander's own letters, disposes of a story which has often been published that immediately after Murray's death he went to London, called on Lord Palmerston, and asked him to appoint a friend of his to the living, to which request Palmerston, unable to understand such a waste of enthusiasm, at once acceded. There is little more to record of Sheen, where Webb was succeeded as Vicar by his curate, the Rev. T. Heygate. Alexander continued for many years to pay an annual visit to the neighbourhood, and to preside at the school treat; but although he remained on excellent terms with Mr. Heygate, Sheen ceased to hold the place in his affections which it had held during Webb's incumbency.

His advice to his friend in the new cure was that he should endeavour "to bring together an intellectual congregation, lawyers, journalists, artists, etc., who are repulsed by the style of preaching at All Saints, St. Barnabas, etc." Webb really needed no such advice. His gift of organization, his teaching, and the excellent music that he provided attracted a congregation both intellectual and fashionable, and long before the end of his incumbency of over twenty years he had made St. Andrew's one of the best known and best supported churches in London. To meet the needs of his large congregation both

mattins and Holy Communion were sung twice every Sunday morning; and the collections amounted to £6,000 a year.

Alexander became one of his Churchwardens, and undertook to supply flowers for the decorations at festivals. He bought four standard pink azaleas for thirty shillings each in 1863, and expected them to bloom in alternate years for a lengthened period. At the end of the Easter season of 1866 three had died and the fourth was dying, and Lady Mildred wrote to Webb in much indignation at this "great waste of money. . . . They have cost in mere care and forcing for the last two years from fifteen shillings to a pound and they should have lasted for years. You have little idea of the amount of work and expense on our garden which plants for the Church, flowers and fruit for architectural dinners and the carriage of them all imposes on the Bedgebury estate." Nevertheless, she undertook next Christmas, "to bear the sole cost of a spruce which you (Webb) can buy in Covent Garden for eighteenpence or so, an arrangement cheaper and easier than sending one up from Bedgebury." When Webb reported that fifteen shillings was the lowest market price Alexander vowed that he would undersell Covent Garden himself the following year at ten shillings, but on this occasion brought up a spruce, leaving Webb to fetch it from the station. He contributed twenty pounds to the rebuilding of the Church schools, and took the opportunity of a parochial dinner to make a speech "laying down our ecclesiastical policy." For this important event he had written to three newspapers to secure reports, asking Webb to decide "whether to court notoriety by sending a card to *The Times* or whether the paper had been acting too indecently to the Church to merit the compliment." Alas! "Nothing in *Times*

or *Standard* and a vile report in *Morning Post*, I suppose by that cad who sat opposite to us."

But he declined the headship of a guild in Webb's parish, largely because "I know that my own moral deficiency is a somewhat too great contempt for and impatience of parochial constitutionalism. No doubt you felt that this came out in the way I have neglected the Churchwardenship of Sheen, never even qualifying. It comes out in the way I neglect Petty Sessions at Cranbrook. I can do a little local autocracy pretty well, or legislation, or speechifying, but I am not the man for quiet, horse-in-harness work."

He frequently threw a glamour of romance over his daily business, and the part he played in his brother Adrian's affairs is a good illustration of this habit of mind. At Christmas, 1852, he broke his "exile" to pay his first visit to Paris, on the summons of Adrian, who lived on the Quai d'Orsai, and whose wife was seriously ill. Her health soon improved, and Alexander was free to spend his time in "ecclesiologizing and religiosizing" the churches. He walked about St. Genevieve during High Mass and peered behind the High Altar, where he was disillusioned by the sight of a choir of "seedy, bearded Frenchmen," a further disappointment arising from the untidy arrangement of the chairs in the churches, and the absence of New Year's Eve services. The Louvre and the Hôtel de Cluny he reserved for a future visit to Paris "in less depressing circumstances." One cause of the depression may have been the fact that Mrs. Hope, who was a Protestant, had placed the religious education of her daughters in the hands of a pastor named Coquerel, under whom says Alexander "the whole family sit at the Oratoire. I had a delicate line to take, for of course it never would have done to have weakened

their regard for the only pastor they had ever been in contact with"; but when afterwards the daughters came to stay at Bedgebury their uncle, while admitting that their regard for Coquerel was not altogether to be regretted, considered "being brought *en rapport*, as we are, with him as about as whimsical a thing as can well be imagined."

Soon afterwards Adrian's relations with his wife culminated in a suit in the French Courts for the custody of the sons of the marriage. Directly after the Marshal's funeral Alexander and Lady Mildred went over for a week to Paris, where he revived his animosity against Church chairs and "gave his mind a rest from the anxiety of the case" in writing an article on the advantages of benches. A little later Adrian returned to England and commenced a suit against his wife in the English Courts, the hearing of which was postponed to suit the convenience of Sir John Bethell (afterwards Lord Westbury), who was engaged in it, "but we made a sort of day of it," writes Alexander, "to keep up Adrian's spirits. We saw Holford's pictures, some very good, some rubbish, and then successively the Irvingite Church, All Saints and St. George's, Lambeth."

The case terminated in Adrian's favour, and the French Court also directed his wife to give him the custody of the boys, though he determined to take only the elder one, Adrian Elias. As a result of the case Alexander believed that the Emperor Napoleon III and his Government were determined to support Mrs. Adrian in resisting the decision of the French Courts, and that he, Alexander, and his family were in consequence in danger in France. He would like to see the Paris Exhibition, "but I doubt if it would be safe for any of us to visit Paris yet awhile. My Paris position is incredible to an Englishman." When soon afterwards the Emperor

visited London in state he writes: "That fellow Louis Napoleon is, I suppose, going through town at this moment. I am just going to Pall Mall and my ambition is to shirk him." Later in the evening he adds, "I narrowly escaped knocking against him and his wife to-day. I thought to go out late enough but in St. James's Street found the pavement thronged with starers and red-dressed balconies. I got a quarter down it, and then in a funk, as my destination was Pall Mall, wheeled round and went for the sake of a somewhere into Masters' shop till I was sure that the ground was safe." Presumably he thought that he was not safe even in England from the Emperor's vengeance.

Adrian then placed his children in Alexander's care, and at Bedgebury Elias was very nearly the occasion of a serious accident to Lady Mildred, who fell backwards head over heels into the fountain on the terrace while showing him how to fly a kite. Alexander, after staring at her through his eye-glass, said, "Frau, come out," and as she was unable to do so walked into the house, rang the bell, and told the footman "Go and pick her ladyship out of the fountain."

In a few years the children returned to their father who, as already stated, died in 1863, and was buried in Holland. The whole family were present at a funeral service for him at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and as a curious sign of what was expected of women at the time it may be mentioned that their friend, Mr. J. D. Cook, especially requested to be allowed to sit on the women's side of the Church "to look after the fainters," and Lady Mildred endorsed the request.

During these years Alexander and his wife were entertaining large parties at Bedgebury, the guest of whom Alexander writes with most enthusiasm being "that dear little Queen Emma of the Sandwich Isles," who came to Bedgebury in 1865; "we have all been

fairly fascinated, knocked off our legs and astonished by her. We anticipated finding her good, Christian, nice, gentle, civilized, and all that; but we could not have been prepared to find her so marvellously regal and jolly withal, as alive to the most delicate instincts of European queendom as if she had been a Hapsburg or a Capet. . . . She is about the complexion of a very dark Spaniard, decidedly handsome, with fine eyes, petite, very sweet voice. She talks quite correctly, with a slight accent of a very musical nature; she is quarter English in extraction, very carefully brought up by a Doctor Rooke, an English Churchman, who married a native relation of hers, and settled on the Island. We had not to back before her nor to wear silks and shorts nor to wait to be told to sit down, only I gave her an arm on all occasions; no other very special etiquette." They did, however, allow her the use of the gold toilet service, which had been Lady Beresford's especial property, and Alexander's Scotch valet donned a kilt and performed in her honour on the bagpipes. Alexander adds somewhat disloyally, "In a few days it is supposed Queen Victoria will receive her at Windsor, and she may teach the latter a salutary lesson as to bearing even heavier losses than that which has upset V." In November they again met Queen Emma on a visit to the Archbishop at Addington, when "the latter, Bishop Wilberforce and the ladies sang 'Jerusalem the Golden' as an evening amusement."

Of their London entertainments Alexander records a ball given at Arklow House for the début of their eldest daughter Louisa, afterwards Lady Stratheden and Campbell, when in order to clear the rooms for dancing he adopted the ingenious expedient of lending a large part of the contents to "a grand Fine Art and Mediæval Exhibition at Ironmongers' Hall, which comes in most opportunely." Soon afterwards he

mentions dining with Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Coutts, when "fifty-four sat down at the oddest composed dinner, the basis being Archdeacon Wright of British Columbia, and the Duc d'Aumale." Alexander usually had too many theological topics to discuss with Webb to descend to social gossip, but he tells him of a curious episode after the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Windsor, the crush being so great "that the Archbishop (Longley) found it impossible to walk to the station and had to hang on to a carriage and run behind it *en gamin*, and Lady Cranworth joined him in like plight. . . . At night we went to the Deanery of St. Paul's, to see the illuminations, but the electric light was a dead failure. We were carried by the crowd to the Surrey side, and spent from ten till two a.m. at the corner of New Cut and Westminster Bridge Road, so precious little we saw."

Every year the family made a short tour at home or abroad. One summer they visited North Wales and Ireland, passing through Wolverhampton, about which Alexander tells Webb "it is worth going there to see the Great Western Station. . . . The whole effect is very grand. Stop up the ends and you have an Oratorian Cathedral which would hold ten thousand I should think." While staying with the Primate at Armagh they visited Lord Gosford's place, which Alexander describes as "a huge mock Norman house which cost the last Lord £100,000, and now another big tower has to be added to give the family lodging enough." Another tour was to Belgium and Holland, and Alexander expressed his delight with the wonderful Belgian pulpits, and admitted that "with all one's moral and mental prejudices against him Rubens' talent is overaweing."

While staying with Adrian at Bosbeck he attended the Anglican chapel at Amsterdam, which "has no

style, and the lion and unicorn are conspicuous over the altar. The chaplain is fat, middle-aged, vain, canting, Low Church, bellowing, whispering, whimpering, and curtseying; a melancholy instance of what a man whose self-opinion is stronger than his brains can come to if left to himself on a foreign shore." After an Italian tour he writes: "In spite of its figs and water melons I should perfectly detest living in Italy, and if I did I should soon become a bilious sensualist. There one can only pant and dream. The place for men is the fresh free north where they breathe and live, think, work, and hope in bracing air and a climate whose changes are the moral training of man for his various offices." During a visit to Milan in Holy Week he dwells chiefly on the impossibility of procuring an Ambrosian missal with which to follow the rite at St. Ambrogio. In every country he investigated the churches and described them to Webb in architectural detail, but in Germany he notes also the quantity of Spitz dogs at Cologne and Coblenz. He is enthusiastic about the mountains of Switzerland, though he deplores their lack of heather and bog-myrtle, "which give apparent height to Scotch hills"; and he believes that the designs of the châlets have come down from the Middle Ages. He calls Interlaken "the Margate of the mountains."

The family's last Continental tour began in the autumn of 1880 at Biarritz, whence, though already attacked by her final illness, Lady Mildred wrote home all the gossip of the place. She mentions that Alexander's cousin, Lady Ailesbury, had arrived, and was preparing to quarrel with the clergyman and churchwardens about her having a right to four seats in the Church, it being equally clear that her husband only paid for three.

In January there befell another of those romantic incidents to which the family seemed so liable.

Margaret, the third daughter, attracted the attention of "an awful man at table d'hôte, a madman, as much blackguard as madman. He says he shall shoot himself if he may not see her, and goes so far as to follow the girls in their walks, concealing himself behind walls. We got him turned out of this hotel. Almost all the gentlemen about here are most kind, and tell him that after his disgraceful conduct he ought to leave the place, yet he has gone to another hotel and taken rooms for a month. However, we are now preparing to bring the English Consul down on him, and meanwhile Margaret and her sisters must not go out unguarded. This is a terrible bore."

CHAPTER VIII

After his failure at Dungarvan in 1852 Alexander made no attempt to re-enter Parliament till 1857, when he was again elected for Maidstone but this time as a non-party candidate. In the interval Webb had asked him whether he was likely to obtain office, and he replied that while he hoped sooner or later for a Peelite Administration, if not for a reunited Conservative one, "my possibility for office would depend on my getting into Parliament and gaining a position in the House, both of which I mean to try for. I was too young in Parliament last time and too young out of Parliament, having lost my seat just as I was getting the ear of and a position in the House, and having worked down the prestige of ultra-Toryism which followed my earlier days. I should, of course, never take a bad office, such as a Lord of the Treasury." An independent estimate of his oratory in early days is given by Disraeli in a letter to his wife written in March, 1842: "George Beresford, coming into the House, said to Augustus O'Brien 'How did Beresford Hope speak? He is my cousin.' 'My dear fellow,' said O'Brien, 'if he were your own brother he could not have spoken worse.'"[1] On re-entering Parliament in 1857 Alexander found the Whigs in a majority and Lord Palmerston Prime Minister. He describes his own political position at this time as follows: "I am a Constitutionalist and Free-Trader, but simply because as the 'Power'

[1] Monypenny's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," Vol. ii, p. 129.

must have some advice it is better to have constitutional advisers. . . . But I am and always have been strongly for maintaining the framework, pomp, and style of monarchy. It is the sacramental system of politics. Toryism rightly understood, and not as caricatured by Dizzy and mistaken by the squires, is patient of being the most Liberal of systems, inasmuch as having faith in the super-plebeian it can afford liberty *quantum suff.*, while more materialistic systems have to devise secondary checks. You have never heard or read me saying one word against true Toryism, while I have railed and do rail against its absurd counterfeit, Derby-Dizzy-Protectionism. Put a few of the men who have made money and not lost character (if you can find them) in Manchester and elsewhere in the House of Lords, and you will hear no more talk of heraldic effeteness. This is my Liberalism; regenerate the House of Lords by new blood, new talent, and new wealth, in order to consolidate it and make it again the governing body; and encourage Free-Trade which will bring in and distribute that new wealth. Our squires blundered because they tried to set up an artificial difference between land and any other investment."

Next year he tells Webb that he has advanced his Parliamentary position by a speech against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—his *bête noire*—which lasted for an hour and a half, "and was listened to though the papers abbreviated it greatly." This was not surprising, as after some heavy jokes Alexander plunged into a discussion of the Levitical Code and the Canon Law, winding up with a tirade on the painful position in which the sister-in-law housekeeper would be placed if the Bill became law. He had sent out to various parishes ten thousand forms of petition against the Bill; but as only three hundred of them were in fact signed and presented he had in his speech

"to adopt the perilous argument of depreciating petitions altogether in face of the large number presented in favour of the Bill. . . . The High Church party give me little sympathy. The truth is they have not got the co-operative instinct; either they are always engaged on some filibustering job or they throw down their arms. . . . Nothing but my regard for the cause prevents my giving the party a bit of my mind such as it has never before had." That party itself was divided into two sections. The more advanced members, led by Richards, Denison and Neale, were dissatisfied with the policy of the London Union, a society for the defence of Church principles; and the outcome was the foundation by them in 1859 of the English Church Union.

Alexander adhered to the London Union and justified to Webb its action in Church matters, instancing its defence of the ritual at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas', Pimlico, "when it was the sub-committee of the Union that insisted on carrying on the struggle, and the responsibility of the costs was undertaken by two of its members, Hubbard and myself, which cost us something and would have cost more but for H. Hoare's munificence. The London Union also organized the Denison defence fund, which has paid its way and it has succeeded in defeating divers anti-Church Bills in Parliament, Hubbard and I again bearing the brunt of the opposition to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill."

He found that these Parliamentary efforts increased his local importance, and that his Diocesan the Archbishop "in the plenitude of his Puritan high-mindedness now courts me." But this glory had to be paid for. "I am now in a huge sulk," he told Webb, "the Maidstonians have forced on me a monster feed al-fresco which will cost me three hundred pounds. Seriously I can't afford Parliament at this price."

The entertainment lasted so long that he and his wife had to leave Bedgebury at eleven a.m. and did not get home until one o'clock on the following morning. "Alexander," she wrote, "made one of the best speeches I ever heard; it was really statesmanlike. Never was anything equal to his popularity. If only it will last till the next election!"

Popularity at such a cost could not be sustained, and it was probably for this reason that after representing Maidstone for a few months Alexander began to think of standing as candidate for Cambridge University. In December, 1858, he was definitely paving the way by inviting to Bedgebury, Whewell, Master of Trinity, Milman, Dean of St. Paul's—"the two lions roar most amicably and are in great force"—Thompson, Fellow and afterwards Master of Trinity, Phelps, Master of Sidney, and other dons. Next month an opportunity to present himself arose in the announcement of the impending resignation of Mr. Wigram, one of the members for the University; and although the friends at Cambridge who organized a movement to bring Alexander forward were dons of lower standing than the recent visitors at Bedgebury, he had hopes of the support of Thompson and possibly of Whewell. Caution was necessary at the outset, for he tells Webb "I know nothing of the matter, and any requisition must come from Cambridge. If any rumour of it reached Maidstone it would put me in a vast quandary." His candidature indeed was not openly announced until the middle of March, but in the meantime he made elaborate inquiries into his chances and said that his chief fear was the opposition of Tory Low Churchmen, although he was quite ready to declare himself an independent supporter of Lord Derby, the leader of the Conservative party. A rival candidate came forward in C. J. Selwyn, afterwards a Lord Justice of Appeal,

who at a meeting presided over by Corrie, Master of Jesus, was recommended as "sound in religious and political principle," whereas Alexander was described as "a gentleman of great acquirements and high character but unacceptable to Conservatives on account of his eccentric and unstable career."

It was indeed the Low Churchmen who were his principal danger, and in his desire to conciliate them he laid himself open to a charge of insincerity. The Rev. E. H. Perowne of Corpus wrote to him that members of the Senate who would otherwise vote for him were deterred by his "support of semi-Romanist practices at All Saints, Margaret Street," and asked him for a disavowal of his connection with or approval of such ultra-ritualism, in a form which could be circulated. Alexander's reply[1]—which long afterwards he called one of the chief political mistakes of his life—stated not only that he did not contribute in any way to the ritualism complained of and that he had not for several years attended the services, but that his connection with the Church in question was purely architectural; as controller of the building helped on "by the splendid munificence of friends who entrusted to me the administration of their gifts. . . . Fond as I am of art and desirous of seeing it adapted in its noblest and purest form to the worship of the Most High I unhesitatingly deprecate that system of minute observances to which you justly apply the name of ultra-ritualism. In the new Church, while striving after architectural and artistic beauty, I have been throughout specially anxious by the simplicity and dignity of the arrangements to render such ultra-ritualism as impossible as it lay in my power to do. Above everything I have laboured to make the church conformable in spirit and in letter

[1] The letter was published in full in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, March 30th, 1859.

to the actual law of the Church of England most strictly interpreted."

Anyone who knew the history of All Saints and Alexander's repeated quarrels with its vicar would have thought this letter quite truthful; but few possessed such knowledge, and the general impression which it made was simply that of political dishonesty. As a writer in the *Cambridge Chronicle* observed, "With that versatility of genius which prompted him to canvass the electors of Dungarvan as an advanced Liberal, and to put himself prominently forward as the sworn ally of the Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, it may seem odd enough that Mr. Hope should now deprecate extremes." The impression of his insincerity was heightened by his known attendance at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, though he contended that the services in those churches were of "a purer and simpler character," especially at St. Andrew's, which for the last two years he had attended almost exclusively and which he further defended by saying that its vicar "avoids long processions, incense, or bowing." Ultimately he and Selwyn agreed to refer their respective chances to the arbitration of the sitting member for the University, Mr. Walpole. The latter calculated that Alexander would at most receive 1,065 votes and advised him to retire, which he reluctantly did, telling Webb, "Mind, I stick to being M.P. for Cambridge; we must resolutely and indefatigably work towards that end." In the same month a General Election took place, and as he made no attempt to stand for Maidstone he was once more out of Parliament.

In those days the need for caution in public behaviour was as great for a prospective as for an actual Member. The Rector of Hartington, near Sheen, threatened to denounce him to the University

electors for fishing in the Dove on Sunday afternoon and travelling on Sunday evening; and Alexander, who denied the former offence but admitted the latter, had to console himself by saying " at least it shows he still looks on me as probable for the University." In January, 1860, five of his Cambridge clerical friends stayed at Bedgebury, and he and they decided " not to oppose Selwyn at the next election, while keeping our eyes open to any fiasco he may make; and to adopt the policy of my friends treating me as if I were M.P. for the University by putting me on committees, deputations, etc." He put this policy into practice seven years before he was actually returned as Member by declining to support either of the candidates for the Registrarship of the University, " as I think I ought to conform to the etiquette which forbids the M.P. taking part in University elections. Don't you think I am right? " Webb's thoughts are not recorded.

While waiting to achieve his ambition he contested Stoke-on-Trent unsuccessfully in 1862 and successfully in July, 1865. He tells Webb, " It is remarkable how thoroughly intact I have brought through my Churchmanship, and yet among my eager supporters are Roman Catholics and Methodists, one of the latter being a man who had married his wife's sister and took a liking to me for the boldness with which I gave him my mind on the question. A local Protestant offered a prize of five guineas for an essay on the duty of Protestant electors which was won by a Romanist doctor, a supporter of mine, and I turned an attack on me in a handbill about building Puseyite Churches with the remark that I crammed them full of tiles from the potteries." It is a matter of family tradition that Stoke proved as expensive a constituency as Maidstone and cost him many thousand pounds apart from authorized expenses, and

he told Webb, "Of course it is a seat I shall sit lightly and shall give up at a moment's notice for Cambridge."

His interest at this time lay in American quite as much as in British politics, and he espoused with extraordinary enthusiasm in speeches and pamphlets the cause of the Southern or "Confederate" States. The fact that they maintained slavery did not trouble him, for in 1859 he had told Webb in the course of a political discussion: "I do not shrink from the permission of slavery. It is manifestly inconsistent with the sort of civilization which eighteen centuries of Christianity have created, and it is a bad thing which ought manifestly to be improved off the face of the earth, and so on. But how any man who believes in the authenticity of the Epistle to Philemon, not to quote other New Testament texts, can say that it is not permitted passes my comprehension." Bedgebury became a refuge for the Southern leaders in England, and they displayed much tact by "denouncing Low Churchmen and Methodists generally," and showing "surprise at and admiration of the system of English society, which they owned they never understood till they came here." Alexander considered Mason, one of them, as "the seventeenth century squire stereotyped in the Virginia planter," and says that another, Yancey, though a Presbyterian, attended Kilndown Church and the private chapel and seemed very devout, "but makes no remark either of praise or blame on any ritualism." He supported their cause by large subscriptions, and the gratitude of the party was shown by the erection of a statue of him in one of the Southern States.

In February, 1868, at the age of forty-eight, he realized the ambition of his life, and was elected Member for Cambridge University in place of Selwyn, who had been appointed a judge. His letters contain no reference to the fact, doubtless because he and

Webb were both in London, but before the end of the year, on the dissolution of Parliament, he wrote "my electoral affairs are on velvet, though the work of visiting the whole electoral roll is lengthy." This practice, long since discontinued, was a substitute for the more usual one of issuing an election address, and must often have been trying for both candidate and voters; indeed there are members of the University still living who recall the embarrassment with which as young dons they received the visit of a bored and brusque M.P. While complying with this custom Alexander at once broke through another which prescribed that the Parliamentary representatives should spend Christmas in the University. He was a popular Member and was returned unopposed at each General Election to the end of his life.

His interest in ecclesiastical questions had been recognized publicly in 1867 by his appointment as a member of the Royal Commission on "Ritualistic Practices in the Church of England." The Commissioners wished to examine four phases of worship, of which the services at St. Andrew's represented one; and Alexander asked Webb to give evidence on the ground that "you are prudent, and will not in your answers lead up to or suggest points which might not otherwise be thought of, such as the altar cross or the eastward posture of the celebrant." He then implores him not to light the altar candles until the Commission have finished their report, "as you have been brandished in the face of the majority as the model moderate man." Alexander in common with all the other Commissioners signed the report, but he told Webb that, "Pusey has got his tail absurdly up about it. You know how pudding-headed he always is about law and legal definitions. It is hard to pull parsons out of the ditch."

On the introduction in 1874 of the Public Worship

RT. HON. ALEXANDER J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P., 1874.

Facing p. 208.

Regulation Bill, intended, in Disraeli's own words, "to put down ritualism," Archbishop Tait paid a tribute to Alexander's sincerity of purpose by asking him for his opinion of the measure, saying that he would "much value it." As a matter of fact Alexander was entirely opposed to the Bill, but he saw that resistance was useless, and therefore sent to the Archbishop "a careful and formal schedule of respectful objections." His own views expressed to Webb were that English Churchmen should "stick to their Church and by strategy protect the Faith in it and baffle the conspirators. . . . The Church, while not of the world, is in the world, and like all other things in the world may be helped or injured according as men and circumstances are discreetly or indiscreetly handled. . . . I tremble at a sacerdotal manifesto; it will be a great success or a terrible fiasco. It should be shown before publication to some laymen—lawyers, M.P.'s, etc.—to revise, who talk the world's and not the goody language. Much of the mischief has been unconsciously done by Pusey and suchlike writing in the latter dialect for men who only comprehend the former." He suggested that any manifesto should be brief: "Papers are valuable more for the names they carry than for the words they are written in, and names are caught by a paucity of words."

Webb's fears for the Catholicity of the English Church Alexander met by saying: "It is just like your temperament to talk of wide retirement into lay communion, Old Catholic schism, etc., but the game that is being played over the Bill is a very long one, and I believe our party will be too strong to be squashed out and will save both the establishment and themselves. . . . I venture to lay down that the retreat of a priest without the most extreme reason —i.e., one involving the faith—is a very selfish thing,

for it involves the principle that the man who goes off has only himself to think of and that he makes very little account of the faithful laity whom his desertion leaves in the lurch. . . . As to your description of the bishops as traitors this epithet may have been earned by the Archbishops and the Bishop of Gloucester, but asses is the more appropriate term for the rest. In the last division in the House of Lords they broke away from the Archbishops, and it is therefore the most rudimentary strategy to keep the separation alive. Judicious management on the part of the Church party may keep the bishops straight and neutralize Lambeth. Sulking them will drive them back there." The last thirty years, he reminds Webb, had won much for the Catholic party in the Church: chancels, credences symbolizing oblation, recognition of Christian seasons, and the use of the Cross. It must be said in illustration of Alexander's foresight that in 1850 he had written to Webb, "Leave the Church of England quiet, and another generation will grow up which will believe in sacramental grace. Some will secede in the interim, but this new generation may, if we live on in patience and in confidence, redeem the English Church."

Yet with all his knowledge of strategy there can be no doubt that Alexander was incapable of appreciating the spiritual basis of the opposition to the Public Worship Regulation Act, and he showed the same attitude of mind when, as he told Webb, he shirked most of the debate on the spiritual life at a Church Congress: "that and the working-men are the two features that least arride me." But his compromising attitude on Church questions won for him with the general public the reputation of a sound and moderate High Churchman whose lead it was safe to follow, and in the main his counsels made for peace in the Church of England.

He never held any political office. As an independent Conservative he could not in any case have expected much sympathy from Disraeli, who declared that "an independent member is a member who cannot be depended upon"; but a personal antipathy also existed between the two men. In 1861 Disraeli, in a letter to Lord Derby, mentioned Alexander as one of "a coterie who hate us and have flattered themselves that they have a monopoly of Church championship. . . . They can do the Church no good, for they are utterly incapable of managing England, being a finical and fastidious crew who are more anxious about what they call the Church than about the Church of England."[1]

Five years later Alexander told Webb: "I have just received the first civility I ever experienced from any Government in the offer from Dizzy of a trusteeship of the National Portrait Gallery. I take it; it is not much, but it gives me a formal standing as to the disposition of the national pictures." Still the old animosity had not ceased, and when a Reform Bill was introduced by the Conservative Government in 1867, Alexander opposed the measure and said during the debate: "I have since the great Conservative break-up in 1846 been longer out of Parliament than in it, because, though I have ever been a Conservative or Tory, I never would fall down and worship the golden image set up in the deserts of Arabia. I have been a Free-lance long enough not much to mind whatever may happen to me; and I can say that sink or swim, dissolution or no dissolution, in or out of the next Parliament, I for one with my whole heart and conscience will vote against the Asian mystery." Disraeli refused to notice some of Alexander's remarks "because he evidently expected that I was going to make a very elaborate reply to

[1] Monypenny's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," Vol. iv, p. 358.

what he said. I assure him that I listened with the greatest pleasure to the invectives which he delivered against myself. His style is greatly ornamental to discussion, but it requires practice. And so far as my honourable friend displayed his talents to-night I listened with the greatest satisfaction. All his exhibitions in this House are distinguished by a prudery which charms me, and when he talks of Asian mysteries I may perhaps by way of reply remark that there is a Batavian grace about his exhibition which takes the sting out of what he has said."

However, when Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874, Alexander tells Webb that " he sent me civil apologetic messages as to his inability to find an office for me which I duly acknowledged; but I have much more real power in my corner below the gangway than if I were a gagged underling on the Treasury Bench, and my ambition does not tend that way any more than it does to 'another place.'" The one office which he would have cared to hold was that of First Commissioner of Works, and this was never offered him. In that office he could have advanced the cause of Gothic architecture, and might have succeeded in his effort to secure the adoption of a Gothic design for the new buildings of the Foreign Office. As it was he felt considerable gratification at being chosen one of the judges of the designs for the Crimean Memorial Church at Scutari, and also in later years at being appointed a trustee of the British Museum. The chief official recognition of his services was his nomination as a Privy Councillor when Disraeli went out of office in 1880.

In a letter written near the end of his life Alexander summarized to Webb in retrospect his own political career: " I came into Parliament in 1841 a member of the united Conservative party. When Peel exchanged Protection for Free Trade, for reasons

economically laudable, but in a way which was for a party leader under his peculiar obligations fatuous or treacherous, I doubted much which way I should go. On the whole I voted for my party, disclaiming, however, opposition to Free Trade as an economic theory; but when the Protectionists and Liberals combined so scandalously to turn out Peel I voted with him and severed my connection with party. Again elected to Parliament as I was in 1847, I specially claimed in my speeches at Maidstone my position of Free-lance though a Conservative one; and usually voted in that Parliament with the Peelites, still being as they were nominally and in fact Conservatives, though Conservatives who did not own as leaders Derby and Dizzy. Then came the Papal Aggression and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which of course made me more Peelite than ever. . . . I never paraded myself at Cambridge any more than in London as a supporter of Derby. I did present myself to the University as a Churchman and Conservative, but above all independent, and fought without seeking the help of any party machinery. In 1874 I gave Lord Salisbury the advice which made the Tory Government possible. . . . I have certainly always sat loosely not to the allegiance I owe, or to dividing, but to the grind of politics, but in 1880 I got my reward, not lucrative but distinguished. In taking a Privy Councillorship without having held office I cut myself off from a large class of offices available for M.P.'s who are not of my standing, but which to me it would be losing caste to think of. . . . Still I should be glad in these latter days to be understood, which my long-formed position, the right one I know, of the unattached, self-reliant, ex-credulous Free-lance of a party which is non-popular, and therefore insists on absolute partisanship, is eminently unlikely to make me."

His letters of this period—a few months after his wife's death—form an epitome of every side of his career, and were intended for publication in the biography which he hoped that Webb would eventually edit. In them he explains the foundation of his weekly journal, the *Saturday Review*. As he had used the *Morning Chronicle*, edited by John Douglas Cook, to ventilate his ecclesiastical views, so in conjunction with him Alexander founded the *Saturday Review* in 1855 when out of Parliament "as a paper not bound to any party, but written by a combination of Peelite Conservatives and moderate Liberals, and to be the mouthpiece of the middle moderate opinions of thoughtful and educated society. . . . The fact is J. W. Parker has hit off the same notion, especially with a view to make a dig into the profits of the *Athenæum*, which clears for Dilke £5,000 a year, so we have employed an ambassador to combine the schemes. I should think Parker would not kick at the mild form of Churchmanship which we should begin by putting forward. The thing would be thus partly political and partly literary, and a great vehicle of book advertisements." He busied himself in finding out the secrets of the *Athenæum*, which he says was edited and to a large extent written for £400 a year by Hepworth Dixon, a Quaker, the other writers being paid only at the rate of ten shillings a column.

J. D. Cook had remained a friend of Alexander's since the days when he edited the *Morning Chronicle*, and the new venture was established as their joint property with a power of purchase secured to the survivor. As a journalist Cook was in the first rank; but he was a self-made man with a violent temper, and his business relations with Alexander were frequently strained. Yet despite their differences of policy the personal intimacy was maintained, and every year

Cook entertained Alexander and his family at the house at Tintagel which the success of the *Saturday Review* enabled him to buy. Philip Harwood, formerly on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, was appointed assistant editor. The title of the paper was suggested by Sir William Harcourt, but its satirical tone soon earned it the nickname of the "Saturday Reviler." Webb's sympathy and literary support were, of course, secured for the paper, and other men who helped to launch it were the Rev. W. Scott (1813-1872) formerly editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* and a well-known High Churchman; Sir Henry Maine, famous for his "Ancient Law" and other legal works; and the fifth Duke of Newcastle.

The staff included Alexander's brother-in-law, Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury and Prime Minister), the historians E. A. Freeman and J. A. Froude, Goldwin Smith, afterwards Professor of Modern History at Oxford, but better known for his anti-imperial views; the scientists Lyon Playfair and Professor Owen, and G. S. Venables (1810-1888), a barrister and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Lord Robert Cecil contributed articles, sometimes at the rate of two or three a week, for about nine years; while among occasional contributors were Charles Kingsley, Fitzjames Stephen, the well-known judge, Bagehot, author of "Lombard Street," Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Julian Fane, Max Muller and Rossetti. J. M. Neale was not asked to write for the paper as he would have endeavoured in Alexander's opinion "to upset the coach with ultra-ism. We mean, of course, to be of weight in the wide world, which Neale would pretty well do for." All contributions were anonymous and the usual rate of payment was two guineas an article, although some writers received three guineas. The first number

appeared on November 3rd, 1855, and to it Whewell made his one and only contribution, his subject being the plurality of worlds. Alexander told Webb "the paper seems a wonderful success and has already a bona fide sale of fourteen hundred. Whewell a great catch." The sale increased steadily and at the end of a year reached two thousand and in March, 1858, five thousand.

Alexander, who had contributed to the first number his views on the architecture of the Houses of Parliament, avowed his authorship of this and other architectural articles, especially with regard to the plans of the new public offices. "Being known to write them will enable me to speak with some authority on such subjects in the House of Commons . . . I take an eclectic attitude in them and do not wonder, therefore, that I am supposed by the more stiff to be less Gothic than I am." His attitude towards the general policy of the paper was different to that of Cook, and he told Webb that he often had to spend the morning "laughing and chaffing" with his partner in order to keep him in a good temper. Cook took advantage of Alexander's absences from London to carry out his own ideas in the selection of articles, and Alexander complained: "It's a great bore to be only a week away and find one's views upset." Attacks on the Conservative Government were particularly annoying to one who gave it his general political support; yet on the whole he was satisfied with the paper's progress. The personnel of the writers naturally changed: Harcourt, "who had thirty-six black balls at the *Athenæum* election" in February, 1860, left the staff a year later simultaneously with Maine and Stephen, "good riddances, I opine. Maine and Stephen enticed over to the *Cornhill* by Thackeray, like a jobber as he is. Stephen, who is very avid of money, agreed without

Cook's knowledge to write a continuous series for the *Cornhill*, which is obviously treason, and he has got his dismissal accordingly. I think his departure will improve the religious tone of the paper, for with all his ability and often rightness of view there was a self-will and frequent slyness in him which made him a very dangerous horse and a disturbing element." Prosperity continued, and in 1867 Alexander wrote: "At present the *Saturday* is advantageous to me, in the first place materially, in the second place on Church and social matters, on which it has lately been remarkably straight; disadvantageous on general politics. It is a fact which has, like other existing facts, more than one side to it and must be borne and grinned at. Were Cook less abnormal it would probably be less of a bother and less of a success." A year later Cook died, and Alexander asked Webb not to talk of his death more than necessary "as the value of the *Saturday* must be kept up in the interests of his legatees."

Philip Harwood succeeded Cook as editor, but the great days of the *Saturday* were over, and though the paper maintained an established position it ceased to be a privilege to write for it. As a financial venture it was Alexander's only success. In 1881 he wrote: "Had I not persisted in it through all difficulties and dangers but thrown it up in disgust I should have been voiceless, and it might have drifted into being a mischievous powerful organ of radicalism and un-Church, as the *Pall Mall* now is. I patiently toiled on, and in its twenty-sixth year it is what it is, and for an example particularly honoured by the most John Bull of all our Tory statesman, W. H. Smith. Salisbury and I are both early *Saturday Review* men and W. H. Smith its best friend; fortune made them both Tory Ministers and left me there, but now both they and I find ourselves,

by very different paths, on the same platform, and that the platform of the *Saturday Review*. Yet none of us need repudiate the steps of our respective careers." Still he could not hide a secret disappointment, for he continues, "Even the success of the *Saturday* is in some respects the failure of myself, as anonymous journalism involves self-effacement."

Important as was the *Saturday Review*, Alexander found less disappointment and greater enjoyment in his work for *The Ecclesiologist*, where having Webb to deal with as editor he had a free hand. In 1846 he wrote: "I regard ecclesiology as one means of the restoration of Catholic unity prepared by God, and if I did not so think of it I should contemn it. The Oxford movement is essentially controversial, but ecclesiologists, while adhering to their own position, talk quietly of other Churches and other rites as if no breach had happened. This must produce the impression that they sympathize more with Catholicism than with Lutheranism and Calvinism."

The Ecclesiologist appeared monthly, and upheld its Cambridge Gothic traditions so rigidly that architects who did not comply with its standard were noticed unfavourably in its columns or ignored, while it put work into the hands of those who carried out its views. The Society's influence was that of the more or less wealthy amateurs who composed it, and the journal never attained a wide circulation. Society and journal alike gradually outlived their usefulness, and latterly were kept alive entirely by Alexander's enthusiasm and determination not to let them perish. He had watched their growth with simple pride, and in 1856 was indignant with Webb for representing that his duties at Sheen left him insufficient time to edit the paper. Webb had further suggested that Alexander, as a man of leisure, had more editorial time at his disposal, and received the

reply: "I like your talk about my time for working. Look at yesterday! Seven to nine-thirty reading proof-sheets, breakfasting, etc.; nine-thirty to ten going to Doctors' Commons; ten to three-forty-five sitting under counsel in the St. Barnabas' appeal; then to a public meeting at Paddington about libraries until nearly seven, then home to dress and give a dinner. Add to this chaperonage at balls and being late next morning in consequence, odds and ends and committees. Your day is sleep eight hours, meals one and a half hours, Church one and a half hours, papers and letters two hours, parish and extras two hours, leaving you eight hours for literary work with only a cut into it on choir-practice nights. If you only dropped your Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic for ten days each two months, which would make your head much clearer to work at them during the remaining fifty days, you would have overflowing time for *The Ecclesiologist*. It is useless arguing: you must in the nature of things have much more time than I." These persuasions prevailed and Webb remained editor to the end.

Every year Alexander gave a large dinner at Arklow House to the Society, on which occasions his jewels and objects of art, usually lent to the South Kensington Museum, were reclaimed and displayed in the rooms; but as Webb was nearly always present few records of these festivities survive. Alexander, however, describes that of June 4th, 1858, "which went off most admirably." Included in the party of forty-seven were the Bishops of Moray and Montreal and Bishop Abraham, the architects Cockerell, Gilbert Scott, C. Barry, Slater, Digby Wyatt and Street, and Dr. Scharf. "The musical committee, Helmore, Jenner, Dickenson, Cook and Street, sat at a round table and on my invitation chanted the 'Non nobis,' carolling it in great style."

Less happy was a conversazione on another occasion when "every one of our set had an epidemic of crossness. It's a great bore just as we are emerging into the great outside world to seem so bumptious."

The Society's chief triumph was considered to have been won in the International Exhibition held at South Kensington in 1862, and Alexander reproaches Webb for not being more enthusiastic over it. "You are a funny fellow and no mistake. Here you have the tangible proof of the success of your work in life, the Society you founded and worked, and you don't seem a bit cocky, proud or pleased. We have a noble opportunity of a vast stroke of popularity by bringing under our wing Church art-workers who would otherwise be excluded, and so gaining eternal kudos." The Society was allotted a large court in the Exhibition, which Alexander proposed to fill with a background of altar frontals and designs for wall monuments, while he had the "grand thought" of placing Scudamore organs in blank spaces and so "making our court a joy for ever." The joy unhappily resulted in a deficit of £40, which was defrayed by Alexander and the other "squire-members" such as his friend Dickenson, Mr. Gambier-Parry, and Lord Powis. Again Webb wished to wind up the Society, and again Alexander persuaded him to remain editor of the paper, but in 1868 the last number appeared, and though Alexander contended that its work was not finished and that in a few years it might be revived this never happened. In 1885, in one of his last letters to Webb, he says: "What a store of solid and interesting matter we went on purveying for years. We shall probably never know what it did, but one cannot but believe that it had its effect and influence."

Alexander's ecclesiological work led to his

election to the Society of Antiquaries and to a trusteeship of the Architectural Museum, in which capacity he helped to receive the Queen and Prince Consort at the opening of the South Kensington Museum, then known as the Brompton Boilers. "The spectacle," he wrote, "of Bruce doing the honours in forcing observations on the Queen and Prince, who knowing and caring nothing of plaster casts were walking through as fast as they could, was impayable. The worst was that it cut off my going to the Roxburgh Club's dinner." In 1859 he succeeded Lord De Grey as President of the Architectural Museum, and in the same year he was asked to raise in Parliament the question of building the new Law Courts to the south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a proposal which was carried out twenty years later.

Like his father, Alexander strove to impress his views on an unheeding public, Gothic architecture taking with the son the place of classical, and religion that of philosophy. His book entitled "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century" was published in 1861, with the object of showing that "a Cathedral is both a building and an institution." In working out this thesis he maintained that a modern Cathedral should be built in harmony with the doctrinal position of the Prayer-Book and should accommodate a large staff of clergy, but that a number of small chapels was unnecessary, as services would not be held simultaneously. He insisted that Colonial Cathedrals must be adapted to the climate, but in all countries he was anxious that ample space should be provided for processions.

The book was really an elaboration of his familiar views, but was certainly clearer in style than the oracular advice which he gave in 1853 when consulted as to whether Sydney Cathedral should

have an iron or a wooden roof, the difference in cost being £3,000. "My opinion is that if there be a boarded ceiling to the Church under all circumstances it may be. If the roof is to be open then if there be a felicitous development it will be a grand thing, but the if is a great one, and it would be safer to walk than fly. Only how convince men when the difference in cash is such? Anyhow to wait and see what hints our iron Church in the illustration in *The Ecclesiologist* gives." The "English Cathedral" was favourably reviewed by architectural and Church papers, though it does not seem to have aroused much general interest. Possibly, however, it brought its author the reward of being elected in 1865 President of the Institute of British Architects, a position which he had twice sought unsuccessfully. He was the first amateur since Lord De Grey to hold the office, and while there was considerable opposition to his election professional opinion seems ultimately to have considered the choice justified. The *Builder*, referring to his inaugural speech, wrote: "Instead of its being, as might have been expected, an address on his own special point of view as an ecclesiologist, Mr. Hope adopted the broadest view possible of the progression of architecture; and his address was in the main a most sensible appeal in favour of doing away with the strong, but as he considered arbitrary and unnecessary, line of demarcation which in modern times has been drawn between the professions of architect and engineer." Alexander himself at the close of his term of office told Webb: "I am glad I have been President and glad I leave office with some credit and popularity. Till it has a fresh constitution I don't think the Institute can ever be quite successful; the executive has no real power, the charter having been framed to keep De Grey in the chair as a

figure-head and leave the real control in the hands of a camarilla."

Having thus treated the English Church on its architectural side Alexander in 1874 returned to dogmatic questions in his book entitled "Worship in the Church of England," which he himself regarded as his most important literary work. It was the direct result of the Public Worship Regulation Act and was written "at high pressure in the Parliamentary recess, in order that it might be in the first flight of new publications." He tells Webb that he cannot give it very largely, but "please tell friends to buy it, I should like it to be read." He was much disappointed that the *Guardian* did not take the book seriously: its criticism, he says, was "civil but thoroughly trivial, the very quintessence of all the old Oxford snub of and indifference to the ecclesiological movement, and quite twenty-five years back in its ideas." The *Church Times* on the contrary "took it *au sérieux* and was friendly," as was the *Times*, while the *Morning Post* and the *Standard* had favourable leaders. The first edition of seven hundred and fifty copies was sold to the extent of six hundred and fifty by the end of the year, and a cheaper edition was contemplated though it never in fact appeared. With this at the time Alexander showed no discontent, but in 1881 he wrote: "How little solid success the book has had; little quoted and quite uninfluential when it came out, forgotten now."

Again imitating his father, Alexander turned from art and religion to fiction, but not with the same success. As early as 1852 he had contemplated a novel "to show up all my friends and relations," but it was not until 1880 that he found time to write one, and then the characters, as far as is known, were purely imaginary. It was entitled "Strictly Tied Up" and dedicated to his wife, and in the preface to

the second edition, written after her death, he says: "I contrived to write, publish and dedicate it quite unknown to her and anonymously, and then to place it in her hands with a full confession of my plot of love." But he tells Webb of a further motive: "I felt it due to whatever mental gifts God had given me to do something which should place me before humankind and not alone before my own set, however bent upon pious objects that set might be. I had at least earned it by years of special work." In a postscript to the novel he states its object to be "to show worldliness, selfishness and fraud not victorious but on the contrary doing their worst, only to be worsted in the long run not by the counter-plotting of goodness, but in spite of the good people's own blunders, by that which some will call natural causes and others the finger of God." Webb was somewhat shocked at his friend's descent to fiction, but Alexander asked, "Why should men be debarred from writing novels for religious purposes as Miss Charlotte Yonge did?" Judged as a novel "Strictly Tied Up" was a cumbrous and ill-constructed work though it ran into three editions; and its sequel, "The Brandreths," written a year or two later, was even more tedious.

Alexander gave frequent lectures not only on ecclesiastical topics but on artistic and political questions, and most of these lectures he published as pamphlets. His criticism of contemporary literature seems to have been based on his own ecclesiastical standpoint. Thus he describes Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna" as "artistically most interesting but very painful, exhibiting as it does all that system of Rome and the prominence it occupies in Christian art"; while Kingsley's "Hypatia" was "a book full of wisdom and beauty, very high in its doctrine while unsparing in the denunciation of the

'Margaret Chapel' shams which marred that doctrine. Under the guise of a philosophical latitudinarian story Kingsley is really teaching the Eucharistic Sacrifice, vocation to the ascetic life and other Catholic doctrines." It is fair to add that Webb disputed this reading of the book. "The Idylls of the King" Alexander considered "a stunning good book, grand poetry, perfect cadence, so very Christian too. . . . But Tennyson is a perpetual mystery and blister to the Vicar of Freshwater as he never goes to Church." Soon afterwards he laments Tennyson's fall from Guinevere to "Sea Dreams," of which he says "anything so drivelling I never did see, I could have written a deal better poem for a quarter of the pay."

He entirely disapproved of Swinburne, and in 1866, in a reference to a review in the *Saturday*, wrote: "I don't at all agree with you in your condemnation of the review of Swinburne. Such a brute as he is both as author and man had to be squelched, and you can't squelch a toad with rose-water. J. D. Cook did the thing deliberately, ordered the review and consulted Scott on the article when written; and afterwards, from real anxiety to have done what was right, consulted me as to whether he had gone too far in his quotations. I decided he had not, agreeing with his and Scott's view that it was necessary to prove his case in order to make good the condemnation."

Dickens Alexander mentions only once, and then to say "with all his power of plausible writing he is a monstrous dangerous fellow." For some reason he had no sympathy with Ruskin, and confessed "I have often faced with awe the outside of his 'Modern Painters' and once or twice opened it, but somehow I have always funked him." Of painters themselves he admired most those, like Dyce, who painted with

Christian motives; but he appreciated Millais, and welcomed the then unknown Leighton with the words, "His 'Crinoline' very fine, and Italian Pointed admirably introduced into the background. We must make out something of who he is, nobody knows."

CHAPTER IX

No account of Alexander's life would be complete which did not emphasize his devotion to his wife and their affection for their large family of sons and daughters. Husband and wife had many points of character in common, but he relied upon her strength of will and judgment in all matters of principle, and associated her with all his work. He had the obstinacy of a weak nature and admitted to Webb that he could not face his fences, though this weakness was naturally better known to his intimates than to that section of the public whose views he influenced. Amid a host of preoccupations both parents did what they believed to be best for their children, but the tone of Lady Mildred's letters to them would hardly be considered encouraging nowadays. The following, for example, was sent to her daughter Etheldreda[1] on her ninth birthday with a present of a model swan: "Graceful as a pattern to little girls and not only graceful but very useful in what it contains to show little girls that being graceful is no use without being of use and they cannot be useful without being good." Again on her thirteenth birthday her mother thanked her for a letter, "Which for you is much better written than usual, and very glad I am to see it, as your hand is sometimes very unlike what a lady's should be. . . . To send your love to Papa is all right, but one does not send one's love to the person whom one is oneself writing to. . . . Pray try while I am away to overcome your natural roughness of manner and your inclination to be contradictious

[1] Mrs. Marwood Tucker.

and obstinate, and be very obedient and obliging." Yet Lady Mildred wrote appreciatively to a friend that Etheldreda was a most truthful child. Her message to Philip on his eighth birthday was: "Give my best love to Philip and wish him many happy returns of the day, and that he may become a better and better boy each birthday until he is finally received into Heaven."

In his spare time their father was a playful and sympathetic companion to the children, and he beguiled the long drives to Church at Kilndown with rhymes which they believed to be original, such as:

The mighty philosopher Plato
Burnt his mouth with a roasted potato,
So screaming he sent Aristotle
To the strawberry shop for a pottle,
Who slyly manœuvred to take on
The cab of Lord Chancellor Bacon.
Then up on the box scrambled Descartes,
Who soon smashed the cab 'gainst a hay-cart.
This comes, grumbled forth Dr. Harvey,
From employing an amateur jarvey;
This comes, shouted back Dr. Newton,
From endeavouring to get such a brute on.

He even gave vent to his political feelings in doggerel:

From Minories, Houndsditch, and Old Bailey
One nasal sound of Hebrew triumph is
Because the Jew, Benjamin Disraeli,
Chancellor of the Exchequer is.

Their mother encouraged in the children a love of sport and devotion to all animals. She herself was an excellent whip and the last woman in London who drove her own ponies attended by outriders; she had also a retinue of pet dogs, cats and birds, and it was a source of pride to her that her physician, Sir Alfred

Garrod, consulted her about the ailments of his birds. Her courage was unquestioned, and she had considerable charm of manner and a truly kind heart, nor must it be thought that the awe which she inspired in her children really lessened their affection for her. Her activities in travelling, entertaining, and nursing her sick relatives and friends undoubtedly wore out her strength, and her health was failing for several years before her death. She spent the autumn of 1880 at Biarritz and early in 1881 proceeded to Nice where, after a very short illness, she died in March. She was buried in the churchyard at Kilndown under a coped double tomb of red granite, and an enamel medallion portrait of her was placed on one side of the wrought iron cross at the head of the grave. To her memory Alexander also erected, as we have mentioned, an altar in the crypt chapel of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, for, as he himself said, "Her devotion, wisdom, toilsomeness, charity and courage had much to do with the raising up again of the old religious house." He further presented the chapel with a bronze statue of the Good Shepherd, and was himself commemorated with his co-founder, the Rev. E. Coleridge, by a reredos in the centre of which the statue was ultimately placed.

His wife's death completely broke him down, and three months afterwards, in the preface to the third edition of "Strictly Tied Up" he wrote, "The most powerful words in the English language are wholly inadequate to express the absolute truth of the declaration made in the dedication of this book that she to whom it is inscribed was the dear light and guide of the author's life. Among her many merits not the least attractive was the modest genuineness of that most wise and able as well as loving wife. She never posed for reputation, so I am left to present her character to the world while conscious that I am a

witness whose impartiality will be doubted. . . . While she was living modesty enforced silence as to the endless series of toils and anxieties private and public, recurrent yet diverse though lightened by reciprocal love, the devotion of children, and the affectionate sympathy of many honoured friends, some of them friends from the first and others won in the changing campaign which gave a grave purpose to the married life of a couple who only strove to remain one and indivisible in their discharge of duty. To the world they owed cheerful faces, and they strove to pay the debt. Even now her husband shrinks from reminiscences which read like boasts, but death constrains him to speak out. Such conspicuous successes as were vouchsafed to husband and wife made them very thankful; but these were earned by labour. . . . From 1842 to 1881 was a long spell for a woman fearless and irrepressible for truth and duty but of a peculiarly sensitive and affectionate organization, and mother of many children. Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's inner character was, of course, unsuspected by strangers, and still more closed to them was that innermost life of the soul of which, although I shall leave my picture incomplete, I refuse to speak. They could only see the bright participator of a socially prosperous career, or catch the cheery laugh and witty speech of the woman then most courageous when fighting against weary pains and weaknesses, constantly recurring, of which the secret was her own."

In the same month Alexander made an amusing speech in the House of Commons, of which good-humoured notice was taken in *Punch*. He wrote the following letter to the editor: " Allow me, very sincerely and with the same good humour as you exhibit towards myself, to thank you for the genial aspect in which you present me on various occasions in your

present number. Having done so may I, addressing as I know I am doing a kind-hearted and sympathetic gentleman, confess how this presentment grates upon me at this instant; for the genial light-spirited man whom you present to the public is in truth a heart-broken wretch utterly prostrated by the greatest of all human calamities. I attend Parliament now because I believe it is my duty, but I would far rather nurse my grief in solitude and silence." A minor but still a real sorrow to him was the necessity of raising money at this period by selling part of his collections. "I am engaged," he wrote, "on my very hateful task of picking out Iphigenias for Sotheby and Wilkinson. I discussed the pros and cons of the sale, as opposed to private peddling, with Bond [1] and Bullen,[2] so it is not a leap in the dark."

He found some consolation in sorting his and his wife's correspondence of many years and writing to Webb long letters reminiscent of bygone times. "When I married I was possessed with boundless vanity, ambition and buoyancy, only dashed with indolence. I was, in my opinion, to do everything and gain any amount of fame; my life ever since has been God's merciful chastening till I have now for an indefinite time apprehended that in the mundane sense it has been a failure. *Deo gratias*. Then, I was not only inexperienced but spoiled by being the idol of mother, of guardian-uncle, of stepfather and finally of wife. I discovered three days ago a most curious letter of my uncle's written in 1839, the year of his death, in which he holds out perfection to me if I will overcome indolence and idle habits. I do not mean that my wife spoiled me but only that she idolized me, and perhaps even that is not very appropriate, for with all her devotion to me she never feared to speak the

[1] Librarian of the British Museum.
[2] Keeper of the Printed Books.

truth. . . . The possibility of the intervention of the departed is to me an infinite comfort, for it pieces in with those elements of romanticism and mysticism which underlie my character, although owing to that shy susceptibility which is an integral portion of this very class of characteristic it has been a life's task to me to conceal them, I hope not unsuccessfully, from the world under an outward mask of—let me call it Saturday Reviewism. She also had this duality of character, and I believe it was the instinctive perception of the inward nature on both sides which much conduced, after so very slight an acquaintance, to make us fall and continue so absolutely in love with each other. . . .

"Do not suppose that I am ungrateful for the opportunities which have been given me of accomplishing, or helping to accomplish, undertakings for God's glory—St. Augustine's, for instance. They have been exemplary and I am most grateful. It may be—probably is—my vanity, but I could have imagined myself measuring swords with Gladstone, or Disraeli, or Carlyle, or Tennyson, or Montalembert. Now I shall die a second rate notoriety, if so much; it is no doubt good for my soul and I am thankful accordingly, but it is bitter to the natural man. . . . Thirty years since I was writing anonymous critiques of bad new churches for *The Ecclesiologist;* now I am writing anonymous minor notices for the *Saturday Review*. No doubt then and now I was and am doing useful work and therefore fulfilling my duty, but there are disappointments that the world wots not of in the life of a man one of whose annoyances has always been to be singled out as 'the rich Mr. Beresford Hope' as if that was any part of the real man. . . . If I had succeeded in securing and standing on a conspicuous literary pedestal my claims to the leadership of the Church party must have more cogently

imposed themselves. On looking at the reports of the anti-Gorham meeting in 1850, I have been struck at how near I then was to becoming its acknowledged leader. Our three years' exile with the Marshal was a call which I was bound to and which I gladly answered but which changed my fortunes. In the meanwhile a generation had grown up which knew not Joseph, a generation in which the seeds of ritualism were latent. The D.C.L. letters kept me awhile before the world, but they palled before the exile had ended, and the commercial failure of the *Morning Chronicle* affected me by purchasing the cold shoulder of the *Guardian*. Then I started on my self-made profession of leavening un-Churchmanship as in the *Saturday Review* which, of course, led to my being much misunderstood and was inconsistent with party leadership. This line of mine shocked you then as my turning novelist shocked you later. . . .

"Do not destroy my letters, for they are my opportunity for an *apologia pro vita* which I may not often have and I took a good deal of pains over them. . . . I am jotting down in my year book the *memorabilia* of this year or that as they strike me. I have one book for 1830 to 1840 and then a book for each year so the chronology takes care of itself; besides, I make up my packets with their endorsements."[1]

Clearly he still considered that Webb would be his literary executor; and it is interesting to compare this method of preparing for his biography with the opinions he had expressed forty years earlier in an oration delivered in Trinity College Chapel and published in 1844 in his "Collected Essays." "The Press," he said, "teems with memoirs, diaries, conversations, letters, reminiscences, and these not merely of persons

[1] These papers and the whole of Alexander's correspondence, except his letters to Webb, were destroyed after his death.

who have filled any conspicuous character, whether for good or for evil, on the world's stage but of the most obscure and contemptible men, whose very names maybe are only heard from slight and fortuitous connection with persons only less insignificant than themselves. In truth this is but one of the many indications of the frightful spirit of the age which teaches us to regard those around us not as separate beings, as Christian souls having an existence now and for ever, but as mere units in the mass of animated matter. . . . How can we treat the Christian dead as if they existed not, as if by their separation from the body they had lost all claims to our respect and consideration? They cannot, it is true, hold that unreserved communication with us that they could before; the greater the reason, therefore, that we should show deference to what we learn to be their desires while yet they were with us. Numberless are the passages in Holy Writ to inculcate this feeling, nor are human institutions wanting to give their witness to the doctrine. For what other reason is it that a man is allowed to entail and tie up his property for years after his death than this, that his rights terminate not with that event? Thus do the institutions of man, thus does the written Word of God bear witness to the grand Catholic truth that the dead live and enjoy high privilege; and shall we, to gratify a low, an unhealthy, a wicked curiosity show them such contempt?" Which passages of Scripture Alexander had in mind is not recorded, and later he probably learnt that the law of entail originated not in the rights of deceased land-owners but in the wish of Norman and Plantagenet kings that lands should descend in the families to whom they granted them.

While thus preparing his biography and dwelling in spirit in the past, Alexander did not neglect his usual activities in addressing meetings and attending

committees on Church and architectural subjects in London and the provinces; telling Webb, "Henceforward my work must be more with the head and the pen than with the pocket." Webb, who saw that his friend's health was beginning to fail, urged on him the necessity of rest; but he replied: "I hold that while time grows old we should be young in work; nights come quick enough without our hurrying to put up the shutters. . . . I have no wish for repose but for change of occupation, a reserve of time concentrated upon some solid *magnum opus* which should live and which has lately shaped itself as Church Revival. This is a chronic mood with me; my psychical condition has always been a leap-frog between the literary in its widest, taking in architecture, and the practical, into which even you, distinguished as you are in both, cannot quite enter as your practical lacks the gambling quality of politics." Webb continued his friendly remonstrances, but seven months later Alexander wrote: "I cannot plead guilty to feeling that the time for really hard work is passing away. I am jaded from time to time and then take rest and go at it again; at eighty or ninety I suppose one may rest. . . . Retrospection with solitude braces; I am driven to see that apart from the great calamity death and change have much lightened my burden and smoothed my path. Where now are the troubles that gathered round Henry and Adrian? My mother's too intense love for me? The Marshal's helplessness? W. U. Richards? J. D. Cook's savage temper? Disraeli while I was a Free-lance? My family about what is happily now ancient history? I am tempted to think that with my wife life would have been almost Paradise: as it is without her a most salutary trial, but my inference is not as you hint that years, which should be slaves, not masters, counsel knocking off, but that the lightening of the personal burden coupled

with the loss of domestic happiness are a call to a more intense performance of public duties. . . . It would be hypocrisy in me to say that I am not conscious of powers and services and that all has not altogether come of them which might, greatly I see and unfeignedly own from my own fault, but being ambitious I am therefore goaded to work on in the hope that though I may never compass *multum* yet I may still add to the tale of my *multa*."

In September, 1884, he visited Birmingham and gave Webb his impressions: " The climate is that of Florence, the town, thanks to Joe Chamberlain's unscrupulous administration, is a very fine place with a debt of six million pounds. On Friday I called on J. H. Newman. I found him brisk, well, and evidently pleased at my visit, and we had some interesting talk. He said he had been told that though the former generation at Oxford had been agnostic and continued so the younger one was growing up Christian, and asked me what my experience was. I confirmed this for Cambridge and he listened with evident sympathy. He was much struck at my telling him of the growth of weekly communions in college chapels instead of those terminal communions which we respectively recollect at Oxford and Cambridge. He said ' I suppose you, who are in the world, have more hope than we who are secluded from the world,' to which I answered yes. He was interested in what he had never before realized, that in the seventeenth century revival all the great men except Laud were Cambridge."

The end of the long correspondence between Alexander and his friend was now drawing near, for both spent much time in London, and in 1885 Webb's health showed symptoms of decline. In October of that year Alexander urges him not to force his indisposition to work and to leave more to his sub-

ordinates; but he passes on without apparent anxiety to criticism of Mr. Gladstone, then temporarily out of office during Lord Salisbury's first administration. It must here be said that ecclesiastical sympathies had in former years drawn Alexander and Mr. Gladstone together, and old memories were recalled by Gladstone's letter of sympathy on the death of Lady Mildred, which greatly touched Alexander, but political opposition remained unbroken and he wrote: "The great fault of Gladstone's character is want of magnanimity. Not magnanimous enough to say one word for the Church, not magnanimous enough to say one word about Gordon in the Egyptian chapter of his election manifesto. . . . The announcement of his policy, however the cat may jump, tells me of toil and trouble and labour all my days. Luckily I have long and decidedly given up the idea of rest on this side of Paradise—may I reach it."

These were almost his last words to his friend, for Webb died rather suddenly in November. Alexander wrote a short appreciation of him in the *Guardian*, in which he described him as "a man of a singularly wise and equable judgment, acute insight, gifts of organization, painstaking patience and abundant charity. . . . In private life he was a delightful companion, and his literary powers as well as his scholarship, including the oriental languages, were considerable. . . . The chronic persistence with which his claims to preferment were treated with neglect was a source of much surprise and disappointment to many Churchmen, and most of all to those who were most familiar with his career and who had the means of knowing that ignorance of his personality and claims could not, for many years at all events, have been alleged as the cause."

After the shock of Webb's death Alexander's health declined more and more rapidly, although he

retained his seat in Parliament and continued occasional attendance at the House and at public meetings. The great heat of 1887 caused a temporary rally, and he was able to leave London in August for Bedgebury, when he was presented with a congratulatory address signed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and others, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, four bishops, and several members of the Cabinet. The address ran as follows: "As your loving devoted services to the Church, begun in early youth and sustained through so many years, caused many prayers to be offered up throughout, as we believe, the whole Christian world for your recovery, so we feel assured will thanksgivings abound everywhere when your restoration to health, though yet partial, is made known." Alexander drove to Kilndown School to receive this address, and from the carriage thanked the villagers for their congratulations, saying that during the fifty years that he had lived among them his object had been to make them, as far as human beings could accomplish it, better and happier than he had found them.

But too great hopes were based on this transient improvement, for as autumn approached his disease returned and he passed away on October 20th at Bedgebury. He was buried beside his wife at Kilndown, and the words "Miserere mei Domine" were, by his own desire, engraved upon his coffin. He bore witness to his faith in the first paragraph of his will: "I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, humbly trusting for pardon through the merits of our Blessed Lord, dying a member of His Holy Catholic Church in the communion of the English branch thereof and humbly trusting that ere long the woeful dissensions of the universal Church may be healed."

If Alexander's career be compared with those of his father, uncle, and brothers, and with the records

of his Dutch ancestors,[1] his divergence from the family type is apparent. A taste for art and his "Batavian grace" he certainly inherited from them, but here resemblance ceased. They built up by years of labour a thriving mercantile and banking business. Thomas abandoned this with his Dutch environment, and instead of amassing capital spent it on his houses and collections; Alexander added church-building and politics to his father's tastes while burdened with a much larger family and estate, and in consequence died a comparatively poor man. He did not inherit the strength of character of his Dutch ancestors nor yet his mother's Irish charm, but his standard of conduct and aims in life were higher than those of his progenitors and the praises which were showered upon him after his death by the Press and from almost every pulpit in England must have expressed the opinions of his contemporaries. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, preaching the University sermon at Cambridge, said: "It is a blameless, a beautiful life to look back upon as I can look back upon it from undergraduate days and remember nothing in it that would not bear the scrutiny of the sunbeam. The Church may well mourn him, for he was her devout and devoted son and munificent benefactor, her dauntless champion in good report and ill, most of all in the latter. But I think that England mourns him too, were it but that he suffered not himself to be trampled under foot and ground to powder by the juggernaut of party; willing to stand alone, if need be, in the maintenance of principle, and never suffering principle to be moulded or manipulated by considerations of that sort of convenience which men seek to dignify by the more respectable title of expedience or policy. We have other such men; these late days of trial have brought them out as gold from the furnace:

[1] See Appendix.

but his was a religion not merely of political independence, he sought nothing and he gained nothing by it save the testimony of his conscience and the respect of men. Peace be with him. May another like-minded with him in the sensitiveness of conduct, in the delicacy of honour, in tenacity of purpose, in fervour of faith, in munificence of piety, be found—if it be by long research—to replace him, and may his example provoke very many to go forth from this place to play the man in England."

The Times, the *Morning Post*, and the *Standard* all published eulogistic leading articles; the *Guardian*, in a generally appreciative notice, wrote: "Clever and fertile in ideas, and singularly rapid in seeing a point, or a mistake, or an advantage, he was not always equally patient and cautious in following out and balancing possible results. He liked to have his way. He was not always careful of what other people thought due to their dignity or fame. He was the last man in the world to be ill-natured, but when a joke or a repartee presented itself to his imagination he found it very hard to resist it. All this interfered at times with practical success; he frightened friends who were acting with him; he gave his opponents new and unnecessary openings for their attacks. He might have been sometimes more felicitous in his proposals, more skilful in his advocacy, more guarded in his rhetoric; other men may have had more tact in dealing with opposing tempers and clashing views, and may have been more able to acquiesce in a check. But when all this, which is on the surface, is allowed for there still remains the man himself. And there we have one whose prime thought for his youth, whose dominant and absorbing passion all through life, was to do all that he could with all possible pains and trouble to help and to improve in every way the Church as he found it in England, not as a political or social

institution but as the true representative of the Apostolic company of the faithful, the organ and guardian of moral and spiritual truth." The *Church Times*, as representing the English Church Union, was a paper with which Alexander had never been in real sympathy, although he told Webb it had published occasional contributions from him under a pseudonym. Nevertheless it paid a tribute to his services in the ritual controversy, in which it said that he had done much to settle the difficulties arising out of the ornaments rubric. The *Family Churchman*, with considerable insight, wrote: " It has far too generally been taken for granted that Mr. Beresford Hope was an 'advanced' Churchman. In point of fact he was a High Churchman of the Hook and Hooker type, which is a very different thing from saying that he was a ritualist. The English Church Union could not secure him for their platforms." In support of this we may mention on the authority of Mr. Morton Philips, who was present, that during a procession at the annual festival of Denstone College Alexander said that he would like to pull off the biretta worn by one of the clergy. *The Rock*, an evangelical organ, which did not conceal its entire disagreement with him, wrote: " If his name is handed down to posterity it will not be as a statesman, a politician, or a literary man, but rather as an earnest consistent man who supported with a single eye the cause of the Church in Parliament. . . . If he believed a certain course to be right he pursued it regardless of consequences. He sets us all a noble example of devotion to a cause, and of that moral courage which does not fear to stand alone. He may have failed in judgment; he never failed in sincerity and honesty of purpose."

CHAPTER X

Alexander was succeeded in the ownership of Bedgebury and of the Beresford estate by his elder son, Philip, of whom occasional mention has already been made. His birth in 1851 had so gratified the Marshal that he immediately invested £10,000, to be handed over to the boy absolutely on his attaining his majority. Philip was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, but he showed no aptitude for learning, and left the University without taking a degree. He had a jovial, generous nature, and his strongest tastes were for travelling and for gambling; eventually he had to sell both Bedgebury and Beresford as well as the *Saturday Review*, the one really remunerative asset to which he had succeeded. He inherited his mother's love of sport and animals, and at one time owned the champion bull-dog of England. Such a nature was bound to come into conflict with that of Alexander, who could neither shoot nor ride and was afraid of horses; indeed, Philip hardly concealed his contempt for his father as he grew to manhood. Any mention of the Church drove him to profanity, for which perhaps there is excuse in the discovery he made that so much of the property which he expected to inherit had been sunk in ecclesiastical buildings and endowments. He was especially indignant at his father's dealings with the Portuguese pension already mentioned, and more than once took counsel's opinion as to the

possibility of upsetting them, but he was advised that even if he succeeded in reclaiming the pension the Irish Church could have recovered compensation from his father's estate, which would have left his sisters penniless. The only revenge left to him was, as trustee, to delay signing the cheques in favour of the Irish Church for as long a time as possible. Towards the end of his life the family love of architecture asserted itself and he visited cathedrals both in England and on the Continent with something of his father's enthusiasm, though lacking all technical knowledge. He married Eva, daughter of General Frost, U.S.A., and left three daughters. He died in 1916 and was buried at Kilndown.

The younger of Alexander's sons, Charles, was born on November 3rd, 1855, the day on which the first number of the *Saturday Review* was published. Like his brother, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity, where he graduated B.A. in 1876. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, but was handicapped by being the son of a reputedly very rich man, and therefore supposed to have no need to take his profession seriously. He was devoted to his father, whose tastes for literature and politics he shared; but being unable to afford the expenses of a Parliamentary career he had to content himself with municipal politics, and at the election of the first London County Council in 1889 stood as Conservative candidate for Brixton. He was defeated by Lady Sandhurst, whose election, however, was declared void on account of her sex in an action brought by him, and the seat was awarded to him by the Court. But he lost it at the next County Council election in 1892, and afterwards represented South Kensington. He was a keen volunteer, and was for many years in the London Rifle Brigade. Alexander had promised to bequeath him the proprietorship of

the *Saturday Review*, but in his usual unbusiness-like way omitted to make the provision, with the result that the paper passed to Philip as part of the residue. Had Charles inherited the paper it would have been his profession and chief interest; as things were he had, just as in politics, to be content with a poor substitute. Philip appointed him manager of the paper, but made such constant demands upon its profits that a steady financial success was impossible. He took no personal interest in journalism and sold the proprietorship when he received a sufficiently good offer. Charles married Julia Margaret, elder daughter of Harold Augustus Ernuin, a descendant of the Unwins of Staffordshire, and dying in 1906 was also buried at Kilndown. He left one son and two daughters, the younger of whom, Irene, married Henry William Law, a great-nephew of the Francis Law who sold Bedgebury to the Marshal; and from family papers and traditions they have compiled this book.

Charles's son Harold, born in 1882, won an entrance scholarship for classics and history at Harrow in 1896, and could have obtained the Brackenbury Scholarship at Balliol, but preferred to take one at New College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in October, 1905. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1907, and was successively Attaché and Third Secretary at Washington and Berlin, and Second Secretary at Rio de Janeiro and at Athens, where he died after a few days' illness in July, 1917. He showed more intellectual promise than any of his immediate ancestors, and his ambitions were fostered by his mother, at whose suggestion he adopted a diplomatic career. The life appealed to him from every side, giving as it did scope for his love of travel—he spoke six languages with a smattering of others—and incidentally affording an

HAROLD BERESFORD HOPE, 1914.

Facing p. 244.

opportunity of obtaining from the Dutch archives information about the history of his family. He received high praise from all Diplomatic chiefs under whom he served, but fell a victim to the war, dying as a result of overwork in bad climates. With him ended in effect[1] the Dutch branch of the Hope family. The international sympathies which his ancestors had shown were recognized, by no foreseen design, in the tributes paid to the last of their race. The Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, and Foreign Minister, M. Politis, attended his funeral, as did a body of "Persecuted Liberal Greeks" whose spokesman made a short address in laying down their wreath; while the journal *Ethnos* in a sympathetic article recalled his descent from "Thomas Hope, the great Phil-Hellene and contemporary of Lord Byron, and a great collector of Greek antiquities." The doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, who sent a wreath on their behalf, happened to be the Netherlands Minister, while the United States Consul-General was a Southerner and inscribed on his tribute "The homage of a Virginian to the grandson of one who loved the South."

During his diplomatic career Harold wrote to his mother and younger sister, in strictest confidence, letters giving an absolutely exact account of incidents which he witnessed and events in which he took part. Such extracts as follow can, it is thought, do no harm now, and they represent his real opinions on the subjects to which they relate.

He wrote from Washington a verbal silhouette of his first Chief, Mr. Bryce:[2] "A curious fierce-faced little man with a dash of red in his pointed but straggly beard, and with a sharp nose in the air

[1] His cousin, Adrian Elias, then seventy-two years of age, survived him two years, leaving daughters only.

[2] Afterwards Viscount Bryce.

exactly in the attitude of Captain Kettle, if you can remember the pictures of that magazine hero. He has a fine broad Aberdeen accent, and is as quick as a needle on trifles. 'Greek culture,' said his sister-in-law, 'why do they want to revive that here and make us go about in togas?' 'No, dear,' he interrupted, 'not togas, it was not the Greeks who wore togas but the Romans.' . . . When I took him the American paper announcing that Morley had accepted a peerage he showed disbelief, amazement, and almost speechless fury. He feels he has been cut out by this last move, and even Bishop Hendriks' reference to the graceful act of courtesy to the United States performed by the British Government in sending out to America that 'good greyhead James Bryce' has not entirely soothed him. . . . The other day he wanted us to come and hear Gipsy Smith. We indignantly refused. Much talk from him about seeing the people of this great country at work and play, at religion and politics. He goes. After the meeting an individual blows up to him and remarks breezily, 'He's great, isn't he?' 'He is,' rejoins Bryce genially, and next morning the *Washington Post* contained a whole column of how the British Ambassador said Gipsy Smith preached the Gospel as it ought to be preached, and if he only continued he would convert thousands, etc. Bryce is ramping and raving everywhere, as he was only at his old trick of sampling, and his Presbyterian soul is outraged. . . ."

A distinguished Oxford friend of the Ambassador's is described as "exactly like a vulture with his bald head and long scraggy neck, but a benign and senile face. 'I have always dressed for dinner for the last thirty years,' he says, 'except two nights ago in the train. Even when I spent a night at the top of Adam's Peak in Ceylon with a party I alone had

my clothes carried up and dressed there.' His dress clothes, you know, don't fit: a bulgy shirt and sort of inside your waistcoat Eton collar."

Anent Washington society Harold wrote: "It is the custom here to interlard one's remarks with French, to show that one belongs to the best cosmopolitan set and has culture. . . . Most of the dinners are up one side of Massachusetts Avenue and down the other, gorgeous entertainments and always the same food, but then you never have a menu here. You know the waiters as well by sight as your host, and two things that count never come on the same night. . . . Miss X. has just given great offence by saying that the Diplomatic Corps go anywhere where there is a cutlet to be had: just enough truth in it to make everybody furious." He describes the inauguration of Mr. Taft as President. "It was not exciting. We did not appear in it at all and were not even invited to view the procession. The Belgian Secretary's demonstration of disapproval consisted in staying away, which nobody would notice or care about. The Heads of Missions were given seats in the Diplomatic gallery of the Senate to see the President take the oath, but that was all—no, I believe they were invited to the ball too. All the rest of us had to pay like private individuals. Those who had been here last time fled the town, and those who hadn't expressed their feelings with considerable warmth. I saw the show from a room over a shop. This was far nicer than the so-called President's stand, which was snowed up that day. Hundreds died from pneumonia, one third of the troops never arrived at all, etc.

"The procession started back down Pennsylvania Avenue, a very broad but grubby street, about one o'clock. First of all came two rows of mounted police, ten in each row. Then three rows similarly

composed of the Ohio Black Troop, a sort of Scottish Archers, who had come from Ohio, as that is the President's state; they were really a smart body of men. Then came Senator Lodge in a carriage (he was not part of the procession). He was followed by another senator whom I did not recognize, also in by mistake. The middle of the road where the tram goes was cleared, the rest was snow and slush a couple of feet deep. Then came the President and Mrs. Taft and an A.D.C. in uniform on the back seat; behind rode two men on bicycles, and one walked alongside clasping the back of the carriage, dressed in a sponge-bag sporting costume. They were Secret Service men. (Since that they have adopted a uniform, so now they look like grown-up telegraph boys; moreover, motor-bicycles have been supplied them as the Tafts have abolished horses and go everywhere in motors.) Taft was leaning forward with his hat in his hand, not bowing but waving it to anyone who took his fancy or anywhere where the cheering rose above the feeblest murmur. The day was far too bad for enthusiasm, and the streets were empty, though people told me that they are never lined more than two deep. Behind him came the Shermans, whom everybody saw and no one noticed, as the papers have said more than once of the new Vice-President. They were bowing a little more like royalty: it is evidently a way that vice-presidents have. There were no troops to line the streets, as the procession made a round of four miles or so and all the military forces and half of the militia of the United States took part in it. Although only two-thirds of it ever arrived at Washington it was endless owing to the arrangement.

"All the troops, militia and clubs were arranged in two or three lines with about ten men in a line, and between each series of lines was a gap that would

have held another ten or twenty lines, so you can understand why it was so long. All the troops were in khaki and most of the militia, all, of course, were unfortunately in great-coats. The only smart troops were the Ohio Black Horse Troop, the Annapolis and West Point Cadets (very smart), the Massachusetts militia (fair) and the sailors (fair). The only enthusiasm that I heard was called forth by the sailors from the fleet that has been round the world, the West Point and Annapolis Cadets, any and every Southern militia regiment that played 'Dixie,' as we are in the South here, and one or two State Governors who are popular. These Governors were in frock-coats. Whole clubs of young and old men in frock-coats and scarves rode by, and the procession finished with clubs of young and middle-aged men, some with stars-and-stripes parasols, some with the regular stars-and-stripes trousers like the Uncle Sam cartoons, etc. Some of these did cake-walks. Behind these came Crazy Snake reeling down the street; he was the only Indian there, and wears, of course, European clothes. (You may have seen in the paper that he was rebelling soon after, and the Oklahoma sheriffs captured his son and tortured him to make him disclose the whereabouts and plans of his father. All the papers boasted of this; I cannot make them out. Of course Oklahoma is a long way off, and one can't hold the whole country responsible for what happens there: but still it is odd that all the papers should boast of it and no one here seemed to mind.) Finally, at the very end of all came the negro delegations; you can imagine what they looked like. I forgot to say that many of the marching clubs looked just like the chorus of a comic opera, two rows of men all in long fawn overcoats exactly of the same pattern. But what was really remarkable is that quite old men went through the fatigue and danger

of this procession, some of them with these ridiculous parasols, etc. You must remember that all diplomatic accounts of the show are coloured . . . but all this is word for word accurate."

In the beginning of 1910 Harold was transferred to Berlin where Sir Edward Goschen was Ambassador. He arrived a very short time before the death of King Edward, so that his earliest letters relate to the arrangements for the Emperor William's attendance at the funeral. "The Emperor's suite is worrying us at this moment, as he is taking over nearly a hundred people including friseurs, major-domos, innumerable valets, etc., besides, of course, the official suite. The number of people it takes to dress him in his uniforms! . . . Alas now we have no chance of seeing or knowing anybody for a whole year." The rigours of Court mourning were not so severe as he feared, and at different dates he gave descriptions of the German Royal family. "The children of the Kaiser are very much treated as children. . . . J. Durham[1] had Prince Oscar, the fifth son, to dinner on Saturday and asked me in afterwards: no one was dining. He was extremely agreeable, simple and natural, and laughed heartily at everything, and it was a most amusing quarter of an hour before the others arrived. Then I had some very heavy work with the A.D.C. who could not talk English or French but was covered with medals from the Far East and talked about it. . . . Prince August Wilhelm had a slight motor accident the other day and tried to keep it out of all the German and English papers as he was driving himself and his august papa has forbidden him to drive, and so he did not want his disregard for the paternal wishes to become known. It is said that not so long ago he went with the Princess to Cannes in the strictest incognito without telling Papa, and

[1] Honorary Attaché to British Embassy.

forbade anyone to tell him, though he stayed there for three weeks."

In the following letter written in February, 1911, Harold describes his first attendance at a Court. "At the Schleppen Cour the whole Diplomatic Corps were collected together at seven p.m. in a room far too small. Three-quarters of an hour later a few chamberlains came in and tapped and separated the women and men, and we waited another hour: then at last we filed past separately. Bow to the Emperor, one pace to the right, bow to the Empress, then out. The Emperor stood up in front of his throne on the step, moustaches well up, a carefully practised frown of an Emperor on his face, nodding slightly exactly like a marionette—a purely laughable sight. The Empress was much more amiable-looking. The Emperor explained to his friends that he must frown like that or he would laugh when he recognized people going by. Those who knew said how different to the Austrian Emperor or our old King."

At the first Court Ball which Harold attended the Ambassador was ill and therefore unable to be present so "of course we could not stand in our proper place for the cercle formed by the ambassadors in the ball-room, while their staffs stand behind each of them and jostle. We had to go to the bottom of the list among the Chargés d'Affaires, and wait two hours while the Emperor slowly advanced along the cercle. When he got nearer I saw him beautifully, looking very smart and theatrical in his Hussar uniform with the skull and crossbones on the headgear. His face was like that of a wicked grey old wolf, arrogant but not dignified, all grey and thin and lined; and when he talked he winked and gesticulated and clapped his thigh, and when he frowned he drew down his eye-brows and threw up his moustache. Before the cercle was over they began dancing, and we were jostled

by clumsy officers in very smart uniforms. . . . The cercle got confused and we kept on circling round the Emperor till finally we, the Greeks, Portuguese, etc., were dancing round and round him while he grew more and more worried and nervous. Directly Kiderlin[1] called up someone to speak the rest all danced round so as to come next in the list, and we saw the Emperor's head turning round nervously to see what was the matter. One of the sights of the ball was the 'Senator's' uniform, of very heavy black velvet with black velvet hats like cardinals, and heavy orange facings: a copy of a mediæval Venetian costume designed by the Emperor himself. To get the rank and title you had to pay 100,000 marks to a scientific academy founded by him; hence the richest Jews who go to Court and others had to wear it. The Duc d'Arenberg was asked to join, and said he would pay 100,000 marks not to have to wear the dress. All the Court were in roars over it. . . . I forgot to describe the supper. The ladies picked up their trains and skirts, and the very minute the Emperor and Empress were safely past ran with the men as hard as they could over miles of slippery parquet down corridors and through endless rooms to the series of rooms where supper is served, so as to be sure of getting places at the round tables where a regular sit-down affair like a dinner is served. Those who arrive late may have to wait and wander about for a quarter of an hour looking for vacant places. Only the very highest dignitaries are placed at the Emperor's table; all the rest scramble for seats. . . . One of the Gardes-du-Corps was far from sober, and this at Court. . . . I enjoyed it very much supping with the young Hatzfelds, the Chammarés, the Benckendorf here, Prince Salm and the Matischkas, etc.; a regular Berlin party in that there were no Prussians unless

[1] Minister for Foreign Affairs.

you call Hatzfeld one, and though the Russian and I were the only two actual foreigners, the rest were from Silesia and had married foreigners—Hatzfeld a Japanese, Chammaré (Silesian) a Hungarian."

He states in another letter: "All the people we meet are Austrians or Belgians or Hungarians or, in fact, anything but Prussians, and smart society all laugh at the Prussians as provincial. But as these same smart people just come up for three weeks and stay at the Bristol or the Esplanade there is no one left to entertain except the Embassies and the Emperor. The Fürstin Henckel Donnersmark gives the biggest and most successful things outside the Embassies, though people do hate her. The Princess Radziwill is even more important, and the Emperor dines with her. She is dreaded by all Berlin, including above all her own family, who beg strangers to accompany them when they go to see her. She sits up every night from ten to eleven-thirty receiving people. Having started life as a Castellane she refuses to learn German, though she has been fifty years here, and she goes out in a bonnet. I have been in the evening, and for strangers nothing could be nicer than her house: a real old French atmosphere of quiet dignity and wit, for she is most amusing, making fun of modern Berlin. As for the ministerial Prussian set and the stodgy officers clicking heels all round the room and then collecting together at the furthest end of the room from the ladies! . . . The Emperor is furious about the tango.[1] He has approached some of the Ambassadors and hoped that they will not allow it at Embassy balls, and has issued orders that no officers in uniform are to dance it under pain of dismissal, which banishes it from all the purely German balls. As every one has been learning it most diligently I expect there will be a great deal of discontent."

[1] Then becoming a fashionable dance.

On one occasion Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein stayed at the British Embassy, and Sir Edward Goschen invited Mr. Seymour, the Councillor, and Harold to dinner, no ladies being present. "Prince Christian was a severe physical effort for everybody, as one eye is gone and the other fixes you with a glassy stare, and when anything is said to him he takes five minutes to understand it. One most amusing story he told was about his last lunch at Potsdam. 'After lunching with the Emperor I thought I would pay my respects to the rest of the family, so I went to the Eitel Fritzes and rang the bell. After waiting on the doorstep some time I was told that the Prince and Princess were resting and could not receive. I said I was sorry to hear that and asked if they had been very busy: had they been to Church? Oh no, the Prince and Princess have been walking in the garden this morning. I left a message for them saying that I quite understood that they needed a good rest after so fatiguing a morning, and went to the Crown Prince's. Here I was told that the Crown Prince and Princess had gone to bed after lunch and were still there, so I drove to the station and returned to Berlin.' It was impossible to tell from the way Prince Christian recounted the story whether he supposed that they did not want to see him or not."

In the following passage Harold describes an interview with the Foreign Minister. "I had to go to Herr von Kiderlin's house the other morning to receive a paper for the Ambassador, and was shown into the usual sort of official drawing-room lined with green silk and the inevitable table in the corner with chairs grouped around. In a minute Herr von Kiderlin came in and motioned me into his study, a much more English room. Would you believe it, the likeness to Uncle Phil was quite startling, exactly the

same figure and double chin; but perched on his nose was the hugest pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, huge goggle glasses and thick round tortoise-shell rims and side pieces. They looked two centuries old, and made him so amiable and absurd looking. And this is the man who has the reputation of being one of Germany's most rough and brutal diplomats! No one could have been more gracious or amiable; he even came out into the hall while I put on my coat with his fat old voice purring away in French. It was a most interesting moment."

In June, 1912, Harold went to Cettinje on a visit to the Count de Salis, British Minister in Montenegro. The Count had been Councillor of Embassy in Berlin when Harold arrived there and had shown him much kindness. The following letter gives some account of his visit. "The Crown Prince and Princess gave an evening party, roller skating and dancing on the tennis ground by electric light. The King and the royal family were there and I was presented to His Majesty, who talks French very well. We left about midnight, but the King sat up playing cards till three a.m., when he went to bed for a few hours and at six returned to the card-table and swept off the players still there to go and cut hay in the mountains. . . . Of course we saw all the Corps Diplomatique, and a funny lot they are. Most of them do nothing but walk up and down the main street wringing their hands and bewailing their lot. The French Minister once went for a walk in the country, but half a mile out of the village he fell off a rock and was laid up for a month so he hasn't ventured out again. The Count has found a middle-aged body to housekeep in his two cottages for him, and she has managed somehow to learn an excellent amount of very quaint French, though unable to read or write, and she keeps the Count posted in all political gossip. 'You see,'

the Count says, 'our back-yard is only two off Prince Mirko's' (the King's younger son who lives just opposite the Palace), 'so we get authentic news and get it sooner than anyone else.' The King gave the country a constitution a year or two ago, but the leader of the Opposition is in chains in gaol because he was in communication with the Young Serbs and was therefore accused of plotting against the King's life. . . . The theatre had a cinematograph show every other night which was always attended by the whole Court except the King and Queen, and the audience was fascinated. Can you picture these Montenegrins, and Albanian men and women too from over the frontier, solemnly sitting up in boxes watching a regular cinematograph show, dramas, etc., and applauding loudly in an American drama when a little girl holds up the villain with a revolver? I believe it was the only incident they really grasped the meaning of."

The situation in the Balkan States gave great anxiety to the British Embassy during these years, and in the autumn of 1912 Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece and Servia declared war on Turkey. On November 20th of that year Harold wrote: "The suffering has been awful on both sides, far worse than anything the newspapers have said. One story I heard from a man connected with the Orient railway throws a lot of light on the Turkish Army. He told me that the population of the city of Constantinople had an ancient privilege exempting them from military duty; when the Bulgarians advanced, however, press-gangs were sent into the streets to sweep everything that could be found. These men were then marched off to fight, and after the first encounter hundreds were discovered with their noses broken and their teeth knocked in. Rifles had been put into their hands, but they did not even know that you must

hold a gun to your shoulder when pulling the trigger! I went to a curious dinner on Monday given by Professor Stein who thinks he runs the foreign policy of the world and started the *Nord und Süd*, that magazine dealing with Anglo-German relations which created such a stir, and in which Lichnowsky wrote an article. The dinner was to meet M. Davidoff, the Russian Finance Minister. Guéchoff, the Bulgarian Minister here and brother of the Prime Minister, Theotoky, the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, the French and Italian Councillors, a Russian Secretary, the Orient Line man I spoke of, and a director of the Deutsche Bank were there. The Ambassadors had all been asked but refused to go themselves. Guéchoff spoke of the Austrian warning to Montenegro not to occupy Albania. He says the King of Montenegro said to the Austrian Minister, 'La Turquie n'existe plus, et l'Albanie n'existe pas encore, donc je peux faire tout ce que je veux.' I'm not quite inclined to believe this story. I met Theotoky in the street just after the Bulgarians arrived at the Chatalja lines. He was radiant and I said something about how well things were going. 'Yes,' he said delighted, 'qui l'aurait cru'; then correcting himself very quickly, almost without any break, 'qui aurait cru que les victoires viendraient si vite.' The Germans asked leave to send a military attaché with the Greek forces. The Greek Government made no reply at first and delayed and delayed, and then suddenly said they would welcome the German, but he had better join them at Salonika. Kiderlin told this story with joy, long before anyone thought the Greeks would get anywhere near Salonika, as a marvellous instance of their bluff. Princess Isenburg who has been buying things at Johann Orth's auction for her mother, whose brother he was, can't abide 'mon cousin le roi des Bulgares,' and says he will never dare to enter

Constantinople, even if he could, now that cholera is there. But she is fearfully prejudiced. Guéchoff said the cholera would not weigh much with his sovereign."

In the same autumn Prince Lichnowsky had been appointed German Ambassador in London and Harold made the following comment: "Isn't the appointment astounding? Of course we have heard so many stories, and after the tremendous fuss which was made about sending Marschall von Bieberstein, that they should now choose a man who has retired from the Diplomatic Service and about whom, from a European point of view, so very little is known looks just as if they had no settled plan or policy at all. One thing which certainly is true is that they think he will represent Germany in a more striking fashion than his predecessors, because he is not only a nobleman of great family but very rich as well. One story here is that his post is a reward for his Polish vote. In 1908 the Prussian Government introduced a Bill into their House of Peers empowering the Government to expropriate by force, but with compensation, any Polish landowner when it was thought that there was a danger of his estate being divided up among Polish small-holders. The estate when confiscated was, of course, to be sold to German small-holders. Lichnowsky was the one Pole who voted in favour of this measure, and thus earned the hatred of all the other Poles and also of the Centre Catholic party, and it is said of the Austrians too, who hate having to defend to their own Polish subjects the oppressive policy of their dear ally. The Radical papers maintain that Lichnowsky's present appointment is a reward for his vote in 1908, as curiously enough the law was applied for the first time a few weeks ago and has given rise to much protest.

"Internal politics are most topsy-turvy. The Con-

servative Agrarians are opposed to any measures for breaking down the protection they enjoy for agriculture and cattle, and yet the Radicals and the people generally are protesting and suffering so much on account of the high price of meat that something had to be done, and so the Government have been persuaded to take the most revolutionary and socialistic measures rather than adopt the simple course of abolishing import duties. Would you believe it, they are encouraging the municipalities to buy meat here or abroad at the most favourable rates they can obtain for large quantities and then put it on the markets themselves and sell it there at practically cost price to the poorer people. Thus the butchers are being sacrificed to the landowners, and the municipalities are encouraged to try a most dangerous socialistic experiment. In a poor northern suburb the women had been told that cheap Russian meat would arrive on a certain day. It was not there, so they stormed the market and carried off everything there was without paying. Curiously enough this scene was often enacted at the beginning of the French Revolution, though it was bread not meat then. But that's what happens when the Government promises and through some mistake or delay the food does not arrive. No explanations are much use then, and I think they will be sorry they ever tried this scheme before they have finished with it. The official defence of the policy is that it is necessary at all costs to protect the German cattle supply, as if that were ruined by foreign competition Germany's position would be most dangerous in case of war when foreign supplies might be cut off. As if this were not strange enough the Government have just announced a scheme for a petroleum monopoly. The details are frightfully complicated, but the profits made by the State are to be applied not to reducing the taxes but to 'schemes for the social welfare of the

people'! Have you ever heard of such amazing experiments for a Conservative country. It looks like the last desperate effort to appease the people without granting them the political power they want."

In May, 1913, King George and Queen Mary visited the Emperor and Empress in Berlin, and Harold describes their arrival. "We all went down in uniform to the station and found it decorated with a few ferns and palms, a strip of red carpet, and dozens of Union Jacks bought at a toy-shop, as the blue was far too light and the crosses all wrong. Even when the Regent of Bavaria came they got the Bavarian colour quite the wrong shade. Presently the various German Royalties arrived, the Crown Princess being especially gracious and shaking hands with us all. When the Emperor came he walked down the line, and then pointing at us said in a sort of haranguing way, 'Ah, there you are in those horrible uniforms of yours. I don't often see them by day and by night they are just passable, but by day you look like a lot of crows.' Then to Granville,[1] 'Yours is a little better, it has more gold about it.' (Granville always wears Lord-in-Waiting's uniform.) This was all by way of being very jovial and friendly, but you will notice the delicate and tactful touch, and if H.I.M. only knew how he looked in the 'Royals' uniform with the helmet strap tight over his chin! It made his face quite insignificant. Then came the Empress, very suitably dressed, and as usual very dignified and gracious. When the train steamed in the Emperor got very excited and waved his arms about like a porter shunting goods trucks. We thought this must be because when King Edward arrived the carriage missed the red carpet altogether, and the Emperor and Empress had to run wildly down the platform to welcome the King and Queen. No hitch of that sort

[1] Earl Granville, Councillor of Embassy.

happened this time and the King stepped out most dignifiedly and started kissing the Emperor; I could not see how he saluted the Empress. Meanwhile the Queen tried to follow, but the King blocked the whole way and she was seen hovering in the door of the carriage with one toe in the air. After this we were all presented and they walked down the line shaking hands, but they did not say anything to us. Afterwards the Guard of Honour with their band went to the end of the platform, and turning back marched all down it past us and, of course, the Royalties, doing the parade step; you know the German goose-step with stiff knees. As they were the Alexander Regiment, who wear the old Frederick the Great uniform and tall helmets, it was a very fine sight, though they made a good deal of dust. It impressed our Court people very much, but one of the soldiers lost his water-bottle or metal plaque, or something of that sort from his uniform, which every man behind him kicked as he passed. I only noticed that in the middle they got a little out of line, but they say the Emperor was furious and said the whole thing sounded like a milk train coming in." The remaining account of the royal visit contains nothing of general interest.

In March, 1914, Harold was transferred to Rio de Janeiro, taking up his post between the departure of the last Minister, Sir William Haggard, and the arrival of his successor, Sir Arthur Peel. On September 16th, six weeks after the outbreak of war, he wrote: "It is curious that the Crown Prince (of Germany) should have had time to do so much damage while the Emperor was in Norway. I felt so certain, whatever happened, that Bethmann Hollweg and Jagow could never have wanted war, and X. confirmed what we heard and suspected, that the Emperor voted for war with a very heavy and anxious heart. I heard

indirectly, but quite certainly, from Princess Eitel Friedrich that he stayed at Potsdam without eating or sleeping practically at all for three days, crying too; then finally he agreed and left for Berlin. I feel sure one of his motives, even perhaps against his judgment, was the fear that the Crown Prince would steal away his remaining popularity if he still refused. I wish I were clearer as to the 'war party' in Germany: they would necessarily be the type of officer we did not have a chance of getting to know. I see no reason to doubt the German official declaration that they never saw the text of the Austrian Note to Servia. The impression in Germany everywhere was horror that so great a struggle must be undertaken in a quarrel not their own. . . . Of course in Western Europe it is a war against militant imperialism. But nothing will make me believe that the German statesmen, Emperor, or mercantile classes wanted war. There remains the army war party and the Crown Prince." This letter was in answer to one from his mother, who always kept him as fully informed of the state of political feeling in England as she could. Shortly after the declaration of war she concluded a long letter with counsel characteristic of herself: "Courage and great patience are what we must have, and I would remind you of St. Chrysostom's Prayer and 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'"

Continuous work in thwarting German activities in Brazil, endeavouring to capture trade for Great Britain and checking contraband, occupied the Legation for the next two years. In April, 1916, Harold wrote: "The Foreign Office are at their wit's end as far as staff, etc., goes. I hear the world is now divided into Scandinavia and the rest of the world, and Scandinavia is the more important half! The truth is we are all doing contraband and trading with the enemy work, and even Consuls from China, home on

long leave after three or four years' absence in a bad climate, are asked to volunteer for work without extra pay in one of the Scandinavian Consulates or Legations after one month's rest in England. Here we have asked for a Consul or Vice-Consul for Bahia, and they reply in despair that they will try and find somebody but it is very hard and we must wait. For Manaos on the Amazon, where the ordinary man broke down on being told he was now to endeavour to get hold of the German rubber trade (worth ten million pounds a year!), the Foreign Office accepted gratefully our suggestion to take on a local man as temporary Vice-Consul in the Service rather than find anybody themselves. . . . August 18th. Here we go on with our overwhelming work, too far away to be cheered up by any general enthusiasm, but at any rate with quickness and determination; and we need it all to keep pace with all we have to deal with, let alone pushing other people along. The new trade policy has had a remarkable and undeniable success. . . . These crumbs of news are just to show you what I am doing, but really one day is so like another that I never know what day of the week it is, and only the day of the month because I have to write it at the top of the ten or twelve despatches which I personally have to draft daily. Add to this an average of six telegrams a day and then what the Minister does and then—and a very big addition—reading what Consuls write and suggesting how to meet their difficulties, and the people who call and the people who telephone, and by then it is dinner-time. I forgot the biggest task of all—running the Chancery with one man and a half and more documents than in Berlin with seven men. . . . September 30th. The climate of Rio is very trying and exhausting, and it is difficult to stand it if one has to do more than at most five or six hours' work a day. Most people work for three hours and talk for

another two or three in coffee-houses or baths, and think they have done a hard day. . . . It is exhausting work and very commercial, but the effects are surprising—from nine-thirty a.m. to eight p.m. every day except for an hour at lunch-time, our share being to control jute and coal and generally watch for contraband."

On October 1st, 1916, he gives his personal views on the origin of the war, and the pity of its terrible waste of life. "I feel it could have been avoided but for the stupidest sort of mechanical blunderings and inability to see the other side of the question, which was shared by all parties beforehand. Nor do I believe in the theory so widely spread about, even almost officially, that for forty years past Germany has intended to make war in 1914, and prepared for that object. I think many people have used that as a convenient excuse to explain why Germany was so ready and the Allies had to wait two years to prepare. I don't think people allow enough for the 'persecution mania' under which all Germans suffer. They were genuinely convinced that everybody was envious of them and trying to destroy them, and that they could only defend themselves by inspiring fear; hence their aggressive outlook in every quarter of the globe, hence their careful preparations. And with a final outburst of folly and wickedness and miscalculation they tried to bully Russia through Servia, never believing that it would really come to war, and even so they said 'if it does we are so strong that we shall win quickly and England won't fight.' And this is the result of the blunders and miscalculations. However, my view is never likely to be the popular one."

Harold had known for some months that his mother was suffering from an incurable illness, and had therefore applied for a transfer in the hope of seeing her again; but the new appointment came too

late. She died in December, 1916, and he left Rio en route for Athens in February, 1917. He spent five weeks in London, and having inherited the remains of the family fortune on the death of his uncle, Philip, he was planning to buy back at the impending sale of The Deepdene heirlooms some of the pictures, books, and furniture which his great-grandfather, Thomas, had inherited or collected; and in his few weeks of work at the Legation in Athens under Sir Francis Elliot he was sending directions as to these intended purchases. He died just before the sale, and so the last of the Hope treasures were dispersed at the moment of the extinction of the family. In memory of him a scholarship for the sons of Diplomats has been founded at New College, Oxford.

APPENDIX[1]

THE earliest ancestor to whom the Dutch family of Hope can with certainty be traced is Henry Hope, who lived in and after 1664 in Rotterdam. According to family tradition, followed in some "Peerages," he was a member of the Scottish family of Hope to which the Hopes of Craighall and of Hopetoun belong; but his exact descent is uncertain, and is given differently by different writers. It is not improbable that he was a great-nephew of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, the well-known Lord Advocate of Scotland, whose published diary mentions nephews in business in Holland and France; and that his wife, whose name was Anna, was his cousin, a daughter of Sir Thomas's son, Lord Craighall. Henry and Anna had at least three children, Archibald, Margaret and Henry, who were baptized in the Scottish Church at Rotterdam. There is in possession of the authors a rather large picture here reproduced by Van Musscher (1645-1705) of a married couple with two sons and two daughters, which is said to represent "Mr. Hope and his family." From Van Musscher's dates the subject, if the story be true, can only be this Henry and his family; although no record of the baptism in Holland of a second daughter has been discovered and the younger son bears a strong resemblance to a boy of similar age in a picture at the Hague by the same artist representing members of the Hees family. It can only be said that the Hope picture, though its origin is forgotten, has long been in the possession of the family and was acquired by the authors at Lord Francis Hope's Deepdene sale in 1917.

[1] Nearly all the information concerning the Dutch Hopes contained in this Appendix is derived from "De Vrœdschap van Amsterdam," by Johan E. Elias, a most elaborate and careful work based on municipal records.

Henry's eldest son, Archibald, was baptized on December 7th, 1664, and became a merchant at Rotterdam, trading with England, Ireland and America. He lived on the south side of the Haringvliet, where he possessed two houses, probably two of the narrow but lofty red-brick buildings with gables, and a crane for merchandise projecting from the roof, which may still be seen overlooking the canal. He married Anna Claus, and had eleven children; he died between 1741-43, and it is recorded that his widow was still living in the latter year in the Haringvliet, where she rented a house at 550 florins and kept two servants.

Archibald's eldest son, Henry, after a brief partnership with his father, started a business of his own and failed. His parents had to help him with more capital than was his due portion, and about 1730 he emigrated to America and made a large fortune at Boston by acting as agent for the family business in Holland. He married and left one son and one daughter.

Archibald's fifth son, Isaac, and his eighth son, Zachary, inherited their father's business at Rotterdam and were the first people in the Netherlands to fit out shipping on a large scale for the transport of emigrants to the English Colonies and America. Isaac married in 1730 Maria van Vlierden, and in the public archives of Rotterdam appears a poem addressed to the bridegroom:

> The Maas greets gaily your ships full of merchandise,
> Which, full-laden out of all four quarters of the world,
> Year by year delight you with their treasures.

Elias (op. cit.) observes that this poem, as it refers to Isaac Hope, is much exaggerated. In 1730 the Rotterdam Hopes had not become the merchant princes and Crœsi which they afterwards became. They belonged at Rotterdam, where living was cheap, to the substantial burgher class, and their income was probably nothing in comparison with that of their brothers, Thomas and Adrian, at Amsterdam, who even in 1742 were people of large property. Isaac rented a house in the Haringvliet and kept three servants and a riding horse. His brother, Zachary, who married Agatha, a sister of Maria van Vlierden, and rented a somewhat cheaper house along the

THE HEERENGRACHT, AMSTERDAM.

Facing p. 269.

same canal, only kept two servants, but allowed his wife a chaise and two horses.

Archibald's sixth son, Thomas, and his seventh son, Adrian, who left Rotterdam to start a mercantile and banking business on their own account in Amsterdam, became the millionaires of the family. In 1731 they traded as "Thomas and Adrian Hope," but in 1762, when Thomas's son, John, and the American nephew, Henry, joined the firm, the style was changed to "Hope & Co.," under which name the bank acquired an European reputation. Thomas and Adrian set up house in the Heerengracht, which in "Amsterdam Oud en Nieuw," by C. J. Gimpel, is described as being at that date the abode of patrician families with stately carriages and horses. They kept four servants, a chaise and two horses, and their income was between 12,000 and 14,000 florins. But in 1758 they required greater splendour, and therefore moved to the Keizersgracht, a parallel canal, which Gimpel says contained more sumptuous houses; and here they bought one for 83,000 florins and proceeded to remodel it. Elias (op.cit.) says: "This house of the Hopes, completed after a series of re-buildings by Thomas and his son, John, formed a remarkable whole and is a type of the merchant castle of their day." The front portion of the building, facing the canal, formed their dwelling-house, a counting-house was built over the garden at the back, and behind this again, fronting on to another canal, the Prinzengracht, was a very large warehouse to and from which merchandise was conveyed by water. Stables and a coach-house were included in the block.

Thomas represented the Prince Stadhouder, William IV, on the boards of the West India and East India Companies, and in that capacity had the privilege of sitting in the Old Burgomasters' stalls "at the hearing of God's holy word," and receiving honours from the garrison at the town gates. In 1762 he was one of the most influential persons on the East India board. He married at Amsterdam, in 1727, Margaretha, daughter of Jan Marcelis, a merchant and soap-boiler, by whom he had one son, John. He died on September 26th, 1779. The "Netherlands Year-book" for that year describes him as "a man whose penetration and experience in commerce were highly esteemed, and of whom it may be

said that possibly no business house exists in Europe with an influence equal to that of the house which he had established in this town."

He was succeeded by his only son, John, who was born at Amsterdam on February 14th, 1737, but was only baptized in the English Presbyterian Church at the age of nineteen. He was admitted to the family business in 1762, but was always subordinate in influence to his cousin, Henry. He lived in the house in the Keizersgracht until 1782, when he sold it to his cousin and bought for 160,000 florins a smaller house in the Heerengracht. He also owned a house at the Hague, on the north side of the Nieuwe Vorhout, formerly called the Tapijt huis (carpet house), and bought in 1767 for 20,000 florins the estate of Grœnendaal near Haarlem, to which in 1784 he added the adjoining property of Bosbeck. The woods of Grœnendaal, now public property, cover a very considerable area and contain magnificent beech and oak trees, and Bosbeck house is a large red-brick villa of three stories standing in a corner of the property. The high road from Haarlem to Leyden runs close behind it, but in front it has a garden of some size, beyond which are the woods.

John married at Rotterdam in May, 1763, Philippina Barbara, daughter of Elias van der Hoeven, sometime Bailiff and Burgomaster of Rotterdam. John was a member of the town council of Amsterdam from 1768 till his death, his original election being due in part to the influence of Prince William V, for the Hopes seem to have been steady supporters of the Orange dynasty. John held other municipal offices, and in 1770 became a director of the Dutch East India Company. He died at the Hague on April 20th, 1784, and both he and his wife were buried at Amsterdam. He inherited and collected valuable pictures, books and engravings, which passed, together with a large fortune, to his three sons, Thomas, Adrian and Henry Philip. He bore for arms azure, a chevron or between three besants of the second, two and one; his crest, placed in the English fashion on a bar above the shield, was a terrestrial globe ppr. surmounted by a scroll bearing the motto "In alio mundo," in place of which his sons substituted "At spes non fracta," the punning motto of the Scotch Hopes.

The sons lived in their father's house in the Heeren-

gracht until 1794, when they fled to England at the approach of the French invaders. With Thomas and Henry Philip we have already dealt. Adrian, born in Amsterdam on July 8th, 1772, was a Commissary of the town in 1794, but when he escaped to England his office was declared vacant by the Burgomaster. He returned to Amsterdam in 1802 and bought from his brothers their shares in the house in the Heerengracht and in the estate of Bosbeck, and thenceforward divided his time between these places. He was unmarried, and in his later years became eccentric and died intestate at Bosbeck on September 16th, 1834.

All three brothers were sleeping partners in the family firm until 1814, when they sold their interest to Alexander Baring, head of Baring Brothers, thus closing the family connection with Holland and the great days of Hope & Co. The origin of its wealth appears to have been shipping, supplemented later by banking, in the course of which the firm advanced large sums to the planters in the Danish West Indies, and in the years following 1780 to the Swedish, Polish, Spanish and French Governments, as well as to some German princes. Their greatest fame, however, arose from their transactions with Russia, which, commencing in 1785, continued into the nineteenth century; and the "Vrœdschap van Amsterdam" states that the amount appearing in their accounts at the Amsterdam Bank of Exchange rose from 963,700 florins in 1727 to 41,518,200 florins in 1794.

The firm reached its zenith under the leadership of Henry, son of the Henry who had emigrated to America about 1730. Henry the younger was born at Boston about 1736, came over to England for education, entered the firm of Gurnell Hoare & Co., in London, and in 1762 was admitted into the business of his uncles, Thomas and Adrian, at Amsterdam. He showed as great a financial genius as Thomas, to whom he proved a worthy successor. It was due to his initiative that the firm won the confidence of the Empress Catherine II of Russia, and so obtained the contract for the large loans to that country already mentioned. The Empress treated him with great consideration and presented him with a life-size portrait of herself, which he hung in the place of honour in his gallery. "On the Amsterdam Exchange he was the chief object

of attention. The men of business formed themselves in a circle round him, and foreign ministers pressed forward to speak to him upon the financial affairs of their countries."[1] He was never married but lived in a style of great magnificence in the Keizersgracht, and built himself between 1785-88 a large country house on the estate of Welgelegen outside Haarlem. The house, now used as the Dutch Colonial Museum, is L-shaped, and is built of brick, the longer portion being faced with plaster in the Italian style. The main entrance is on the first floor and is approached by slopes, and the hall leads into a dome flanked by two large galleries where Henry kept his art collections; a marble staircase descends to the ground level, where the tiled kitchen is still preserved in its original state. The shorter portion of the L contained the living apartments, consisting of two stories of small square rooms. He must have entertained largely at Welgelegen, and in 1790 Prince William V lunched with him there; four years later he migrated to England when the French invasion began and in 1802 he made over the place to his nephew by marriage, John Williams Hope, who had fled the country with him.

This John Williams was the son of a Cornish clergyman and his history is given as follows in a diary kept by his cousin, Loveday Sarah Gregor of Trewarthenick: "He was sent to a house in Amsterdam to learn as a clerk the rudiments of his profession. His quiet and gentlemanly character must always have won favour amongst those with whom he was thrown, but his friends could not have anticipated the extraordinary interest that he excited among the very kings of commerce at that time. Henry Hope, the head of the wealthy firm so-called, was one than whom a more kind-hearted and liberal man never existed. None ever more perfectly realized the idea of a merchant prince, diligent in gathering, delighted to distribute wherever he could find an object of commiseration, and this not thoughtlessly on the impulse of a moment purely to relieve the unpleasant sensation of witnessing distress, but with judgment and consideration for the improvement of the sufferer as well as for his immediate relief, and with all the delicacy of a refined mind which led him to lessen as far as possible

[1] Quoted from the obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

the weight of obligation when his quick tact showed him that it would be oppressive. This most fascinating and truly charming man, whom I only knew when he was far advanced in life, heard accidentally that a young Englishman was lying seriously ill and uncared for at his lodgings far from home and relatives, who were, no doubt, ignorant of his position. Such a hint would at any time have sufficed to lead him to the bedside of the sufferer to afford any assistance that skill and tender nursing could procure. In this case he was more than commonly attracted by the character of the invalid, which in many respects sympathized with his own; he had him removed to his own house, and they parted no more. . . . Henry's only sister was the widow of a merchant named Goddard, whom I was inclined to consider as a cross old lady. She had three daughters of whom Anne, the eldest, was the especial favourite of her uncle and his selected heiress; in his love for her he fell into a common error among parents, and took a step which according to my ideas no one has a right to take. He loved his niece and he delighted in his new acquaintance, and most illogically concluded that they were made for one another; he made up a marriage between them and named them heirs to his property, taking in the young man as a partner in the house and thus putting him in the way of making a noble fortune for himself. It was a *mariage de convenance* and ended as such unions deserve to do. . . . When it became clear that Holland must fall under a foreign yoke Mr. Henry Hope and his adopted nephew passed over into England with the latter's elder children, leaving Anne as head of the house in order to save the property, which the French Government respected in some degree because they were aware that they would suffer by annihilating the sources of wealth from which they might obtain supplies. Mrs. Hope and her employés were unmolested in their management of the counting-house."

Farington's journal of January 27th, 1795, says, "The Mr. Hopes have brought to England their fine collection of pictures and have removed so much of their property as to have left only chairs and tables behind them." Mrs. Hope eventually followed her family to England, and on March 31st, 1797, is described by Farington as "a

very proud woman, much disgusted at not being more noticed and distinguished in England than she is. In Holland she was looked up to as a vice-queen would be." John Williams and his wife finally separated, but he refused to take any proceedings against her as, in the words of L. S. Gregor, " to his sensitive mind it appeared a sort of ingratitude to the family to expose to the public eye the conduct of a person to whom he owed so much of his worldly position." He sold Welgelegen in 1808 for 300,000 florins to Louis Bonaparte, who had become King of Holland.

On settling in London Henry Hope bought both Lord Hopetoun's house in Cavendish Square and a country house at Sheen, near Richmond, entertaining largely in his London house. Farington, on May 17th, 1808, quotes Sir George Beaumont's description of a dinner given by Henry, "which for costliness and the admirable manner in which the waiting was conducted exceeded everything he had seen before. It must have cost a hundred pounds." But in September, 1810, Lord de Dunstanville is reported by Farington to have said that " he had dined there but did not think the dinner so magnificent. There was expense enough, but a Dutch clumsiness prevailed in the manner of conducting the entertainment." In " Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers " there is a passing reference to a great party given by Henry at which the Prince of Wales and Lady Jersey were present.

He was a patron of British art, but insisted on fixing the prices of the pictures which he bought; giving, for instance, Benjamin West more than he asked for a family group,[1] but reducing by twenty guineas the price of a picture by Westall. Both he and his niece, Mrs. Williams Hope, were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and both pictures were engraved in mezzotint by Hodges.

Henry died at his London house in February, 1811, and was buried at Woodford in Essex. He left the bulk of his fortune, which amounted to over a million pounds, to Mr. and Mrs. John Williams Hope and their descendants. Henry was the one member of the family equally well known on the Continent and in England, for his cousins, Thomas and Henry Philip, became English-

[1] Now in the museum at Boston, U.S.A.

men to all intents and purposes. Other descendants of Henry of Rotterdam led useful if undistinguished lives in that city or in Amsterdam, but the family steadily diminished in numbers, and on Adrian's death in 1834 the male line became extinct in Holland.

On the death of Marshal Lord Beresford in 1854 his stepson Alexander James Beresford assumed at his request the surname of Beresford in addition to that of Hope, thus using Beresford both as a Christian name and as a surname. In two generations more, as we have seen, his male line also became extinct.

INDEX

A

Albert, Prince, 139, 140, 167, 221
All Saints Church, Margaret Street, 161-8, 175-7, 204, 205
Amsterdam, 17, 197, 269-272
Armagh, Archbishop of, 93-105, 135, 197
August Wilhelm, Prince, 250

B

Bedgebury Park, 113, 119, 121, 137, 151, 152, 179-84, 242
Beresford, Barré, 94, 99, 102, 103
——, Marshal Viscount, birth and characteristics, 73-4; military career, 74-93; Portuguese pension, 79, 84, 155-6, 242-3; Irish politics, 93-105; later years, 124-5, 150-1; death and funeral, 153-4
——, Viscountess. *See* Hope, Hon. Mrs. Thomas
——, William, 148, 149
Beresford Hall, 80, 106, 187, 189
Beresford Hope, Rt. Hon. Alexander J. B., childhood and schooldays, 111-3; family lawsuits, 115-9; at Cambridge, 126-7; friendship with B. Webb, 128, 139; religious views, 133-4, 209-210; M.P. Maidstone, 134; marriage celebrations, 134-8; gifts to Churches, 141-3; journalism, 147-8; candidate for Dungarvan, 149; care of Lord Beresford, 150-3; tours, 197-9; re-elected for Maidstone, 200; Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, 201-2; candidate for Cambridge University, 203-6; M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent, 206-207; Confederate Cause, 207; M.P. Cambridge University, 207-8; trustee National Portrait Gallery, 211; of British Museum, 212; Privy Councillor, 212; opposition to Disraeli, 211-2; political retrospect, 213; President of Archi-

tectural Museum, 221; of Institute of British Architects, 222; writings, 146, 221, 224, 233, 234; literary and artistic opinions, 224-6; devotion to family, 227-31; review of own career, 231-6; death, 238; memorial tributes, 239-41
Beresford Hope, Charles, 243, 244
——, Harold, 244-5; at Washington, 245-50; Berlin, 250-5, 258-61; Montenegro, 255-6; on Balkan politics, 256-8; Rio de Janeiro, 261-4; Athens, 265
——, Lady Mildred, marriage, 134; letters from, 139-40, 198-9, 203, 227-8; at St. Augustine's, 160; at Margaret Chapel, 170-1; accident to, 195; characteristics, 228-30; death, 229
——, Philip, 152, 228, 242-243
Bosbeck, 18, 69, 116, 119, 197, 270-1
Brechin, Bishop of, 170
Brett, Robert, 157
Bryce, Rt. Hon. J., 245-6
Burleigh, architect, 185-6
Butterfield, William, 158, 163-4, 172, 175-7, 186, 188
Byron, Lord, 17, 29, 33, 245

C

Cambridge Camden Society, 128-30
Canning, Rt. Hon. G., 83, 87, 88
Canova, 29
Canterbury, Archbishops of, 141, 143, 160, 182, 196, 197, 202, 209
Carpenter, R. C., 179, 189
Catherine II, Empress of Russia, 271
Cecil, Lady Blanche, 134-137, 140
——, Lord Eustace, 136, 189
——, Lord Robert (3rd Marquess of Salisbury), 136-7, 189, 213, 215, 217
Chantrey, Sir Francis, 32
Christian, Prince, 254
Clarence, Duke of (William IV), letters from, 62
——, Duchess of (Queen Adelaide), letters from, 58-61, 64, 66, 119, 120
Coleridge, Rev. Edward, 158, 229
——, Bishop W. H., 159
Cook, John Douglas, 195, 214, 216-7, 219, 225
Crabbe, George, 54
Croker, Rt. Hon. J. W., 123

D

Davy, Sir H., 57
Dawson, George, 94-100
Deepdene, The, 25, 29, 39, 107, 109
Diamond, Blue, 70-1, 108, 119
Disraeli, Rt. Hon. B. (Earl of Beaconsfield), 107-8, 149, 200-1, 228, 232

Dubost, painter, 31-2
Dyce, W., R.A., 164, 225

E

Ecclesiologist, The, 145, 218-20, 222, 232
Edgeworth, Maria, letters from, 28, 40-6, 67-8
——, Richard, 53-4
Ellenborough, Lord, 121-2
Ellesmere, Earl of, 58
Ely Cathedral, 143
Englefield, Sir H., 52
Exeter, Bishop of, 141

F

Fanshawe, Catherine, 52-3
Flaxman, J., 20, 29, 32

G

George V, King, and Queen Mary, 260-1
Gerente, Alfred, 164
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., 190, 232, 237
Glenbervie, Lord, 55-6
Gloucester, H.R.H. Duchess of, letters from, 120
Grey, De, Earl, 221-2

H

Hanover, King of, 120-1
Harcourt, Rt. Hon. Sir W. V., 215-6
Harrison, Rev. H., 142
Hatfield House, 134, 139
Herschel, Sir J., 122
Hitchens, Rev. J., 46-51
Hope, Adrian of Amsterdam, 268-9, 271
——, Adrian, sen., 107, 113-4, 270-1, 275
——, Adrian, jun., 108-11, 116-9, 164, 193-5
——, Archibald, 267-8
——, Henry of Amsterdam, 269-74
——, Henry of Boston, 268
——, Henry of Rotterdam, 267
——, Henry Philip, 23-4, 69-72, 113-5, 231, 270-1
——, Henry Thomas, 106-108, 115-9
——, Isaac, 268
——, John, 17, 269-70
——, John Williams, 272-4
——, Mrs. John Williams, 273-4
——, Sir Thomas, 267
——, Thomas of Amsterdam, 268-9, 271
——, Thomas, birth and travels, 17-8; house in Duchess Street, 19-23; collection of pictures, 23-4; of statues, 24-5; marriage, 27; patronage of artists, 30, 32; literary works, 27, 30, 33-4; illness and death, 64-6; will, 69; Dutch ancestry, 270
——, Hon. Mrs. Thomas, marriage, 27; portraits, 31-2; letters from, 37-8, 44-5, 63, 65-9, 125; second marriage, 73;

lawsuits, 113, 116-9; death, 125
Hope, Zachary, 268
Horsley, J. C., R.A., 164
Hubbard, Rt. Hon. J. G., 173, 202

I

Irving, Washington, 58

J

Jamaica, Bishop of, 123
Jersey, Earl and Countess of, 57, 110, 274
Jersey, Island of, 124

K

Kiderlin, German Foreign Minister, 252, 254-5, 257
Kilndown, 142-3, 181
Kirkland, Sir J., 125, 150
Knight, R. Payne, 57-8

L

Law, Francis, 113, 244
Lichnowsky, Prince, 257-8
Lieven, Comte de, 57
London, Bishops of, 165-167, 190

M

Manners, Lord John, 122
Martin, John, 30
Mill, Rev. Dr., 143, 159-160
Milman, Dean, 54, 203
Monro, Rev. E., 178
Montenegro, King of, 255-7
Moore, Charles, 112
——, Thomas, 54
Morning Chronicle, 147, 233
Murray, Rev. W., 190

N

Napoleon III, Emperor, 194-5
Neale, Rev. J. M., 128, 145-7, 202, 215
Newman, Cardinal, 236

O

Orloff, Count, 57
Oscar, Prince, 250

P

Palmerston, Viscount, 190, 200
Perowne, Rev. E. H., 204
Prichard, Rev. —, 184
Pusey, Rev. Dr., 162, 208-9

R

Richards, Rev. W. Upton, 162-3, 168-75, 202
Rogers, Samuel, 38, 54
Rothes, Earl of, 39
Rotterdam, 267-8

S

St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street, 191-2, 205, 208
St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, 157-60, 229, 232
Salisbury, 2nd Marquess of, 137, 139
Salis, Count de, 255
Sandwich Islands, Queen of, 195-6
Saturday Review, 214-8, 232-3, 242-4
Schlegel, 58
Scott, Sir Walter, 54
——, Rev. W., 168, 215, 225
Selwyn, Rt. Hon. C. J., 203, 205, 207
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 141
Sheen, 184-91
Sismondi, 53
Smith, James, 56
——, Rt. Hon. W. H., 217-8
Sotheby, William, 55
Spencer, William, 38, 55
Stephen, J. Fitzjames, 215-217
Strangford, Lord, 121
Subserra, Count de, 81-3

T

Taft, President, 247-8
Taylor, Tom, 131
Thackeray, W. M., 56, 216
Thorwaldsen, 17, 29, 32
Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, 130-1
Tritton, Mr., 102, 177
Tuam, Archbishop of, 27-8
Tucker, Mrs. Marwood, 227-8

V

Vaughan, Dean, 239
Victoria, Queen, 120, 128, 139-40, 196, 221

W

Wales, Prince and Princess of, 197
Waterford, 3rd Marquess of, 93, 95, 103-4
——, 4th Marquess of, 104
Webb, Rev. B., 128, 139, 151, 158-9, 190-1, 233, 236-7
Welgelegen, 272
Wellington, Duke of, letters from, 81, 85-92, 98-9; at Hatfield, 135, 137, 139
West, P.R.A., 30, 274
Westall, R.A., 30, 274
Whewell, Rev. Dr., 130, 203, 215
William II, Emperor, 250-251, 253, 260-2
Williams, Penry, 58

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